The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

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STEALEY'S EXPOSE.

Harrison and Dudley to Buy and Sneak A Republican Majority Into the Indiana Legislature.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Oct. 9.—A *Courier-Journal* reporter met O. O. Stealey, its Washington correspondent, in Jeffersonville yesterday, when the following colloquy on Indiana politics occurred:

"What is your idea, Mr. Stealey, as to the democratic prospects in Indiana? Will we carry the state?"

"I need but tell you in answer to that question, that the republicans themselves admit the state will go democratic. Many of them, prominent ones, too, will tell you they care nothing for the state."

"What, then, are they after?"

"They are after the legislature."

"Have they laid any special plans to compass that end?"

"I should say so. They are deep and cunning schemers. What Bill Dudley and Ben Harrison can not set up in the way of tricks is hardly worth attention. You recollect that Dudley and Harrison both paid separate visits to this section about the latter part of August. No, they did not come together, but nevertheless they are acting in concert. The legislature, in making the apportionment for legislative purposes, made five close democratic joint representative and senatorial districts. These are the points upon which they operate."

"How do they do it?"

"Well, take Clark and Jefferson, for instance. These two counties have a joint senator. The majority in the district for the Cleveland and Hendricks electors was 347. Remember Harrison was here in the latter part of August. The Clark county republican convention was held on the 4th of September. What occurred there? They made no nomination for clerk. Why was this? Because Richard C. McGill, the present clerk of Clark county was a candidate for the democratic nomination, and was defeated. There is no denying that McCill made a good clerk, and that he was popular. And there is just the point. Harrison and Dudley selected Mr. McGill as there instrument for a trade. The republican managers agree with Mr. McGill that he shall receive the entire republican vote of Clark county for clerk and McGill in return is expected to do all in his power for the republican candidate for state senator, Dr. Taggert. You all see there is a neat little scheme, but I doubt if democrats will allow themselves to be delivered over body and breeches in this manner. Why? Because a vote for Dr. Taggart is a vote for Ben Harrison for senator. And if there is one thing a Clark county democrat wants to see it is a good democrat in Harrison's place."

"Are you sure the democrats of this senatorial district will not be caught in this trap?"

"Well, there is one danger. We have fourteen hold-over senators, and the oily-gammon republican will tell democrats that it don't make any difference if Clark and Jefferson does lose a senator, the Indiana legislature will be democratic anyhow."

"Is the senator all the republicans are aiming at?"

"Well, no. If they can carry the legislature, they will legislate the democrats out of both the prisons and all the state benevolent institutions. Now, let any democrat think of what a power this will be in 1888, in a state, too, that is as close as Indiana."

"Are Harrison and Dudley at work in other districts?"

"Depend upon it they are. They have divided the state, and are working all the close legislative districts just in the same way they are working this. This is a serious matter. There are a large number of them where the democratic majority is between two or three hundred. Some are as low as a hundred. The Scott and Jenning districts has only thirty-five democratic majority. These big land corporations and the blasted monopolies of the east will readily contribute $50,000 for the purpose of carrying the Indiana legislature. It will not take that much; $35,000 will do it if the democrats are not vigilant."

"Will there be a republican candidate for congress against Howard in this district?"

"I think not. The candidacy of Judge Bicknell for circuit judge and Harry Buerk for prosecutor is all in harmony with Harrison and Dudley's plan of confusion and victory."

"But will not the national republican congressional committee insist on a candidate?"

"No. They know that the democrats are bound to have the next house by fifteen to twenty majority. Their best card is to leave everything open for swapping, confusion and spite work. You can imagine the danger to our county and legislative ticket on the day with these bolters all through swopping to get their favor- It is certainly time for the

num in the Seventh, and Lowry in the Twelfth district, will be elected. That is my information. These are the only democratic districts where there has been any trouble?"

"Do you think there is any danger of losing Howard in this district?"

"Of courre there is danger. There is always danger where there is disaffection, confusion and demoralization. In 1874 politics were about as hot in this district and Michael C. Kerr, the regular democratic candidate, was only elected by about 1,200. Then it must be remember that Mr. Kerr was a man of national repute, and it was known in the district that if he was re-elected he would be made speaker of the house, as he was."

COMING UP.

The R. D. Wood Water Works Case to be Called Soon at Washington.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—The following is a list of cases from Indiana, which will probably come before the supreme court during its October term, beginning Monday, the 11th inst. The numbers indicate the position they occupy on the docket:

51. Richard Wood et al., as R. D. Wood & Co., plaintiffs in error, vs. the City of Fort Wayne.

217. Mary Wall et al., appellants, vs. George P. Bissel et al.

WHAT IS A PLEDGE?

The Gentleman Who Gave Away Their Democracy for a Nomination.

The *Gazette* is cornered and retaliates that the republican legislative candidates did not pledge themselves. Herman Schuman was compelled to stand before a convention of republicans and pledge himself to support their ticket and party and Mr. Cohen did likewise and in the presence of that body, forfeited his democracy and independence. Mr. Willis Maier was summoned from his office to pledge away his democracy, and old Peter Notestine was dragged in off of the street to pledge away his manhood, but Mr. Notestine said plainly: "The Knights of Labor informed me I would not have to make a pledge," and Peter was beaten. Mr. H. C. Hanna declared it to be a republican convention and Mr. John Leach wanted the candidates to give something for what they were getting. It was a bargain and sale and no democrat can be humbugged into the republican trap, which has for its aim the return of Monopolist Ben Harrison to the United States senate.

The republican party has never enacted or introduced a law to promote the cause of labor nor has Senator Harrison ever raised his voice for working men, who are invited to look at this picture and ponder.

CHICAGO STRIKE.

Pinkerton Men Holding the Pork Packers in a Quiet and Angry Mood.

CHICAGO, Oct. 9.—Advices from the stock yards report the situation as unchanged this morning. No disturbance. Armour & Co., say their beef killers have not joined the strikers.

Over one hundred and fifty Pinkerton men were lodged and breakfasted at the Transit house last night, and at 7 o'clock this morning shouldered their Winchester rifles and were marched off through the yards. At each packing house a squad of men left the line and in charge of a sergeant were stationed where they could command a view of the entire premises. They were watched with interest and hatred by men in working clothes, and by hundreds of men without dinner pails who had assembled at the yards.

DISPATCH FROM POWDERLY.

RICHMOND, Oct. 9.—Powderly was authorized to send the following telegram:

Michael Cudahy, President of the Packers' Association, Chicago, Ill.:

Will you postpone the contemplated action on the impending troubles between the packers and stock yards employes until the general assembly can appoint a committee to call on you with a view to settle the difficulty? Answer.

[Signed] T. V. POWDERLY.

The executive board is to accompany Master Workman M. J. Butler, of district fifty-seven, to Chicago for the purpose of endeavoring to settle the trouble between the packers and employers.

ANARCHIST PARSONS

Says a New York Capitalist Threw the Fatal Bomb at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Oct. 9.—Parsons resumed his speech as soon as the court was opened. He created something of a sensation by declaring they had positive proof that [illegible]

HON. J. L. WILLIAMS.

Death of One of the Most Distinguished Citizens of Indiana---His Life and His Public Services Detailed.

Hon. J. L. Williams died at noon after a protracted illness, arising from exhaustion and a wearing out of the vital mechanism of a strong mind and body. His devoted wife and children were at the bedside of the distinguished citizen when the spark of life fled and he bade adieu to the world, in which he was an important actor. Although seventy-nine years of age Mr. Williams was in the full enjoyment of his mental faculties up to almost the moment of his death. He was possessed of a marvelous mind and it was stored with universal knowledge. He enjoyed an acquaintance with most men prominent in the affairs of the nation, and closely followed public events. The vast territory west from Ohio was correctly pictured in his mind's eye, and on all corporation and land projects he was consulted. In politics he affiliated with the republican party, and when Hon. James G. Blaine came here on his canvass he was entertained at the mansion home of Mr. Williams, on West Wayne street. He was one of the founders of the First Presbyterian church and an ardent believer in the faith. Mr. Williams' heart was as large as his purse, and no one gave more freely and liberally to charities and the poor. Thus died the man, for whom prayers will go up from the lips of thousands who know of his unostentatious bequests.

Mr. Williams' wealth is correctly estimated by gentlemen in position to know at $600,000. Our informants have seen Mr. Williams estimate his assets and liabilities annually and say the above estimate is a fair one, although popular opinion has accredited him a millionaire. He owns some $90,000 stock in the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne, road holds a batch of government bonds, is a director and stockholder in the Hamilton National bank and has some interest in the First National. He has an interest in the Olds wagon works and contributed to the Gause works and Masonic Temple. His principal business property is the Siemon block and Friend's store on Calhoun street, and the Rich place on Berry street. He owns vast tracts of land in Dakota, Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska. Most of this territory is unimproved, but some of it is very valuable. He retains no interest in the Northern or Union Pacific railroads, although at one time identified with them. This summary is pretty accurate of his wealth and valuable holdings.

Mr. Williams leaves his wife and three sons—E. P., Henry M. and Rev. Mead C. Williams—to survive him and mourn the loss of a husband and father honored and renowned among men. He goes to his grave with the sorrow of all who knew nature's nobleman, Hon. Jesse L. Williams. No funeral arrangements have as yet been made, and THE SENTINEL closes this sad record by appending a tribute to the deceased from the pen of Col. R. S. Robertson, as it appears in the History of Allen County:

LIFE OF HON. J. L. WILLIAMS.

Jesse L. Williams, who, for a period of over forty years, has been closely identified with the rise and progress of public works in the state of Indiana, Ohio, and the great west, was born in Stokes county, North Carolina, May 6, 1807. His parents, Jesse and Sarah T. Williams, were members of the Society of Friends. In May, 1814, his parents removed to Cincinnati, Ohio, and subsequently to the adjoining county of Warren, and in 1819, to Wayne county, Indiana. In his early youth he was a pupil of the Lancasterian Seminary at Cincinnati, and afterward, at various places of residence, in villages or on the farm, he had only the educational advantages offered in such locations, for those portions of the time his other avocations would allow.

After he had, at the age of eighteen, selected a profession (that of civil engineer), his leisure hours were well occupied with the study more especially of those branches of general science having direct relation to this profession, thus making up for the lack of early educational opportunities. Though regretting the lack of opportunity and leisure for higher educational attainments, yet it would seem, from the results of a long, arudous, varied and remarkably successful professional career, that the want of early advantages, in his case, were mainly overcome.

The year 1825 witnessed the completion of water communication between Lake Erie and tide-water, by the Erie canal—an achievement in practical science and statesmanship which, for the times, was bold and far-reaching in its results. Other states caught the spirit of public improvement, and Ohio undertook the mission of extending water communication from Lake Erie to the Ohio river, by her two canals. It was under the inspiration of these movements, great for their day, that the subject of this sketch—then a youth of seventeen, living and working on a farm in Indiana—accepted a subordinate position in the corps of engineers, which, early in 1824, had been detailed in charge of the Miami and Erie canal, from Cincinnati to Maumee Bay.

of that great man, and receive from him kind and encouraging words, which tended to confirm them in the pursuit of their profession, then in the dawn of its great usefulness.

In the spring of 1828, at the age of twenty one years, he was appointed by David S. Bates, then chief engineer of Ohio, to make the final location of the Ohio canal, from Licking Summit to Chillicothe, and to construct afterward an important division of that canal in the Scioto Valley.

In 1832, Mr. Williams was, in his twenty-fifth year, appointed by the board of commissioners of the Wabash and Erie canal as chief engineer, to take charge of the location and construction of that work, then about to be commenced at Fort Wayne by the state of Indiana.

Two years later, when surveys of other canals in Indiana were ordered by the legislature, these canals were also placed under his charge, in addition to the Wabash and Erie.

Under the act for a general system of internal improvements, approved January 27, 1836, he was appointed chief engineer of all the canal routes, portions of each of which were in process of location and construction.

In September, 1837, the chief engineer of railroads and turnpikes having resigned, those works were also, by the state board of internal improvements, placed under his charge, as state engineer, enlarging his supervision to 1,300 miles of public works. Afterward, he was elected by the legislature to the same position, and continued therein until 1841, when the prosecution of the public works, with the exception of the Wabash and Erie canal, was suspended for want of funds.

Perplexing duties and great responsibilities and labors devolved upon the State Engineer at this period. The general surveys and locations, the plans of important structures and the letting of all contracts, came under his general supervision.

In the summer of 1838, thirteen public lettings of contracts, covering every section, was ordered by the board. To attend all these personally, and give attention to details of their location and construction, must have taxed the mental and physical energies of one man in no ordinary degree. It was computed at the time that his journeyings during those four months, mostly on horseback, amounted to some three thousand miles.

In March, 1840, and until 1842, in addition to his duties as State Engineer, he became by appointment of the legislature ex officio a member of the Board of Internal Improvements and acting commissioner of the Indiana division of the Wabash and Erie canal, including the management of the canal lands.

In 1847, the Wabash & Erie canal, under the State Debt act, passed into the control of a board of three trustees, two of whom were appointed by the holders of Indiana bonds, and one by the legislature of Indiana. The act, by its terms required the appointment of a "chief engineer of known and established character for experience and integrity." To this station Mr. Williams was appointed in June, 1847, by the canal trustees, in which position he was continued under all changes in the appointing board, until the canal was sold by decree of the United States circuit court in 1876, though during the later years, his canal duties were chiefly advisory. During his long official services in charge of the public works of the state, he was not exempt from unfriendly criticism at certain periods of political excitement. But the legislative committee appointed from both houses in 1842, with a large majority of opposite politics, after general and searching investigation into the management of the state improvements, reaching public officers of every grade and class, in closing their report respecting Mr. Williams and completely exonerating him, applied the maxim so creditable to one holding, as he did, in the settlement of contracts vast in amount, the key to the public treasury, that "every man has his enemies who deserves them."

In February, 1854, he was appointed chief engineer of the Fort Wayne & Chicago railroad, which position he held until its consolidation with the Ohio & Pennsylvania, and Ohio & Indiana railroads, in 1856, under the name of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railroad. He has been a director of this last-named company ever since, a period of twenty-three years.

In July, 1864, Mr. Williams was appointed by President Lincoln a government director of the Union Pacific railroad, and remained in that position until the Union Pacific, and Central Pacific from San Francisco met west of Salt Lake, in 1869, when the two oceans were connected by rail. He received commissions from three successive presidents—Lincoln, Johnson and Grant.

Having long experience as a civil engineer, he was placed on the committee of location and construction, and in his official capacity, frequently accompanied the chief and consulting engineers of the company, making many tours for personal inspection of the various lines, through the canyons and the slopes of the several Rocky Mountain ranges, thus aiding to secure the best location, and as his reports to the government show, always insisting on the lowest practical maximum grade for the commerce of the world in its transit over this mountain region.

Of these official examinations, both of location and construction, he made frequent reports to the secretary of the interior, which were communicated to congress and printed as public documents. In his report of November 23, 1866, he described ten distinct routes, surveyed or examined, across the Black Hill range and the Snowy range, stating briefly the prominent features of each route. Subsequently, he submitted like reports as to the other mountain ranges crossed by the railroad further west. In all these investigations, the question of paramount interest to the country and its future large commerce, was the maximum grade to be established, as that decision would be final. Congress, for want of accurate [illegible] by new

at a cost that was reasonable, considering the important reduction of expense in transportation, resisted the establishment of any grade above ninety feet per mile on any part of the road east of the Sierra Nevada. For a high grade, at a single point, would limit the load of the train throughout.

The fair and reasonable cost of the road, as actually constructed, in contrast with the extravagant subsidy fixed by congress in the Pacific railroad act of 1862, also became a question of great public interest at an early period. In this matter, as in the question of grade, congress, for want of definite locations, had made a conspicuous mistake. As soon as the definite locations had advanced far enough to furnish the data, Mr. Williams submitted to the secretary of the interior his report and estimate of November 14, 1868, showing the cash outlay to be made by the company in constructing and equipping their entire railroad of 1,110 miles. This estimate, prepared with labor and care, and based upon data in the main reliable, amounted to $38,826,821; while the cash means provided by the Pacific railroad act of 1862, as a subsidy, in government bonds, together with the company's first mortgage bonds, equal in amount to the government subsidy, was in the same report, shown to amount to the total sum of $56,647,600—far exceeding the entire outlay required of the railroad company; and thus without including the value of the land grant, whatever that might prove to be. This report of Mr. Williams', exhibiting to the country an actual cost so small in comparison with the subsidy, created so strong an interest in the subject so general, that, on the first day of a subsequent session of congress, one of the leading members of the house proposed a congressional investigation of the subject. The committee was appointed, and thus was brought about one of the most engrossing investigations known to congressional history, which occupied much of the time of that session, and opened the way to the famous "Credit Mobilier" investigation.

On the 19th of January, 1869, Mr. Williams was appointed receiver of the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad by the United States circuit court for the Western district of Michigan, still holding his position as director of the Union Pacific. Finding, however, that the exigencies of the former road demanded his whole time and attention, in October, 1869, he resigned as director of the Union Pacific, and devoted his whole time and energies to the completion of the Grand Rapids, opening for transportation nearly two hundred miles of that important road under the order of the United States court.

Mr. Williams has thus been identified, throughout a busy life, with many public enterprises, which have effected important changes in the business and condition of the country. It has been said of him, that, "in the region west of the Alleghanies, he has witnessed the origin, growth, maturity and decline of the canal system."

His official reports on the various public improvements under his charge, if collected, would make several volumes, while his publications on miscellaneous subjects, in pamphlets and periodicals, would fill as much space.

Mr. Williams was married, November 15, 1831, to Susan Creighton, a daughter of Hon. William Creighton, of Chillicothe, Ohio, who was a member of Congress from the Chillicothe district, first, during the war of 1812 with England, and again from 1828 to 1832,

He possess the respect and esteem of a very large circle of friends and acquaintances, and he was widely known by his good works in public, social and religious affairs.

A BIG THIEFT.

A Chicago Pork Packer Flys to Canada to Escape Arrest.

CHICAGO, Oct. 9.—An afternoon paper says that N. M. Neeld, a partner in the well known packing house of J. C. Ferguson & Co., is in Canada. He has issued bogus warehouse receipts for people, aggregating $400,000. He has practically burst his firm. The loss will fall altogether on the banks, $100,000 being on a single New York bank. Neeld was the managing partner in the firm of J. C. Ferguson & Co., a very rich firm. He came originally from Indianapolis. He has been a big speculator and has been wrong for a long time. His biggest loss has been on Wall street.

A Minister Suicides.

SALISBURY, Md., Oct. 9.—Rev. J. W. Pennell, a prominent and retired Methodist minister, wilfully shoved his head under the wheels of a moving freight train yesterday and was beheaded.

More Earthquakes.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Oct. 9.—There were three light shocks last night, but no damage.

Fire Record.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 9.—Punxsutawney, a mining town in the northern part of this state, was visited by a disastrous conflagration this morning. Thirty-five buildings are in ashes. Loss, $160,000; insurance, $100,000. Origin unknown.

Hemp Promised.

CHATTANOOGA, Oct. 9.—Will Bonham, the young negro train wrecker, was captured and lodged in jail at Livingston, Ala., yesterday. There is a strong probability that he will be lynched.

Is She Lost?

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—The steamer Anchonia has not yet been heard from.

C. A. Bookwalter, of the *Gazette*, was nominated by the joint republican convention of Allen and [illegible]

LOWRY ON LABOR.

The Distinguished Congressman From the Twelfth District Makes a Plea for Arbitration.

Every labor measure introduced and passed through the last congress was of democratic origin and to that party belongs the honor of having first espoused the cause of labor. There was no more earnest or able advocate of the interests of workingmen in congress than Judge Robert Lowry, of this district. His votes, his acts and his words attest it and to prove these assertions THE SENTINEL reprints his masterly argument in support of arbitration before the house of congress:

WASHINGTON, April 3.—In supporting Congressman O'Neil's labor bill Judge Lowry made a forcible speech. Mr. Lowry said:

MR. SPEAKER—I do not believe with the distinguished gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Kelly) that this bill is either a fraud or a cheat. Were it in my judgment either of these, I could not follow his example in avowing a purpose to vote for it. I do not believe with my distinguished friends from Georgia (Mr. Hammond), from Virginia (Mr. Daniels) and from Texas (Mr. Reagan), that it infringes upon any provisions of the constitution. As I understand this bill, I conceive that the committee on labor has proceeded with the utmost caution and circumspection in framing it, and have sought to bring forward a measure that is entirely consistent with every constitutional provision, and one which may be calculated to meet as fully as was found to be feasible the existing emergency, and may prove to be a salutory aid in the settlement of difficulties between capital and labor.

It has been insisted that this act is unconstitutional. It is alleged that it undertakes to confer judicial authority upon a judicial tribunal organized by virtue of its provisions. Now, sir, I undertake to say that this bill does not provide for any judicial tribunal; that it does not undertake to confer jurisdiction of a judicial character upon any tribunal. It simply provides for an arbitrament which may be voluntarily entered into by the parties to existing difficulties, and affords an opportunity for them to have the questions at issue between them arbitrated and an award made. It provides also that the awards made by such arbitrators shall be of such a character that the parties, if they so desire, will be able afterwards to enforce their rights in a court of justice. Suppose the parties meet and agree to arbitrate their difficulties, whether they be railway companies or other corporations, or individuals, citizens of one state or citizens of different states, when the arbitration is held and the award is made, the parties, I apprehend, are bound by the conclusion reached by the arbitrators, and their rights under the arbitration may be then enforced by proceedings in the courts.

* * * * * * *

Now, what is the emergency that confronts us? By reason of our existing social conditions and politico-economics in this country, as elsewhere, capital has the advantage of labor. The common law and the statutes of every state in the union authorize the organization of capital in the form of corporations. These employ vast multitudes of men. Questions arise between these powerful corporations and the operatives and laboring men of the country. While capital has every facility for enforcing its exactions, there are no adequate means by which labor can enforce its rights. The laboring men appeal for arbitration. We saw just the other day the magnates of a railroad corporation higgling with the representatives of the great labor organizations throughout the country who submitted in reference to existing difficulties the simple proposition, "Let us arbitrate; call ye in council one of your friends and we will bring hither another; let them call in a third, and we will submit these questions." The agitation of this proposition has extended to this house. What will be the probable effect even of this? Since the meeting of the present congress, when it was proposed to regulate the relations between operatives of your lines of street cars and the corporations which employ them, which had been exacting from the bone and brain and muscle of these men from fifteen to seventeen hours a day of hard labor for the comparative pittance of from $1.50 to $2, these corporations speedily came to terms and agreed to reduce the daily hours of labor to twelve, without any reduction in the rates of compensation.

At the present time there are similar indications in reference to existing difficulties elsewhere. There is at length a disposition manifested by these contending corporations to yield to the just demands of labor. How much [illegible] pending [illegible] have [illegible] to [illegible]

may be required, for the purpose of conducting an investigation and formulating a sound and just conclusion to be submitted to the judgment of the public in reference to controversies which may from time to time arise. Give the people a measure of this kind, and will it not have some effect? In my judgment, Mr. Speaker, as surely as truth is omnipotent and public justice certain, so surely will these corporate bodies be compelled to yield to the demands of justice and right, if you provide for putting on record a sound, considerate opinion or conclusion of impartial men in regard to any difficulties which may occasionally arise.

This bill is a step in the right direction. It is a response to a cry of distress. It is "Ship Ahoy" to the struggling sailor, and as the creator himself vouchsafed to covenant with his chosen people in the time of tribulation, and set his bow in the cloud as a token of the covenant, so by the passage of this bill, this congress will put its sign in the heavens as a token of a covenant that there shall be redress afforded to the laboring men of this country; that labor shall not always be oppressed; shall not always be subject to the unwarranted exactions of capitol and monopoly.

BASE BALL.

How the Record Stands To-Day—The Pennant Chances.

To-day ends the schedule games in the National league and in to-day's games centers the interest and result of the championship. Yesterday was a field day for Detroit sympathizers, and those who were wise enough to wager their gold on that club are to-day congratulating themselve on their good luck, while Chicago backers go hungry. The scores were, Boston 7, Chicago 0; Detroit 11, Philadelphia 0. At this stage of the game Chicago has a decided advantage in the race, and if they win to-day's game the victory is theirs, but if they should lose, and Detroit win both games from Philadelphia this afternoon, the Detroits will win the pennant, they having a better percentage over the Chicago in the number of games played, although they played one game less than Chicago. Sums of money ranging from twenty-five cents to $10 change hands daily in this city on the results of these games, and the odds offered to-day on the Chicagos will lend a fresh impetus to losers to get even.

The following table shows the standing of each club in games won and lost and their percentage:

	Won.	Lost.	Per Cent.
Chicago	80	34	.723
Detroit	87	34	.719
New York	74	44	.627
Philadelphia	69	42	.616
Boston	59	59	.500
St. Louis	43	77	.358
Kansas City	29	89	.245
Washington	25	91	.215

The dates for the world's championship games between the St. Louis Browns and Chicago League club, as agreed upon by Presidents Spaulding and Von Ahe, are as follows: In Chicago, October 19, 19 and 20; in St. Louis October 21, 22 and 23. The place of playing the seventh game, if one is necessary to decide, will be settled by a toss-up. The question of umpires remains to be settled.

LATER—4 P. M.—The Detroits were defeated in their first game with Philadelphia this afternoon. Score, Philadelphia 5, Detroit 1. The pennant goes to Chicago even if that club should lose its game with Boston, and Detroit should win its second game with Philadelphia.

Mr. Frank Alter has taken a position in the Peters Box and Lumber company's furniture store as book-keeper and salesman.

H. A. McKinley, late proprietor of the Pierce house at Warsaw, Ind., has been under trial for harboring stolen goods, and was last night found guilty and sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. McKinley, who was out on bail, skipped from Warsaw and a large reward is offered for his capture. The goods in question were stolen from a general store at Syracuse, Ind.

Miss Hattie Fry has returned from Decatur, Ala., where she visited her sister, Mrs. John Aurentz.

Mr. Simon Aurentz is at home from Decatur, Ala., where his sons are in the saw mill and lumber business.

Ex-Councilman John Wessel is entertaining his brother, Mr. Otto Wessel, a prominent New York business man and member of the big piano forte firm of Wessel, Nickel & Gross, who operate two big stores.

Capt. Frank Edmonds, of Lafayette, is the guest of Mr. Geo. W. Jones.

Superintendent Boseker opened the bids for the foundation to the proposed extension to the new government building at 1 o'clock this afternoon.

Diphtheria is alarmingly prevalent Logansport. Dr. Cady [illegible]

SABBATH READING.

Mighty Truths for Thoughtful People to Ponder,

IN BOTH PROSE AND VERSE.

After the Storm—Love as a Definite Blessing—Do Good—Things to Think Of.

After the Storm.

After the storm, a calm;
After the bruise, a balm;
For the ill brings good, in the Lord's own time,
And the sigh becomes the psalm.

After the drought, the dew;
After the cloud, the blue;
For the sky will smile in the sun's good time,
And the earth grow glad and new.

Bloom is the heir of blight,
Dawn is the child of night,
And the rolling change of the busy world
Bids the wrong yield back the right.

Under the fount of ill
Many a cup doth fill,
And the patient lip, though it drinketh oft,
Finds only the bitter still.

Truth seemeth oft to sleep,
Blessings so slow to reap,
Till the hours of waiting are weary to bear,
And the courage is hard to keep.

Nevertheless, I know,
Out of the dark must grow,
Sooner or later, whatever is fair,
Since the heavens have willed it so.

Do Good.

How few, comparatively, feel that they are to live in this world to do good? They live as if there was nothing to be done but to secure honor, fame, and the shining dust. They move, breathe, live, and soon pass away and are forgotten. They did nothing worth remembering. Nothing they have done has comforted, elevated, blessed humanity; not a word or deed will be cherished in grateful remembrance by those they have left in life's journey. They lived, died, and passed out of mind like the insects of a day. They lived for no high, noble, valuable purpose; they sought not to write their names on imperishable monuments. Alas! how strange, bewildered, mistaken is man—immortal man! Do something that will make others happier, better, more useful, Kind words, generous acts, noble deeds, may be yours. Lend the helping hand, dry up the tear of sorrow, lighten the burdens of the oppressed, cheer the fainting heart, and bid the careworn, disheartened pilgrim take courage and rise to a new and better life, write your name high on monuments of virtue, that none of the storms of time can ever destroy.—*Zion's Herald.*

Love as a Definite Blessing.

It took 4,000 years to unroll the scroll of the sacred Scriptures, "to import God into knowledge," in the phrase of Dr. Bushnell. The patriarchal and the Jewish dispensations were occupied by the disclosure and ineradicable inculcation of the Divine unity upon one nation amid surrounding polytheism. To have taught the trinal personality of God, before the final establishment of His oneness of substance, might have overtasked mankind in the period of their early theological pupilage. The first words taught to every child in the Jewish nursery for more than 3,000 years are these: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord." Faith in this truth, such as inspired obedience, was saving under the dispensations before Christianity. It is saving now to all who have no higher revelation. What need, then, have we of any clearer and more definite manifestation of the nature of God? Why should He reveal the unthinkable fact of His three-fold personality, and require our faith to mount to heights so far above reason? This is a question which the angels might well approach with bashful tread. It is certain that He has not taken me into His counsels. Here I walk by faith. Faith says that the higher revelation of God, and the new requirement of faith in the Trinity, proceed from the gracious purpose to bestow richer blessings upon the believer in a dispensation "rather glorious."—*Dr. Steele.*

Things To Think Of.

A GOOD conscience is to the soul what health is to the body.—*Addison.*

He who has framed and brought us hither,
Holds in his hands the whence and whither.
—*Francis T. Palgrave.*

THE commonplaces of our faith are the food upon which our faith will most richly feed.—*Dr. A. Maclaren.*

THE Christian is like the ripening corn; the riper he grows, the more lowly he bends his head.—*Guthrie.*

THE best way to keep good acts in memory is to refresh them with new ones.—*Cato.*

How Thou canst think so well of us,
And be the God Thou art,
Is darkness to my intellect,
But sunshine to my heart.
—*Faber.*

ONE promise without reserve, and only one, because it includes all and remains,—the promise of the Holy Spirit to them who ask it.—*Macdonald.*

WHOSOEVER would be sustained by the hand of God, let him constantly lean upon it; whosoever would be defended by it, let him patiently repose himself under it.—*Calvin.*

BEAUTIFUL souls often get put into plain bodies; but they cannot be hidden, and have a power all their own, the greater for the unconsciousness of the humility which gives it grace.—*Louisa M. Alcott.*

WE cannot skip the seasons of our education. We cannot hasten the ripeness and the sweetness by a single day, nor dispense with one night's nipping frost, nor one week's blighting east wind.—*F. W. Robertson.*

as if the day were not long enough to tell its joy.—*Coleridge.*

THERE is nothing in the world so real and substantial as the love of God. One act of divine love is a more finished thing than a statue of Phidias or Praxteles. It is more firm than the foundation of the Alps. It is more enduring than the round world which God has made so strong. All things are bubbles to it.—*F. W. Faber.*

GRECIAN mythology said that the fountain of Hippocrene was struck out by the foot of the winged horse Pegasus. I have often noticed in life that the brightest and most beautiful fountains of Christian comfort and spiritual life have been struck out by the iron-shod hoof of disaster and calamity.—*Dr. T. De Witt Talmage.*

CHARACTER.

Moral faculties properly cultivated yield the highest possible degree of happiness to man, and give life, order, and relish to all our other capacities. It is a good thing to have health and home, knowledge and schools, employment and money, but the best possession is an honest, kind, true, pure, patient, and public-spirited character. Genius, wealth, religion, creeds, pleasures, business and all the bounties of the earth, unlike character, or high-commanding moral qualities, are *means* and not ends in themselves. Personal righteousness, being and doing right, being and doing good, living from high and unselfish motives is the salvation of the world, the grand ultimate attainment of human nature, and crowning exaltation of the race. We are not good in order to be rewarded, to escape punishment or to secure heaven. There is nothing higher or more to be desired than goodness itself. Disinterestedness is the highest heaven. We would not undervalue any part of our complex nature. All parts are necessary to each other and to human destiny—but moral and spiritual life is essential to the free, healthy activity of every part. Without reverence, conscientiousness and disinterested love our lives would be empty, corrupt and disappointing. If justice, truth, love, purity, patience, and self-direction were inactive to our homes places of business, and communities, life would bring only failure, wretchedness, unhappiness, and ruin; whereas now, as ever, there is more happiness than unhappiness in the world, owing to the fact that man's moral qualities are in more or less active use. Admitting all the evil that has been done by wicked, selfish, superstitious, or infaturated men, by misguided religion, and supernaturalism, by the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches in prosecuting and torturing heretics, there has always been a preponderance of natural morality to make life desirable and to save society from shipwreck. What we need now is to become more moral, more just, true, and beneficent. We are living at a time when all churches, ministers, and philosophers are beginning to value righteousness or character as the most important ingredient in religion. A religion that consists of rites, ceremonies, views of God, and immortality as well as of a high standard of moral character; that helps a man to grow better and happier in ways, words and works—that religion is a good thing—but a religion consisting merely of thoughts, feelings, and imaginations, with nothing to offer for the physical or moral improvement of man, may well be spared from the earth. So far, in fact, as religion has consisted of unreasonable and false conceptions and assumptions it has done more harm than good; but human nature, thank God, has been proof against all false doctrines and superstition, and has a clearer field than ever before to assert its supremacy over all dogmatism and selfishness. In these days of light and liberty, a conscientious, devout, benevolent man can do far greater things to improve the world than could the saints in ancient times.

A PLEA FOR THE GIRL OF TO-DAY.

The girl of to-day is a busy, useful worker. She is generally proficient in needlework. She cannot only alter her own dresses, but cut and make those and her underclothing as well. She has a nack of trimming her hats and furnishing her wardrobe, and does her full share at helping the dressmaker who comes to assume charge of the spring and fall sewing. She understands the various branches of mending, and takes that division of labor off her mother's hands, as well as the care of the parlors and dining-rooms, the arrangement of flowers, the supervision of the manners and apparel of the younger children, and sometimes of their studies, too. Let full justice be done to the "girl of the period," or rather let there be a clear comprehension of what shall be really represented by that much-abused phrase. It is not fair to take the weakest specimens of the sex as types of a class comprising earnest workers, with strong conceptions of life, its responsibilities and burdens, and a steady purpose to bear them according to the best of their ability.—*New Orleans States.*

CARE OF THE FINGER-NAILS.

In order to have a pretty-looking hand the finger-nails must be kept in good shape. They should never be cut too short, as this deforms the finger ends and renders them stubby. They should always project a trifle beyond the extremity of the finger, and be paired only to a slight curve, without encroaching too much on the angles. To preserve the half moon or lunula, which borders the lower part of the nail, and is thought a great beauty, the skin must be kept from encroaching upon it by pushing it back every morning with a blunt ivory instrument. By the annoying hang-nail will [illegible] Filing or scraping [illegible] is to [illegible] The nails

THE LADIES.

Gossip and Gleanings About Matters Relating to the Tender Sex.

HOW AMERICANS SHOULD ENTERTAIN.

More Solidity Needed—The Ladies Informed that it is Fashionable to Work.

A Scene of Pleasure.

A cozy room,
A faint perfume
The warm air filling;
A lover bold,
Whose arms enfold
A maiden willing.

An easy chair
The loving pair
Bear without murmur;
As swiftly by
The moments fly
He clasps her firmer.

She clings to him,
The light is dim,
(The gas just glimmers),
An opal ring
Upon her fing-
Er shines and glimmers.

With whispers soft
And silence oft
The hours go flying;
She doesn't know
Her brother Joe
Is meanly spying.

Out in the rain,
Through the wet pane,
He eyes his sister;
And ere long he
Exclaims in glee:
"By Jove! he's kissed her!"

Thus while in bliss
They sit and kiss,
These lovers looney,
This imp of sin
Grunts with a grin—
"Lord! ain't they spooney!"
—*Somerville Journal.*

A Creature of Sentiment.

Second husband (to wife)—Are you as fond of me as you were of your first husband, dear?

Wife—Yes, indeed; and if you were to die, John, I would be just as fond of my third. I'm not a woman to marry for anything but love.—*New York Sun.*

"Jim-Jams" Is an Objectionable Phrase

"Amy," remarked the high-school girl, "you saw Fritz Emmet when he played here, did you not?"

"Yes," assented Amy.

"Well, he has had another attack of James preserves."

"James preserves!" exclaimed Amy; "what on earth are James preserves, Mildred?"

"Well, the papers said 'jim-jams,' but I think that a very objectionable phrase."
—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

The Widow's Wit.

A dashing Washington widow, who had received marked attention from a very popular and gallant physician, found herself suddenly deserted. Her Esculapius, aged 52, was completely enthralled by a beauty of 18, and Christmas morning the wedding took place with all due pomp. Wormwood for the widow! She swallowed it bravely, wore an undaunted front, and was among the first to offer hurried congratulations to the happy pair. The conversation turned upon Christmas gifts, and the bride said, laughing gayly:

"All my wedding presents were sent just before Christmas, so Christmas morning I had not a single gift."

"Ah! my dear, that is cruel; you had me," said the bridegroom, reproachfully.

Before the pretty bride could answer, the widow's eyes grew dangerous, and, swinging slowly her large fan, she murmured:

"Surely, my dear Mrs. X., you should be more than satisfied, for you know antiquities are all the rage."

In the awful silence following the widow rose, carefully arranged her draperies, and bowed her adieu in stately serenity. Dr. X. and his bride never returned her call.

How Americans Should Entertain.

Foreigners say American women entertain well. They do when they entertain according to their native customs, but when they serve roast beef with Yorkshire pudding to an Englishman, and macaroni to an Italian they make a mistake. An American meal should be served in American style, both as to dishes and ceremony. We have food fit for the gods among our native viands, and it needs only the tact of a truly American housewife in serving it to make it very enjoyable. Just here we recall to mind a ceremonious dinner given by a society lady last season, where everything was English, you know, and the amount of foreign stiffness and etiquette so all-pervading that the very gravy seemed to be chilled with cold ceremony, and the hearts of the guests grew stony as the leaden hours dragged on, and the awe-inspiring footmen showed no signs of relenting, but still kept their victims pegging away at those foreign dishes; and then we remember a little supper given by a charming hostess in one of the suburbs, where were had broiled chicken, American style, hot bread, ditto steaming coffee, ditto raw fried potatoes, ditto etc., etc., and plenty of lively conversation, and a good time generally. Thinking of these two feasts, looking upon this picture and then upon that, we vote for Americans forever. Dinners of ceremony are a rock ahead which every lady should "sheer off" from, as Capt. Cuttle would say, unless she is very sure of her bearings. It takes a genius to give a dinner, and the only safety for persons with but moderate resources at their command lies in simpler feasts—11 o'clock breakfasts, 1 o'clock luncheons, 5 o'clock teas, and 10 o'clock suppers—always American style.

small waist in women to be desirable. We cannot call this a "relic of barbarism." The heathen of all ages has been sound on this point at least. They have compelled their women to flatten their heads, to deform their feet, to blacken their eyes and teeth, to tattoo themselves, to hang rings through their lips, noses and ears, but they have ever yet spared the sacred body of woman, the seat of the vital organs, the home of life itself. It has remained for modern nations, with their proud boasts of a higher, and almost perfect civilization, to insist that a small waist, whether nature has bestowed it or not, should be striven after, no matter at how much personal discomfort by every women.

"Slimness" and slenderness, however they may seem—and we believe it is only seeming—to be refined and beautiful, should really offend us by hyper-etheralness and obvious incapacity for the discharge of the functions of life.

This is a working age. The merciless law of the survival of the fittest is driving the weak and incapable to the wall. The strong body and the strong brain are uppermost, and in this enlightened time no one is so dull as to deny that a sane mind is surest to dwell in a sound body. Sane bodies—that is, strong and healthy bodies—are the *sina qua non* of success in work. Even many of the rich and lazy are being driven by the sheer force of public opinion into some sort of work. The vast and complex systems of charity now in vogue; the innumerable classes of students who are meeting every winter in our finest houses to study art, literature, language, science; the enormous amount of fine embroidery in every parlor, largely the work of the ladies of the household—these, and a score of other signs point to the fact that we are living in a country and period where activity is the rule and sloth the exception. The competition in all sorts of labor and traffic is enormous. The strength demanded to excel in any trade or profession is very great.

Women who have their living to earn must enter this severe competition, and they will never receive consideration because they are women. They must excel in order to be successful. Excellence implies strength—not the spasmodic, nervous strength which makes an effort once in a while under extraordinary pressure, but the strength which can turn off daily work without fatigue—the strength which leaves the eye still bright and the step elastic after a long day behind the counter, over the sewing-machine, at the desk, at the easel, in the kitchen, in the school room. Such strength as this does not go with a small waist. From the nature of things, it can never—unless, as has been pointed out, in exceptional cases—be found in women with small waists. Strong back and abdominal muscles—muscles which can do their word without the deadly props of steel and whalebone now so universally worn—a large digestive capacity, a rapid and utterly unobstructed flow of the blood in the veins and the arteries, these are some of the requirements of health and strength. And these things take up room. In most women God has given room for these organs and their processes, but it is reduced and contracted in order to make the waist appear small. In the name of honorable labor; of healthy and happy infancy and childhood; of intelligent, high-minded womanhood; of everything that is beautiful and worth having for women in this world, we plead for the scorned, the maligned, the condemned large waist. Give your body room. It is a sin against humanity and its Maker to compress your waist.—*Alta Californian.*

CANNED FOOD.

Lieut. A. W. Greely, in a letter to the *American Grocer* upon the effects of freezing upon canned fruits and vegetables, especially as regards the texture and flavor of tomatoes, corn, etc., says: Apples, peaches, pears, rhubarb, green peas, green corn, onions, potatoes, and tomatoes were all subject to extreme temperatures (over 60 degrees below zero) and were solid for months at a time. The second summer they thawed, the following winter froze solid again. All the articles named presented the same appearance as though freshly canned and their flavor was as good when the last can was eaten as in the first month. It should be understood that these were first-class canned goods and from dealers of standing and reliability. Cranberry sauce, preserved damsons, preserved peaches, and fruit butters suffered certain changes from candying, etc., which detracted somewhat from their flavor, though not materially so. Dealers in such preserves predicted that such conditions and changes would occur. I had also canned turnips, squash, beets, and carrots as well as pineapples, cherries, grapes, clams, shrimps, and crabs, which, although not subjected to such extreme temperatures as the foregoing, yet froze and thawed repeatedly without injury. No can of any kind except a few, say half a dozen of fruit butters, was ever burst by the action of cold or heat. No illness of any kind occurred prior to our retreat, and those most inclined to canned fruits and vegetables were the healthiest and strongest of the party.

ORIGIN OF PNEUMONIA.

Weichelbaum, of Vienna, regards the proof of the bacterial, or parasitic, origin of pneumonia as abundantly established by the opinions of leading medical authorities which he has collected and tested by his own investigation of 127 cases, beside having made a large number of experiments, using the material obtained from lungs affected with this inflammation. As a result of his labors he finds four varieties of micro-organisms in this affection. [illegible] other affections co-existed [illegible] pneumonia, and appeared to be [illegible] to it as in meningitis, pleurisy, [illegible] determined to

THE CHILDREN.

Fun and Facts That Will Amuse the Little Ones,

AND INSTRUCT THEM ALSO.

Sand Pies—It Pays—The Boat-Dwellers of Japan—A Narrow Escape.

Sand Pies.

Oh, the apple pie is a very nice pie,
A very nice pie, indeed;
And some there are who say to me,
"Of all it takes the lead."
And the mince pie, too, is a very good pie,
As good as good can be,
If the crust is crisp and brown enough,
And the raisins—one—two—three.
And the pumpkin pie is a very nice pie,
For now and then, you know;
If it's well made, 'tis fairly good—
As squash and pumpkin go.
And the cherry pie is a very nice pie
Of fruit so tart and red;
And many a child will call this pie
Of every sort ahead.
But the greatest pies in all the land,
If you listen well to me,
Are the dear sand pies we children make
In the summer by the sea.
—*Our Little Ones.*

It Pays.

Be hospitable among your little friends. It pays. You will not have to bring them into your homes and feed them to be so. They, probably, have nice homes and plenty to eat, but they may not have the bicycle that you ride with so much pleasure. Offer to let them ride, and notice how pleased they will look. Their parents may not be able to give them money to purchase nuts or fruit; share yours with them, and see how much more you will enjoy your own part for having given your friends a treat. Oh, you little ones can show hospitality in your play just as much as the big ones in grand houses! And you will be repaid.

A poor woman lived in a hut in the woods, alone and desolate, except for one kindly family in the village, which had helped her, not so much with money, but with "little deeds of kindness, little words of love," and sympathy. One of the little girls was particularly fond of going to the hut, and would carry what her mother would give her, and often gather flowers to take to the woman. A little beam of sunshine she would seem, running in the door with her sunny hair flying, cheeks all aglow, to this one whose life seemed mostly shadow.

"What makes those little holes in your face?" little Nell asked the pock-marked woman, one day.

"They came from great suffering, little one, but they may be a blessing, some time."

A few weeks after that the little thing was stricken down with that terror, small-pox, and they thought she would have to be removed to the hospital for fear of spreading the disease. But when this poor woman heard of it, she hastened to entreat them to let her take her "Sunbeam" home with her, for she had had the disease, and they would be away from every one. So she took her, and in the clean, little hut these true friends fought the fearful enemy together, and conquered him; and, as Nellie said, "She didn't even have little holes in her face." Oh, it pays to be kind. It pays to be like Jesus, every way.—*L. M. P., in New York Advocate.*

The Boat-Dwellers of Japan.

Young people who live in London or New York may fancy that our cities are crowded, and that many families must live without very much air to breathe, or space for the boys and girls to play in. What would they say to the boat-dwellers of Japan? In that crowded country hundreds of families spend their lives and bring up their children upon the water, and know nothing of the land, except as they make an occasional visit to it when obliged to purchase supplies or attend to some unusual business.

In every bay along the coast are found hundreds, if not thousands, of small craft called "junks." These are small, flat-bottomed boats, and are owned and inhabited by a man and his family, just as houses are in other parts of the world. Their business is the transportation of goods and merchandise of all kinds, and their navigation is a sort of family affair. One traveler says:

"I have seen a boat twenty feet long most adroitly managed by three children all under 7 years of age. I am told that, notwithstanding their aptness at swimming, many boatmen get drowned, for no boat ever goes to another's aid, nor will any boatman save another from drowning, because, as he says, it is all fate, and he who interferes with fate will be severely punished in some way."

Among these wonderful aquatic families children of 3 years old will sometimes swim like little fish, and if one is backward in learning, he will be thrown overboard, and teased and tormented until he is obliged to learn the art in self-defense.

Ah! it is in reading and learning about the people of other lands that we find how much we have to love and be thankful for in the broad, free life of our own. But even here there are children who would be the better for such frequent baths, and perhaps you would have great difficulty in persuading the little Japs that life in the hot and crowded streets of our great cities was to be preferred to that of the junkmen on the rivers and harbors of their own country.—*Ex.*

A Narrow Escape.

"Mother, I want to ask you a favor," said Eric, as he looked with bright, pleading eyes into his mother's face.

"Well, what is it, little [illegible]" mother, feeling sure [illegible] this request

"It is that Dolly and I may go for a walk by ourselves this afternoon, as it is a half holiday. It is such a bother to have to walk out with nurse and the little ones."

Eric was eight, Dolly nearly ten; and the little ones were Trevor, aged 5, and the baby of 2.

Dolly now came up to her mother's side. "Please, mother, let us go. I will be very careful, and Eric will promise to obey me all the time we are out, it is such a lovely day! We will walk along the cliff, but not too close, and we won't go near the sea, but will take a basket and gather some wild flowers."

Mrs. Grantham looked from one little eager face to the other, and said: "Well, Dolly, if you are quite sure that I can trust Eric to obey you, I will not say no, though I had rather you did not go on the cliff at all, but walked inland to gather the wild flowers."

"You may quite trust me, mamma," said Dolly, who was rather fond of feeling important.

Mrs. Grantham was just starting off for a drive, and asked the children if they would not prefer going with her; but they still begged to have their walk. So off they went, as merry a little couple as you would wish to see.

Eric and Dolly lived in a house a little way out of Brighton; so the children were not obliged to go through the town at all, and soon after leaving their home they got into the open fields. They soon filled their baskets with wild flowers, and then Eric said, "Dolly, we must have a walk on the cliff now."

"Mamma said she had rather we did not go on the cliff at all," said Dolly.

"Well, but I'm sure she would not mind if we don't go too near the edge," answered Eric. "I'm going, at any rate."

Dolly scarcely knew what to do; she thought if she refused to go Eric would just go without her, and that she felt sure would be worse than if she went with him to look after him a little; so she said, "How unkind of you, Eric, to talk like that. Of course, if you go, I must; but that's not obeying me, as you promised."

At this naughty Eric merely laughed.

The children soon reached the cliff, and walked along it for some little way, keeping a safe distance from the edge. However, they somehow crept nearer and nearer, until at last, forgetting all the wishes their mother had expressed, they stood close to it, looking out over the great sea into the far distance. Then they took off their hats to let the cool breeze blow about over their heads, and then Eric lay down, leaning on his elbows, and Dolly stood beside him with her long, thick hair blown out behind her.

"Hullo!" cried Eric, suddenly, "Why, I declare, there's nurse and the little ones down on the beach; and he began shouting to them. "Eric, Eric!" cried Dolly, "don't, pray don't." But Eric did not mind in the least what Dolly said, and he went nearer and nearer to the edge of the cliff, picking up and throwing pebbles over at the nurse and the children to attract their attention. There was a good long piece of rope lying close to them, left probably by some workman. Eric tied a large stone to this and lowered it over; in doing this and watching where it went, he overbalanced himself, and, to Dolly's horror, fell over the cliff. Fortunately there was a piece of projecting rock about five or six feet below, and upon this ledge the disobedient little boy fell, and, happily rested there. Just then Dolly heard the welcome sound of wheels upon the road, which ran past at a very short distance. What joy it was to see her father and mother seated in the carriage. She made frantic signs to them and they were soon beside her. You will be glad to learn that Master Eric was rescued from his dangerous position by his father, and that he was unhurt, with the exception of a few bruises.

BEWARE OF TORN CHECKS.

A new and ingenious swindle has been detected, as follows: A check, say for $10, is obtained from a depositor at a bank, and a blank check exactly like the filled-in check is secured. The two checks are laid one upon the other, so that the edges are exactly even. Both checks are then torn irregularly across, and in such a way that the signature on the filled check appears on one piece and the amount and name of payee on the other. The checks having been held together while being torn, of course one piece of the blank check will exactly fit the other side of the filled check. The swindler then fills in one piece of the blank check with the name of the payee and the amount to suit himself, say $5,000, takes it with the piece of genuine check containing the signature of the bank, and explains that the check was accidentally torn. The teller can put the pieces together, and, as they fit exactly, the chances are that he will think that the pieces are parts of the same check, and becomes a victim of the swindle. The trick, of course, suggests its own remedy. The teller should refuse to pay any check that is mutilated.—*Boston Transcript.*

IN THE TEMPLE OF JUSTICE.

Attorney—Now, then, sir, did you or did you not threaten to kill the plaintiff?

Witness—I did——

Attorney—That will do. The jury will notice the admission.

Witness—But I haven't finished. I was about to say that I did——

Attorney—Quite right to confess it. You may step down.

Witness—Your Honor, I insist upon my right to finish the sentence.

Judge—Go ahead.

Witness—I did—not.—*Philadelphia*

NED BUNTLINE.

His Narrow Escape from Death at the Hands of an Infuriated Mob.

An old citizen of Nashville, Tenn., who witnessed the attempt to mob Ned Buntline in that city in 1847, relates the following thrilling incident:

Judson, or "Ned Buntline," was an Iago, and at that time walked and talked like that character; in fact, was a living impersonation of it. He was a regular masher. He had been editing "*Ned Buntline's Own*" in Paducah, Ky., but on coming to Nashville he was employed as assistant editor to Hudson Kidd, in the publication of the *Southwestern Review*. He had been here five or six months when trouble came up between F. B. Porterfield and himself, and at the time of the affray Buntline and Bob Parrish were practicing at a target. Porterfield's friends had persuaded him to shoot Buntline with a double-barrel shotgun, and had one loaded at the corner of Union and Cherry Streets, with a view of waiting for him, but having heard that Buntline was in Sulphur Spring bottom he rushed unaccompanied to that point. On getting within range Porterfield opened fire on him with a "pepper-box" pistol. Buntline had a Colt's revolver in his hand, and after Porterfield had shot at him, Buntline said, "Porterfield, stop shooting. I don't want to kill you," but heedless of the warning, Porterfield continued to fire, when Buntline placing a revolver across his arm, took deliberate aim and shot Porterfield in the forehead, instantly killing him.

As soon as the report of the killing reached the central portion of the city a mob rushed to the point indicated, and ran Buntline into Mrs. Cockrill's Hotel, corner of College and Line Streets, caught him and took him to the court-room. The people were now wild with excitement. The court-room was densely thronged, and the furore was greatly increased when Porterfield's brother John came running in and opened fire on Buntline. The crowd scattered in every direction, and Buntline taking advantage of the situation, ran out of the room in which he had been fired at thirty or forty times, and was followed down stairs by a regular hail of bullets. He was shot at again as he ran across the square to the City Hotel, one bullet taking effect in the arm of a man named Pentecost. On reaching the door of the hotel bullets were planted all around him. On going to the third story he attempted to regain the ground by climbing down the tin gutter, which broke, and he fell to the pavement of the court, breaking his leg. Sheriff Barnes kept the crowd back by saying that Buntline was dying; to let him alone, and he would carry Buntline to jail, which he was permitted to do. At dark another mob was formed and went to the jail.

Acting Mayor S. V. D. Stout and John D. Goss, who were jail commissioners, went to consult Louis Horn, jailer. When the mob rushed into the jail, they knocked Horn out of the rocking chair, and secured the keys, when he said, "For God's sake, don't let the prisoners out." Three of the mob entered Buntline's cell. While one caught him by the leg, another seized him by the collar. A third, placing his foot on Buntline's neck, was about to fire, when the jailer pleaded with them not to kill him there. Buntline was then dragged pell-mell into the street. He was then permitted to say his prayers, and on finishing pulled a ring from his finger, handed it to a minister to be sent to his father at Pittsburgh, Pa. The crowd then hallooed, "Take him on," and they did so.

They first attempted to hang him to a sign, but the rope having been too short he was dragged to a lamp-post. When they began to pull him up Acting Mayor Stout cut the rope, and the form of Buntline dropped to the earth. The utmost silence prevailed at this critical moment, when a man named Ashbrook cried out, "It's a d—n shame to treat a human being in such a brutal manner, and if John Porterfield is a gentleman, he will have the wretch turned loose." At this Porterfield came up and said: "Take him back to jail," and Buntline was returned to his cell. Dr. Joe Stout said he had received severe internal injuries, and that while attending him Buntline boasted that if he saw that a man was going to shoot him, he could dodge the bullet. When Buntline had recovered and was about to be sent down the river, still another mob gathered at the upper wharf to lynch him, but the crowd was left standing when the boat started with no Buntline on board. The Sheriff eluded the angry assemblage by taking Buntline to the lower wharf, where he was put on a steamer, and that was the last seen of Buntline in Nashville. He was never prosecuted.

WINE FROM DRIED FRUIT.

When the ravages of phylloxera first devastated the vineyards of France the imports of raisins and currants into that country were very small, amounting only to between 6,000 and 7,000 tons a year. The failure of the vintage for several years in succession influenced French winemakers to turn their attention to dried grapes, known as raisins and currants. It might be expected that people who displayed such peculiar ability to make a stimulant drink out of a cup of water and a piece of sugar would soon find a method to make a wholesome wine out of dried fruit. Such has been the progress of this business that for the last three years the imports of currants and raisins have averaged 65,000 tons, or an increase of nearly 60,000 tons in seven years. The magnitude of this business which is comparatively new, can be more correctly estimated when it is known that these imports [illegible] less than 270,000 tons —*Bradstreet.*

FAIRVIEW;

OR,

One September Night.

By JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

CHAPTER IV.

The harsh mandate of Clayton Ferrers had to be obeyed. Even while preparations were making for the funeral of my uncle we left the cottage and took a little house nearer the village, to which my poor friends and protectors removed their household effects. The gardener had a little store of money laid by, and I had some savings; we were in no present danger of want. Hugh Staples loitered in the village and heard the talk about the death and funeral of Mr. Whalley. He told me that he had heard Mr. Ferrers praised for his devotion to his uncle, and that much satisfaction was expressed that the nephew and his mother now had the whole estate, for he would spend his money freely, and benefit the people with it. I saw that there was more that he hesitated to tell, and I urged him to tell me all. With his voice trembling with indignation he told me that he could plainly see that he was shunned by his former friends; that the poison of Ferrers' tongue had already begun to take effect. Some had turned their backs on him when he spoke to them; others he saw pointing at him, as if telling that he was an ingrate.

Had he heard me spoken of?

Very reluctantly he told me that I was described as a bold adventuress, who had conspired with him to alienate the affections of Mr. Whalley from his sister and nephew. No one, not even Ferrers, seemed to suspect my relationship to the deceased; and who would have believed it had I gone forth after the funeral and boldly proclaimed it? Who would not have cried—adventuress—impostor? Who would listen to the story of a picture and a Bible, confirmed only by the testimony of Hugh Staples, and my own assertion of what had happened when I stood by the bedside of Mr. Whalley? No one would believe so wild a tale; no one would credit anything we might say now. The danger for Clayton Ferrers had passed with the death of his uncle; he could laugh to scorn the feeble attempts of an old man and a girl to take the estate from him.

In a day or two the gardener reported that the feeling in the village was growing still stronger against us. It had taken on a form something like indignation. He had even heard of Dr. Beaumont speaking lightly of my good name. The villain! the cowardly, dastardly villain!

Hard as this was to learn, I could suffer it in silence; but now came the finishing stroke of my misery. In place of the silence that had prevailed as to the cause of the disappearance of Harvey Minton, the village was now filled with the most astounding rumors and stories, different in detail, but all involving the same disgraceful facts. It was told in the village, and widely believed, that, pinched by poverty, he had broken into the Fairview mansion on the very night of Mr. Whalley's death, for the purpose of committing a robbery; that he had been detected in the act, and had saved himself from arrest and prosecution only by consenting to leave Berkeley forever. He had not been seen in the village since that day; Mr. Ferrers and Dr. Beaumont both gave very circumstantial statements of the affair; and the latter, who had been to New York since the funeral, declared that he had seen him there. My heart cried out in its bitterness against this shocking accusation, by which the good name of a noble man was to be forever blasted. But days had passed, and he came not back—and the hideous charge was generally accepted as true!

I had reached the limit of my strength. The excitements and trials of the last month had completely unnerved me; my reason seemed tottering into eclipse. How or when it came about I do not know; only that consciousness left me, and the world and its people seemed to pass far from my sight.

CHAPTER V.

STATEMENT OF HUGH STAPLES.

Dr. Minton asks me to say a few words about what the poor lady's sickness was. She fell over in a dead faint the night of the day that I told her of the slanders that were going through the town about the Doctor. We put her to bed, and I went for Dr. Gray. (I would as soon have gone for the devil as for Beaumont.) I'll give Dr. Gray the credit of saying that he came at once, and did all he could for poor Miss Burton, and never quit attending her till long after she was out of danger; though I could see, by the cold and distant way that he treated Polly and me, that he had heard the rascally stories that were afloat about us, and believed them. He said that Miss Burton was threatened with a brain fever, and must be carefully nursed, or she would never get well. My wife was too feeble to take care of her alone; who could I get to help her? Aye—who would come to that house which everybody shunned? I had heard Miss Burton speak of her roommate at the boarding-house, Rosa Hudson, and I went straight to her and told her the trouble. God be praised that there is some good in human nature after all; that all men and women are not liars and slanderers, and believers in lies and slanders! That good girl said she had never believed a word against Paula, and was only waiting for a request to come to her. She came at once, and never left us till our poor sick child was quite well again. Perhaps this is all I am expected to say; but I can't help adding that it was pitiful to hear the dear distracted lady rave about the friends who had left her, and the enemies who were trying to destroy her. Oh, it was too pitiful!

PART THIRD.

His Story.

CHAPTER I.

Stunned and almost overwhelmed though I was upon finding myself caught in the trap that had been so treacherously set for me, my first actions were such as would be natural to any man in such a situation. The room was perfectly dark, and I found the door by which I had entered only by feeling for it. I felt for the knob, found, and turned it; the door was fast, of course. I pounded vigorously on the door; I even raised my voice and shouted. All this was of no avail, as I had every reason to suppose it would be. The tiger of the jungle, suddenly trapped and caged, will expend his useless fury on his prison bars, though he may quickly see that he cannot escape. A man placed by fraud and violence in the situation in which I found myself will act much in the same way; and, until the first sharp transport of my horror and indignation was past, I did not cease to shout aloud and pound on the locked door.

When this ebullition was over, I sat down upon a chair which my hands had encountered as they groped about, and tried to think calmly. This room was, I reflected, somewhere near the side of the mansion farthest away from Staples' cottage. The mansion was remote from the road; it was equally remote from any other habitation than that just named, and it would be idle to try to attract attention by outcries. There was none in the house who had the least desire to help me, or who could be at all moved by my cries. The more sensible thing to do would be to feel all about the apartment, and see if no hope of escape would present itself. Hardly had I commenced to act upon this thought when I heard the rattling of a key in a part of the wall opposite to that where I had entered. A door was suddenly thrown open, and a man came in, with a lighted lamp in his hand, which he placed on a stand. He [illegible] did not relock it, and [illegible] at the

mont, cool, placid, almost smiling. He bent his eyes steadily upon me, but said not a word; he seemed inclined to let me speak first.

He did not have long to wait. My composure returned at once when I saw him before me, and with it came the determination to make short work of regaining my liberty. Deliberately I drew the revolver from my breast and rested the barrel upon my left arm.

"Sir," I said, "I shall leave this room immediately, by the door at which you have just entered. I shall leave the house as well. What I have seen here, and what has just happened to me, warn me that I am in a den of desperadoes. You will understand that the man who stands in my way dies like a dog!"

He must have seen that I meant every word of it, and I fancied that he started at sight of the pistol. He put up his hand in a deprecating way, and quickly said:

"Let us have no weapons here, my good friend—there will be no need of that. Nobody will oppose your leaving this house in due time; nobody wants——"

My anger rose to fever-heat as I heard him, and I interrupted him hotly. The argument that I carried in my hand put me in no mood to temporize with him.

"Dr. Beaumont, I have known you for some time as a scoundrel and a hypocrite; now you come to me with the language of a liar. Get from between me and that door, or I shall walk over you to it."

I meant to sting him, and I succeeded. His face flushed purple with rage, but he mastered it by a mighty effort.

"One moment, sir," he cried. "You shall not drive me into a quarrel; my business with you is too important for that. I waive for the present all causes of difference that you and I have had before this night. I overlook for the present your hasty insults, and I say to you what I was just about to say when you interrupted me—that what small force has been used to detain you here has been only to the end that we—that is, the relatives of the man who has just died—might secure a fair understanding with you. Will you now allow me ten minutes of your time?"

"For what purpose?"

"That I may talk with you of the scene you have just witnessed in that chamber; that I may make you a proposition immensely to your advantage. You will regret it all your life if you refuse."

I drew out my watch. "Ten minutes I give you, and I warn you that at the slightest appearance of treachery I will send a bullet into you. Now, speak fast!"

I cocked the revolver, and held it ready.

"Tut, tut! you're too suspicious. This is purely a matter of business. Well, to go on. You came to-night abruptly into the house and the chamber of a dying man, without leave or request, and stood by his bedside till he died. Surely those nearest him by blood, as well as his physician in attendance, have a right to some explanation of such an act."

"And I decline to explain; at least, here, and to you. At the proper time, and in the proper place, I shall not be slow with my explanation."

"What do you mean?"

"Dr. Beaumont, away with all this trifling. You know the cause of Mr. Whalley's death as well as I. Now, since you provoke me to it, I will tell you that I made the intrusion of which you complain to see for myself what was killing him."

"I have attended him for two years, and I don't want any more light on that point. His death was due to cancer of the stomach, which has within the last month developed with unusual rapidity."

"Sir, you lie! you deliberately, coolly utter the falsehood that you have framed for this case."

"Indeed!" he sneered. "Perhaps, since you claim to be a doctor, you will be kind enough to tell me the cause of his death."

"Yes, sir, I can and will, though you know it as well as I. The indications were so strongly marked that no physician could possibly mistake them. The violent irritation of the intestines, the great depression of the circulation, the intense burning pains of the stomach, the agonizing thirst, the utter prostration of the system—all these things point to one cause, and one alone."

I paused, and, looking him square in the eye, added, slowly:

"The man was killed by arsenic, administered lately, and in considerable quantities."

Even the known, proved murderer, will quail when boldly accused of his crime; and this man, though he must have anticipated what I was about to say, trembled at my speech.

"Do you accuse me——" he began, but I stopped him.

"I am not here to make accusations—I came for information. What I may choose to do after leaving this house you will learn in due time. And now, what else? your time is about up."

"You are not absurd enough to suppose that your opinion will be taken against mine in this matter?" he impudently persisted.

"Dr. Beaumont, again I say, cease this foolish trifling! Is it necessary for me to remind a physician of your age and experience that the best witness, the only witness required as to the cause of this death will be the post-mortem examination of the body. You know as well as I that the arsenic in his system can be found three months hence."

The man had actually been sounding me as to my professional knowledge of the effects of arsenical poisoning before and after death. He had gone far enough to discover that this subject was very familiar to me, and that I could not be deluded into any doubts as to the case of Edson Whalley. Dr. Beaumont's manner suddenly changed; he rapped the stand sharply with his knuckles, and spoke up with his natural tone of assurance and audacity.

"Well, then, sir, enough of *that* part of the business. You think you are right; I think you are not—it is not the first time that doctors have disagreed. Assuming that you are entirely wrong, and that an investigation would show it, still, such investigations are unpleasant while they last; and, if you and I can agree upon terms, we shall be relieved of such annoying consequences as might follow from your persisting in your absurd opinion. What do you say to a thousand dollars? Just dismiss all delicacy, and treat this as a business matter. I know you are poor, and that money is desirable to you."

The scoundrel was actually offering me a bribe to keep silent and make no accusation. I looked at him with speechless indignation. He misunderstood, or affected to misunderstand, the cause of my silence.

"Ah, I see; perhaps the argument don't strike high enough. Well, sir, sign with me a certificate that the cause of Edson Whalley's death was cancer of the stomach, and five thousand dollars shall be placed in your hand to-night, before you leave this house."

"Murderer! wretched assassin!" I cried. "NO! And now, away from that door."

"Hold! Ten thousand dollars, counted out in money to-night, if you will sign that paper."

My reply was simply a step toward him, with the cocked and pointed revolver in my hand. He was suddenly seized with a fit of coughing, so severe that I involuntarily paused for it to cease. Why was I not quick to see the meaning of this? Why did I hesitate to shoot him dead, and escape while I could? I heard not the silent unclosing of the door behind me, nor the stealthy stockinged feet that stole in in answer to the signal. A terrible blow from a bludgeon laid me senseless on the floor, my pistol harmlessly exploding as I fell.

CHAPTER II.

The time has come in this narrative when, if I am to be able to finish it at all, my quivering nerves must be soothed, my heated brain must be cooled. At several places in the story, thus far, I have been compelled to lay aside the pen and seek the soothing and comforting presence of my wife before I was able to go on. So recent are these events, so real are these dreadful shapes and scenes that my pen again brings before me, that I shudder as I write. I feel myself continually [illegible] Move than once I have regretted [illegible] Mr. [illegible] that this

be told, and told plainly. But I am far advanced now; it is no time to pause. Yet a little more patience and strength, and I shall be able to turn forever from those days and nights of terror, to the peace, the sunshine, the happiness that are mine.

Yet at this point, upon reviewing what Paula and I have already written, I see that the current of the narrative must here be briefly checked, in order that some things may be explained, or at least conjectured, which lie beyond my actual knowledge. When the cowardly and treacherous blow was struck that stretched me senseless at the feet of Dr. Beaumont, the night of the ninth of September had passed, the early morning of the tenth had come. During much of the time for the next ten days I was helpless, both in body and mind. Some of the things that happened to me during this interval are clear and vivid in my memory; some of them come back now, blurred and confused, like the teeming visions of a restless sleep, and some of them are but as so many blanks. Hence the necessity that I should piece out my own clear recollection with the things that the penetrating investigations of Mr. Warner, in his character of prosecuting attorney, have since discovered, and that, where these have failed to discover the truth, more especially as to the reasons and purposes of the conspirators in pursuing certain courses, then to supply the conjectures of the shrewd lawyer, of myself, of Paula and others, as to why their course was shaped in the remarkable way that it took. To me, my own conclusions have assumed in my mind the form of absolute certainty, for I had but to go back to the overheard conversation between Ferrers and Dr. Beaumont to obtain a clew to their entire conduct afterward.

That these men, bound together by the strong ties of villainy, practiced in partnership for a high prize—for the possession of the immense wealth of Edson Whalley—would not scruple to take life in order to attain their ends, I had heard more than hinted by the nephew on that May morning. Yet, of course, they would adopt this course only when its necessity became apparent. No sane man commits murder wantonly, for the mere sake of killing, and that dreadful expedient was not adopted by Clayton Ferrers and his coadjutor until the nephew had become seriously alarmed by the influence that the old gardener was exerting upon his uncle. Mr. Whalley still lingered. His constitution had been robust until he was far past the middle age; he might spin out his feeble thread of existence for months—why not for years? The nephew had labored long, assisted by his mother, to shut all hostile influences away from the sick-room; but he saw at last, and had to acknowledge to himself, that there was something on foot in the doings of the gardener—something, the nature of which he could not understand, which was likely to defeat the great object for which he had so long labored and planned. His disquiet, his tormenting suspicions, reached their climax upon the night when he surprised a stranger, an unknown girl, at the bedside which had been for a few moments left unwatched and unguarded, and terrified her into the admission that she had been sent there by Staples. The resolution of Ferrers was probably then taken. He would bear this suspense no longer. Whatever this influence was that was sought to be exerted upon the mind of his uncle (and because that influence was secret, vague, and mysterious, it probably exasperated the nephew more than if he had known the actual truth), it should be met and checked at once. He would take no more chances in the prolonged existence of his uncle. He would not be defeated in the accomplishment of the object of his life by this cunning old gardener and all the agencies he could bring to bear.

And so Edson Whalley died—died, as I had seen him die; died from the cause that I had stated when Beaumont and I were alone together in that other chamber.

But the village paper on the day of the funeral, in its paragraphs noting this long-expected demise of the wealthiest man in or near Berkeley, stated, by authority of Dr. Beaumont, that the cause of death was cancer of the stomach of long standing, and lately of very aggravated form. And the editor added some complimentary remarks as to the skill and tireless labor with which our most learned physician had long fought the insidious disease, and congratulated the people upon having so valuable a professional man among them as Dr. Alexis Beaumont. And the people read the article, and never dreamed of the dark conspiracy and blacker crime that had just been consummated at Fairview.

But if the surprise of Paula in the mansion and by the sick-bed had filled the conspirators with uneasiness, and brought them sternly face to face with the performance of their desperate resolve, who can hope to picture the feelings of rage, terror, and consternation produced in them by my sudden advent among them on the night of September ninth! A lighted bomb falling through the window would not so have affected them, and this will explain why it was that they did not interfere at once, precipitate themselves upon me, call in the help of the brutal allies whom Hugh Staples had named, and eject me from the house. The totally unexpected, when it concerns things of the greatest human interest, will strike any man, for the time, dumb and passive with amazement or fear, and thus it was with them. For, consider a moment what my presence there meant! Not only was I a witness to the circumstances of Edson Whalley's death, but a scientific witness, armed with that technical and expert knowledge that the study of medicine had given me, to observe, and to describe with unerring accuracy the cause of that death. My tale might, nay, it would, be treated with incredulity; wherever I told it I should be laughed at, and treated as a base slanderer of the rich and respected Mr. Ferrers and of an abler and more successful physician. Men would say—or, at least, would believe the story of these two—that I had intruded myself into the case, unasked and without permission; that I had been ejected from the house, and so had revengefully fabricated this base coinage of my brain. All this I was prepared to meet when I should go forth from Fairview, tell my astounding story, and make my accusation. And people might discredit *me*, the poor, humble physician, who had as yet gained no standing with the rich and powerful of the village, and whose friends were only among the poor and lowly, for whose lives and health I had zealously labored. Yes, I should be discredited, disbelieved, laughed at; but there was another witness, whose testimony the law would not refuse—a witness armed with such terrors to the guilty souls of these two men that they would not dare to confront him. That witness was no living person—it was the poor, tormented body of their victim. It is not always true that dead men tell no tales. Almost as long as the dead human body retains any likeness of itself under the touch of decay, will the presence of arsenic administered before death be discoverable. This I knew; this Dr. Beaumont knew that I knew. So here was a tremendous weapon in my hands, which no ridicule, no influence, no power of wealth or social position could blunt or turn aside. Even before the burial I would invoke the law, and, with that engine started, however slow it might at first move, it would in the end as certainly bring these men to the gallows as it should be invoked. I would not rest until I had obtained a post-mortem examination, even before the funeral, and then the truth would be known.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Caught on the Fly.

An honest laugh marks the honest man. If he laughs through his teeth watch him.

Cheap ornamentation of any kind is out of style, and it is no longer good form to wear trash in jewels.

Pearls in Russia are considered as gems of bad luck and are never worn by superstitious brides.

A Buffalo insane man believes he is a base-ball umpire. It is time the management of the Buffalo asylum was officially investigated. A patient must have [illegible] fearful [illegible] to [illegible]

REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

When, on the 12th of July, 1864, the troops in the forts just north of Washington left their works and advanced against Early's skirmishers a notable group looked on. Rarely, says Mr. Pond, did a Union engagement present so clear an opportunity for viewing its progress, and rarely for such a scene was a more memorable group of spectators assembled. On the parapet of Fort Stevens stood the tall form of Abraham Lincoln by the side of Gen. Wright, who in vain warned the eager President that his position was swept by the bullets of sharpshooters, until an officer was shot down within three feet of him, when he reluctantly stepped below. Sheltered from the line of fire, Cabinet officers and a group of citizens and ladies, breathless with excitement, watched the fortunes of the fight. Strange as was the spectacle at the national capital, it would have seemed stranger still to the onlookers could they have known that in the camp yonder, as if in typical contrast to the figure on the parapet, stood one (Breckenridge) who four years before had been the Vice President of the United States. It was no mock battle that these spectators witnessed. Stretchers soon came in from the field by scores, with their ghastly loads; the hospitals in the rear of the fort were astir, and here and there, dotting the meadow, the orchard and the dusty highway, lay many a lad for whom the wild cheers of the crowd fell on deaf ears. Early was sharply criticised at the South for lack of enterprise in not having captured Washington. Relying for its land defences on many forts, connected by rifle-pits, a large force would be needed by the city to so man these defenses as to guarantee that not one of them should be carried by the sudden attack of a bold enemy. Early, however, did not know, and could not wisely have taken for granted, the condition of Washington prior to the arrival of the transports. His expedition was based upon the opposite theory, that of drawing thither from Grant many troops for its defense. He was prepared to believe that 20,000 or 30,000 veterans were concentrated there, because that would have been the complete accomplishment and vindication of his campaign. Grant, on his part, presumably understood the effect of Early's circuitous course, and had calculated precisely the time required to suitably succor Washington, without merely trusting to possible ignorance or timidity on the part of the enemy then marching upon it; and his report definitely declares that his forces reached Washington before Early's.

Andrew Johnson undoubtedly desired, late in the winter of 1866, to disperse Congress by armed force, and then to issue a proclamation, convening a Congress in which every State should have its full representation. The military leader selected was Gen. Gordon Granger, then waiting orders, who would not hesitate to do anything that promised promotion. A considerable force of regular troops were within call of Washington, and if Gen. Granger had received the order he would have left nothing undone to carry it out; but the President found that it would be useless, and gave up the plan. The Republican members of Congress were very much frightened at what they believed was the plan, and in the army appropriation bill that winter a clause was inserted, understood to have been written by George S. Boutwell, intended to cover this case. It was published in the general order of March 12, 1867. It forbade the President to order the General of the army, Gen. Grant, away from Washington, save with the consent of the Senate, and directed that any military orders issued by the President without passing through Grant's hands should be null and void. Any officer receiving or obeying any orders issued without Grant's sanction was to be found guilty of felony and sentenced from two to twenty years' imprisonment. This law was violently opposed in Congress, but it was passed, and practically took the command of the army out of the President's hands; so if he had attempted to take steps over Grant's head, the latter would be justified in forcible resistance. This was meant to be and was, a powerful factor in preventing Johnson from superseding Grant in command, or getting him away from Washington.

A. T. Stewart, the New York dry-goods king, was selected by Gen. Grant to reorganize and reform the Treasury Department. It was an excellent selection, but it was not acceptable to the politicians in the Senate, who had retainers and henchmen by the score in the Department, and in the revenue service and customs service elsewhere. When the nomination was announced, they cunningly intimated to Mr. Sumner that Stewart was too conservative, and the Massachusetts Senator's "I object" carried the consideration of the nomination over until the next day. Previous to this, Simon P. Hanscom, one of the oldest newspaper men at Washington, had written accounts of the palace stores of Stewart and of Claflin at New York for the *Republican*, of which he was then the editor. Claflin paid $500 for what was said about his place, but Stewart declined to "fork over," although there had been a clear understanding that he was to pay the same sum. Hanscom no sooner heard of the nomination, and of the desire among the Republican politicians to get rid of it, than he posted to Caleb Cushing and asked if there was not some obsolete law which prevented an importer from holding office in the Treasury Department. Cushing at once found it, and Hanscom procured its insertion in an evening paper. That night the special correspondents tele-

hands of the Senators. Stewart had been so confident of his confirmation that he engaged a suit of apartments at the Ebbitt House, over Newspaper Row, with a private entrance. The rooms had been frescoed, painted, papered, carpeted, and furnished in the most luxurious style, and their occupant was not at all prepared for the slip between the cup and the lip. The President asked Congress to repeal the antiquated law, and Stewart offered to put all his property into the hands of trustees, but it was of no avail. The Senate insisted on the withdrawal of Stewart's name; and then Gen. Grant sent in that of Mr. Boutwell, who had been designated by him originally as Secretary of the Interior. Stewart, terribly mortified, returned to New York and gave up all political aspirations, while Hanscom added his scalp to those already dangling in his sanctum.

LIFE AT CAMP CHASE.

While at Camp Chase we learned in various ways how some of our fellow-prisoners at Camp Morton were killed—wantonly, as we thought—while attempting to escape by tunnels which they had made from within their prison inclosure. Possibly these statements were made to check us in similar efforts for escape, as the planning and constructing of tunnels, carried on with great secrecy, was a popular enterprise for several months in Camp Chase after all hopes of an early exchange were destroyed. We learned and had reasons to believe that when it was known by those in command at Camp Morton that such a tunnel would come out at a certain point beyond the walls, the guards had orders to shoot any prisoners who made their exit there, and that some were so shot without any other attempts to secure them. For the correctness of this statement we must rely on men then confined at Camp Morton to corroborate or deny it. Certain it is that attempts at "tunneling out" were continued at Camp Chase in spite of such statements, up to the very time that all officers confined at Columbus, Ohio, including those of Gen. John H. Morgan, were removed in March, 1864, to Fort Delaware, where, if they succeeded in tunneling, their tunnels would come out in the waters of Delaware Bay. When we left, a shaft and tunnel were in progress under the floor of our mess-room. Some idea of the extreme difficulty and slowness of these efforts for liberty may be formed from the following facts: All the work was done in the darkness of the night, after "taps," by details and reliefs from the most trusted men of our number, for spies were kept among us, and it was hard to identify them. After "taps" our fire was allowed to die down. The stove was moved enough from its position to take up some of the rough boards of the loose floor as noiselessly as possible. In this way the shaft was sunk in the earth immediately under the stove, the floor being near the ground. Toward morning everything was carefully put back in its place, and no visible traces of the night's work were left. It may be asked, "How did you get tools for digging, and what was done with the dirt removed from these tunnels?" A file was obtained by careful management; then a "strap-hinge" was taken from an out house. This hinge made two excellent small hoes for tunneling. How? With the file the two "straps" of the hinge were cut apart where they unite. The broad part of each "strap" was heated and bent, and then sharpened like a hoe on the broad edge. Each "strap" was fastened with the screws taken from the hinge to a small wooden handle, less than a foot long. This made a convenient and effective hoe for such work, "in close quarters," as the men did who formed the working force in their unique mining. The dirt removed from the tunnels was put in large "pockets" concealed in the clothing of the workers. When these pockets were filled they were emptied into the common "sink," within the prison walls, to which prisoners were allowed access at all hours of the night.

Our "sappers and miners" found this work warmer than one might suppose on those winter nights in Ohio; for they were working in narrow tunnels under ground, and they were buoyed up by the exciting hope of escape. Your readers would be astonished if informed of the amount of work accomplished by these simple contrivances of our Southern soldiers.—*James W. A. Wright, in Southern Bivouac.*

CARE FOR YOUR EYES.

Keep a shade on your lamp or gas burner.

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never begin to read, write, and sew for several minutes after coming from darkness to a bright light.

Never read by twilight, or moonlight, or on cloudy days.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light, window, or door.

It is best to let the light fall from above, obliquely, over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that, on first awakening, the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

Do not use the eyesight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

The moment you are intinctively prompted to rub your eyes, that moment stop using them.

If the eyelids are glued together on waking up, do not forcibly open them, but apply saliva with the finger—it is the speediest dilutant in the world; then wash your eyes and face in warm water.

The most popular silk fabrics will be gros grain, repped, and watered silk. Handsome striped silks will appear. Among novelties in these are black satins striped with gold and silver tinsel, and stripes of tinsel embroidery and beaded embroidery.

The slowest sailing craft may [illegible] the [illegible] in the

APHASIA.

Queer Instances of the Loss of Mental Faculties.

[Saturday Review.]

There are four forms of aphasia which co-exist or which may be found isolated: (1) The loss of the power of understanding spoken words, or, as it has been named, rather improperly, since the failure is not physical but mental, verbal deafness; (2) verbal blindness, or the inability to read; (3) motor aphasia, or the loss of the power of articulate speech; (4) agraphia (a term invented, we believe, by the English physician, Dr. Ogle,) or the loss of power of writing. An instance of loss of the faculty of understanding spoken words while that of understanding written words remained, is quoted by M. Ballet from Abercrombie. It is that of a gentleman farmer in Scotland, who recognized the sounds of spoken words without understanding their meaning, and who, to make communication with his laborers possible, had a written list in his room of the most ordinary terms. On hearing without in the least comprehending the spoken words, he turned to his list, and his perception of what was said became clear. Of verbal blindness (as it is called), M. Ballet gives the instance of a French merchant, whom he calls M. P., a man of fair cultivation, and more or less of a reading habit, who, through an accident in hunting, lost the faculty of reading. M. P. understood perfectly everything that was said to him, answered questions with much precision and expressed himself with a certain degree of facility. Morever he wrote with ease not only his name and address, but a long letter, and that without any notable mistake in orthography. The interesting fact is that though he could write and did it with a certain ease, he was incapable of reading.

"I write," he said, "as if with my eyes closed; I do not read what I write." In fact he was wholly unable to re-read the words he had traced a few seconds before." The letters themselves written in this condition were quite equal to those which he had written before the accident befell him.

Of motor aphasia, or the inability to use articulate speech, M. Ballet gives instances of a patient at the Saltpetriere whose reply to all questions consisted of the word "Macassa, macassa;" of another who could only say "Monomomentif;" of a third who was reduced to the expression "Iqui phoiqui;" and of a fourth whose vocabulary did not go beyond "Baden, ababen baden." The poet Baubelaire could say only "Cre nom, cre nom," being in this respect inferior to a very distinguished lady, whose conversational powers extended to, though not beyond, the entire phrase of which Baudelaire gave the usual abreviation. Still more advanced was another lady, who repeated at every moment, "Madame, ete, mon Dieu, est il possible, bonjour Madame."

In the early stages of the malady, proper names are forgotten. An eminent man of science was reduced to designate the person of whom he spoke of as "My colleague who invented such and such thing." Next common nouns disappeared. When the Abbe Perier asked for his hat he said: "Give me my—what one puts on one's—." His coat was, "What is worn to be dressed in." Scissors, with another patient, were the thing one cuts; the window, what one looks through, what gives light. What can not be said by people affected with motor aphasia can sometimes be sung by them. An officer, who could not pronounce the words "enfant" and "prairie," whose power of speech were confined to its word "pardi" and the letter "b," was capable of singing with perfect articulation the first couplet of the "Marseillaise."

A farmer, "du comte de Wiklow dont parie Graves," could not pronounce the names of his wife and children except by reading them. A striking instance of agraphia is that of a Russian officer, well acquainted in Russian, French, and German, who, having been afflicted with motor aphasia as regards French and German, afterward became subject to agraphia as regards all the three languages, then he retained or regained the power of, reading and speaking them. A woman being asked to write her name, produced the words, "Sumil siclaa satreni," and gave her address as "Sunesr nut to mer linu lain." An English naval office, wishing to write "Royal naval medical officer belonging to the Admiralty," was constrained to add the terminator "dendd" to each word, and to write, "Royondendd navendendd sforendendd (sic) belondendd." etc.

THE HARMFUL CIGARETTE.

The trade in cigarettes has grown immensely and fortunes have been made by it. As an example, fifteen years ago the elder of two brothers kept a small cigar shop in West Broadway. The sole cigarettes then used here were several brands loosely rolled in coarse paper and imported from Havana. He began to reason about them, and finally evolved the small, mild, compact, rice-paper, golden-hued tobacco article, which he named the American cigarette. It leaped immediately into favor, and the business expanded greatly. The little shop became a large factory, and eventually disappeared from West Broadway to reappear in still ampler proportions up-town—one of the conspicuous factories of the city. He has a fine mansion in one of the fashionable cross streets and a superb country seat in an interior county of the state. His wealth is estimated at $7,000,000 to $8,000,000, and his younger brother is thought to be worth $3,000,000 or $4,000,000, all the product of the evolution of the cigarette, which is far worse than a cigar, because it contains, in addition to tobacco, paper, opium, and other deleterious drugs.—*New York Commercial-Advertiser.*

THE ROUSTABOUTS' FAREWELL.

Quaint Snatches of Song from Cotton-Boat and Levee.

[New Orleans Letter.]

The last bale of cotton having been rolled on board with many a "Heave ho!" from the darky crew, the happiest hour in the improvident, "devil-may-care" existence of the Mississippi River roustabouts is at hand. Roosting on railing, rope coils, and cotton bales on the rear deck like a convention of dilapidated scarecrows, they are waiting to respond to the farewell songs of friends and sweethearts congregated on the levee.

Farewell, broders, if yo's gwine fo' to go
We'll weep fo' to see yo' face once mo',

wails out a dusky maiden on the shore, and

On de lebee by de riber side,

roll the united voices.

I've lef' my gal in New Orleans,
Fo' she is young, jes in hih teens,

trills a thin tenor from the deck, and again

On de lebee by de riber side,

swells the refrain:

Ducks plays cyards an' chickens drinks wine,
An' de monkey grow on de grape vine.
Co'n sta'ch pudding and tapioca pie,
Oh! de gray cat pick out de brack cat's eye!

thrillingly announces the heavy bass, while the dual crowd breaks into united rhythmical sway at the rousing refrain:

Walk that, Lco. *Oh!* Miss Loo!
Ah! ah! ah! heah we go!
Fo' we ah gwine fo' to leabe you, good-by, good-by!
Fo' we ah gwine fo' to leabe you, good-by, Liza Jane!

The echo scarcely dies away when a rival songster on the shore begins:

Monkey dress in soldier clo'se;
All cross ober to Jordan!
Went out in de woods fo' to drill de crows;
Oh! Ja-ru-sa-lem!
Jay bird sat on ole hickory limb;
All cross ober to Jordan!
I up wid a rock and hit him on de chin!
Oh! Ja-ru-sa-lem!

And then the excited crowd sweeps with wild enthusiasm into:

Shine on! Shine on! All cross ober to Jordan!
Then shine on! Shine on! *Oh!* Ja-ru-sa-lem!

Next a woman's figure breaks out from the levee crowd with waving arms and swaying body and proclaims in a ringing treble:

Oh, I long fo' to reach dat heavenly sho'
To meet ol' Peter stan'in' at de do',
He say to me, 'Oh! how you do?
Come sit right yonder in de gol'en pew;'
Fo' de good colo'd people da go clah froo
To dip in de Gol'en Sea.

And the sympathetic brethren swell the melodious

Den dip me! bave me!
Sisters, you and me!
Come get in de boat, fo' we all gwine to float
Fo' to dip in de Gol'en Sea!

This is evidently a favorite air, and the throng becomes frantic with enthusiasm as it repeats it with many a quaint stanza. An ecstatic sister takes up the burden again with

Good Mr. Jesus a sittin' in de prow,
Come all yo' niggahs make yo' bow;
Oh! I look down on de wo'ld below
An' watch dem white trash shublin' snow,
While angels fishes da nip my toe,
Whale! I dip in de Gol'en Sea!

Then the responsive chorus swells out, and again the *basso profundo* of the crew determines that the sisters shall not have a monopoly of the solo parts, so he breaks in and crushingly refers to the erratic mother of them all:

Ol' Adam he wah de fus' built man,
Dat's jis what do Good Book say.
An' Ebe come nex', den sin began;
Dat's jis what de Good Book say,
Ebe bit de apple right in two,
A wicked fing fo' Ebe to do;
Yes, dat's what de Good Book say!

But his effort to silence them is futile, for they join him with unabated gusto in

Dat's jes what de Good Book say, it am;
Yes, dat's what de Good Book say!
Jes read it froo; you'll fin' it true,
Fo' dat's what de Good Book say.

Another biblical expounder is quick at hand to continue the song:

Dah wah a man, he name wah Lot;
Dat's jis what de Good Book say.
An' he hab a wife an' daughters got;
Dat's jis what de Good Book say.
His wife she balk an' make a halt,
An' de Lord he turn hah into salt;
Oh! dat's what de Good Book say!

But the swaying, time-beating crowd on shore is now fast receding from view, and the boat's many-voiced crew unites with heart-stirring earnestness in

I'se gwine f'om de cotton fields, I'se gwine f'om de cane,
I'se gwine f'om de ol' log hut dat stan's down in de lane:
De boat am in de ribber, dat am come to take me off,
An' I'se gwine to jine de ex-o-dus an' strike out fo' de No'f.

And afar over the moon-lit waters faint notes of weird melodies came floating like a distant echo of this pathetic strain.

A STORY FOR DRUGGISTS.

Apropos to the recent poisoning of an infant by a clash in the understanding of doctor and druggist of the meaning of "spl," a prominent medicine-maker tells the following story:

"It was about three months ago when I got a prescription from a well-known doctor, which called for five grains of opium, to be taken in a mixture, as directed. For fear of accidents, I put the stuff in a poison-bottle, and told the nurse who came for it to be sure and use it for outward application only. She went off, and presently I got a strong note from the doctor, ordering me to put up the prescription as directed, and not interfere with his instructions, which were tablespoon doses every three hours. As I had no wish to kill a patient and ruin the doctor, I changed the five-grain dose to one-tenth of a grain, and sent off the medicine. Presently the doctor came in, white with anger.

"'Damme, sir! when I send a prescription don't you dare interfere with it,' he roared.

"'But suppose you had made a mistake?' I said. 'I suppose you did not want to kill the woman.' Then I showed him his order for five-grain doses, and called his attention to the fact that a fifth of that would kill.

"'Did you send up the stuff?' he asked, pale with fright.

"'Indeed I did,' I answered. 'What could I do after your peremptory order?'

"'Then the only thing for me to do is to get up to the undertaker's and claim commision. I guess I'll need all the money I can get now,' he said, as he [illegible]

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

WILL CURE

HEADACHE
INDIGESTION
BILIOUSNESS
DYSPEPSIA
NERVOUS PROSTRATION
MALARIA
CHILLS AND FEVERS
TIRED FEELING
GENERAL DEBILITY
PAIN IN THE BACK & SIDES
IMPURE BLOOD
CONSTIPATION
FEMALE INFIRMITIES
RHEUMATISM
NEURALGIA
KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

The Genuine has Trade Mark and crossed Red Lines on wrapper.

TAKE NO OTHER.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MEN WANTED

to sell for the HOOKER NURSERIES. Established 1835. Good pay all the year around on salary or commission. Send for terms.

H. E. HOOKER CO., Rochester, N. Y.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING, and perform the work of the *Natural Drum.* Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials free. Address F. H. SUOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper.

Are you CONSUMPTIVE.

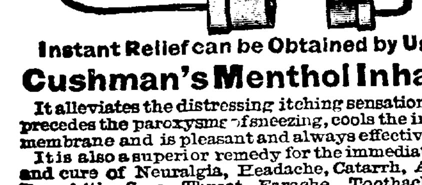
Have you Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, Indigestion? Use **PARKER'S TONIC** without delay. It has cured many of the worst cases and is the best remedy for all affections of the throat and lungs, and diseases arising from impure blood and exhaustion. The feeble and sick, struggling against disease, and slowly drifting to the grave, will in most cases recover their health by the timely use of PARKER'S TONIC, but delay is dangerous. Take it in time. Cures when all else fails. Gives new life and strength to the aged and infirm. $1 at Druggists.

ALL FOR 24 CENTS.

We must reduce our stock in the next three months, and for *30 days* offer all the following for only 24 cents: 10 pieces choice New and Popular Music, full size, finely printed; 200 elegant designs in Outline for Stamping and Embroidery; 100 late and popular Songs, including all the gems from the MIKADO, as well as "Dream Faces," "Love, Love, Love," "Sailing," etc., etc., a large collection of New Riddles and Conundrums, over 25, just the thing for picnic and social parties; 250 Motto Verses, just side-splitters, 77 Tricks in Magic, 100 Puzzles, all kinds, 26 Popular Games, a Secret Alphabet, 200 Amusing, Interesting and Mysterious Pictures, the great game of Fortunes Told, etc., etc. We will send all the above in one package to any address, all prepaid, for 24 cents in postage stamps; three packages for 50c; 7 packages for $1. Address all orders to *WORLD M'F'G CO., 122 Nassau Street, N. Y.*

HAY FEVER SUFFERERS

BE HAPPY!



Instant Relief can be Obtained by Using Cushman's Menthol Inhaler.

It alleviates the distressing itching sensation which precedes the paroxysm of sneezing, cools the inflamed membrane and is pleasant and always effective.

It is also a superior remedy for the immediate relief and cure of Neuralgia, Headache, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Earache, Toothache and all diseases of the throat and lungs. Highly approved by Physicians. Sample mailed on receipt of price, 50 cents. Ask your Druggist to order a dozen.

H. D. CUSHMAN, Three Rivers, Mich.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH."

The Original and Only Genuine.

Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless Imitations. Indispensable to LADIES. Ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or inclose 4c (stamps) to us for particulars in letter by return mail. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co., 2313 Madison Square, Philada., Pa. At Druggists. Trade supplied by Jno. D. Park & Sons, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dr. A. C. HOXSIE'S

Certain Croup Cure

The only remedy known that *CAN CURE* a violent case of *CROUP* in half an hour. Always keep it in the house.

DR. A. C. HOXSIE'S

CERTIAN CROUP CURE DISKS!

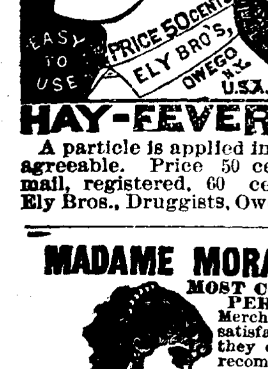
For Hoarseness, Loss of Voice, Coughs, &c. Invaluable to Public Speakers. Singers and Actors. Try it and you will use no other.

Price 50c. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

April 2eodawly

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM



HAY-FEVER

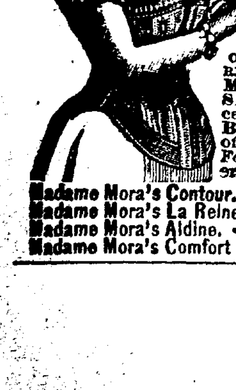
Gives Relief at once, cures

Cold in Head, CATARRH HAY FEVER.

Not a liquid, snuff or powder. Free from injurious drugs and offensive odors.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. Circulars free. Ely Bros., Druggists, Owego N. Y.

MADAME MORA'S CORSETS.



MOST COMFORTABLE AND PERFECT FITTING. Merchants say they give better satisfaction than any corset they ever sold. Dressmakers recommend them for their fine shape. **Cannot break over hips.** Are particularly liked by Ladies of full figure. The "CONTOUR" and "ALDINE" have the PATENT TRIPLE BACK, which covers the open space and protects the spine. The "LA REINE" has the popular REMOVABLE STEELS, which can be instantly taken out, WITHOUT CUTTING OR RIPPING. Ladies, ask for MADAME MORA'S CORSETS. No others have the celebrated **French Curved Band.** Beware of imitations offered to deceive the public. For sale by all leading dealers. Manufactured by

Madame Mora's Contour. Madame Mora's La Reine. Madame Mora's Aldine. Madame Mora's Comfort Hip.

L. KRAUS & CO., Birmingham, Conn. J. G. Fitzpatrick & Co., 71 Leonard St., N. Y.

All Sorts of

[illegible] and many sorts of ails of [illegible] and beast need a cooling [illegible] Liniment.

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, OCT. 9, 1886.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

STATE TICKET.

For Lieutenant Governor,
JOHN C. NELSON.

For Judge of Supreme Court,
JOHN R. COFFROTH.

For Secretary of State,
ROBERT W. MIERS.

For Auditor of State,
CHARLES A. MUNSON.

For Treasurer of State,
THOMAS BYRNES.

For Clerk of Supreme Court,
MARTIN J. KREUGER.

For Attorney General,
HUGH D. McMULLEN.

For Superintendent of Public Instruction
ANDREW M. SWEENEY.

For Congress, 12th District,
HON. ROBERT LOWRY, of Allen.

For Joint Senator,
ISAIAH B. McDONALD.

For Joint Representative,
BENJAMIN. F. IBACH.

COUNTY TICKET.

For Senator,
JAMES M. BARRETT.

For Representatives,
W. M. SHAMBAUGH,
AUSTIN M. DARROCH.

For Judge of Superior Court,
S. M. HENCH.

For Prosecuting Attorney,
JAMES M. ROBINSON.

For Clerk,
DR. GEORGE W. LOAG.

For Auditor,
JOHN B. NIEZER.

For Recorder,
MILTON M. THOMPSON.

For Treasurer,
ISAAC MOWRER.

For Sheriff,
DEGROFF NELSON.

For Surveyor,
O. B. WILEY.

For Coroner,
JAMES M. DINNEN.

For County Commissioner, 1st District.
HENRY HARTMAN.

FACTS FOR VOTERS.

Hon. Charles McCulloch Makes an Honest and Masterly Statement of County Affairs.

To the Editor of THE SENTINEL.

Nothing more completely baffles trickery and deception than a straightforward statement of facts. I believe that the taxpayers of Allen county and the city of Fort Wayne are honest, intelligent men, not easily bamboozled or deceived. Living in the noonday of time, they read and think and the editors of republican papers in this city will find that the triumphs of truth and reason are greater than those of misrepresentation. Slander cannot make a subject either better or worse and in the long run it acts like a boomerang upon the party that resorts to it. The true and concise statement of our county affairs, made by our county treasurer, is all that is necessary to puncture the false statements of republican newspapers, and it will be published often enough for every man in the county to read it and these pretended reformers will find that "truth is mighty and will prevail."

The statement shows that the commissioners did issue $200,000 of bonds, and they bear five per cent interest, but the premium they brought, of $4,000, brings the rate of interest to about 4¾ per cent or less. They did this to pay off every county order that drew 6 per cent, and to give them money enough to keep the county for the future on a cash basis and at the same time not to stint in the necessary expenses of a thriving county. Several years ago, about the time Mr. Rudisill was auditor, a large number of wooden bridges, on pile foundations, were built within a period of four years. Everyone knows what kind of bridges they were from the one at Rudisill's mill and Muldoon's dam. During the last four years these bridges have had to be rebuilt or repaired at a cost of over $150,000, and in order to verify my statement I give figures of cost and location of bridges, and this will tell why for four years past the expenditures of the county have been heavy:

Wells street bridge, St. Marys river	$ 20,922 51
Paper Mill bridge, St. Joe river	14,490 25
Clinton street bridge, St. Marys river	14,315 73
Reedmiller bridge, St. Marys river	14,061 94
Hursh Mills bridge, St. Joe river	11,892 62
Stellhorn bridge, St. Marys river	8,850 02
Gloyd's mill bridge, Cedar Creek	6,480 70
Three Bridges bridge, Flat Rock	10,531 26
Morton,s bridge, St. Marys river	6,725 00
Abuttments for Bull rapids, Maumee river	6,761 23
Bluffton road bridge	2,892 99
Hobbs bridge, Hobbs run	3,478 43
County line bridge, Little river	4,150 85
Huntington road bridge	2,933 62
Marquette bridge, Flat Rock	2,103 93
Wilson bridge, Madison township	2,116 17
Eel river bridge, Eel river	3,178 48
Shawnee bridge, Shawnee run	2,434 35
Aboit bridge, Aboit river	2,153 03
New Haven bridge repairs	1,783 36
Monroeville bridge	1,556 55
Robinson bridge, Robinson run	1,170 00
Gaar Creek bridge, stone work	1,370 00
Fitch bridge, iron work	920 00
Spy Run bridge, iron works	698 25
Hoagland bridge, near Hoagland	1,145 92
Broadway bridge, iron	698 25
Leo bridge, repairs	570 85
Nickerson bridge, Nickerson creek	485 00
Canal bridge, near paper mill	251 22
Canal bridge, near brewery	237 48
Canal bridge, near Peters' mill	151 50
Notestine's bridge	165 58
Huntertown bridge	122 20
Lafayette township bridge	135 00
Academy station bridge, repairs	209 00
Monroe township, bridge repairs	158 50
Gaar Creek bridge repairs	125 00
Milan township bridge repairs	105 00
Hamilton Creek bridge	125 00
Scipio township bridge	160 00
Township line bridge	92 00
Mud Run bridge	82 00
Maumee township bridge	70 00
Cedar Creek bridge repairs	70 00
Sringfield township bridge repairs	54 00
Painting Rudisill bridge	80 00
Painting Taylor's bridge	25 00
Total	$153,290 77

Some more have yet to be built, but the work is principally done for many years to come. Allen county is the largest county in the state and has more bridges to build and keep up than any [illegible]

run behind one dollar. THE PEOPLE BELIEVE IN GOOD ROADS, SAFE BRIDGES, WELL MANAGED PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS, LIBERAL EXPENDITURES FOR HOSPITALS AND THE POOR.

The hospital and poor expenses alone from June 1, 1885, to June 1, 1886, were as follows, according to the report of Auditor Griebel:

Poor orders by townships trustees	$22,821 00
Medicine	968 20
Physicians	2,349 37
Railroad fare	271 25
City hospital	3,840 63
St. Joseph hospital	4,077 12
Asylum	6,677 15
Asylum superintendent	800 00
Pest house	33 40
Overseers of poor, township trustees	1,957 00
Total	$43,795 12

Viewing the great improvements and charities we can point with pride to our county and the paltry debt that is shown in the statement of the county treasurer is so straightforward and plainly legitimate that people never give it a moments critical consideration. There has been no stealing. Men like William Briant, Jerome Gloyd, Henry Hartman, Louis Griebel, Willis Maier, John Dalman, Judge Hench, Judge O'Rourke *don't steal.* Newspapers are the only accusers that dare say they do. Individually not one of the gentlemen who edit those papers would say so. The democratic and republican platforms both agreed that one term in a four year county office was long enough. With that idea prominent the present democratic county ticket was nominated and as Mr. P. S. O'Rourke said to me a few days ago, "it is as good a ticket as was ever nominated in Allen county," and Mr. O'Rourke is a close observer and always says exactly what he means. He also said that he had known Mr. Niezer from his boyhood, and that he was the soul of honor. The laws that regulate the county officials in the banner democratic county of Allen regulates them in republican counties. Allen county's prosperity and growth has been wonderful within the past few years, and the workingmen who are building homes faster than ever all over our beautiful city, still have confidence in our public servants in spite of the attempts of newspaper gentlemen at each election to deceive them.

Respectfully,

CHARLES McCULLOCH.

LABOR LEGISLATION.

The Measures Supported by Congressman Lowry in the House.

The house of representives of the forty-eighth congress inaugurated labor legislation by creating for the first time among its standing committees, a committee on labor, to which should be referred proposed legislation affecting the interests of workingmen. Mr. Lowry voted in favor of it. From this committee emanated the law creating the national bureau of labor statistics, and the law prohibiting the importation of contract pauper labor, now found on the statute books. Also the house resolution authorizing and directing the commissioner of labor to make a full investigation as to the kind and amount of work performed in the penal institutions of the several states and territories of the United States and the District of Columbia, as to the methods under which convicts are or may be employed, and as to all the facts pertaining to convict labor and the influence of the same upon the industries of the country. For each and all of these Juge Lowry voted.

The democratic house of representatives also passed the following bills which came from the same committee:

THE ARBITRATION BILL

which provides that in all controversies between railroad companies and their employes, if submitted to arbitration, the United States would give the arbitrators the power to send for persons and papers, to administer oaths, in fact all the power of United States commissioners, and would pay all the expenses of the arbitration, the award to be filed with the commissioner of labor and to be made public by him.

Judge Lowry both spoke and voted in favor of the arbitrative bill. His speech was received with much favor. Part of it was published by us at the time.

Next comes

THE BILL

to protect mechanics, laborers and servants in their wages. By providing that for all personal services rendered by any person acting in the capacity of mechanic, laborer, or servant, in the District of Columbia and territories of the United States, no property shall be exempt from seizure and sale under execution.

Lowry's vote is found recorded in its support. Then followed the house resolution for

ENQUIRY AS TO CONVICT LABOR,

Authorizing and directing the commisioner of labor to make a full investigation as to the kind and amount of work performed in the penal institutions of the several states and territories of the United States and the District of Columbia, as to the methods under which convicts are or may be employed, and as to all the facts pertaining to convict labor and the influence of the same upon the industries of the country.

This also received Judge Lowry's support. Then came

THE BILL AGAINST CONVICT LABOR.

To prohibit any officer, agent, or servant of the government of the United States to hire or contract out the labor of prisoners incarcerated for violating the laws of the United States.

Lowry's name is also here recorded in the affirmative. And these were rounded up by

ANOTHER ANTI-CONVICT LABOR BILL.

To prevent the employment of [illegible]

convict labor in the preparation or manufacture of materials for public buildings and other public works, and to regulate the manner of letting contracts therefor.

Each and everyone of these measures having been warmly supported by our representative in congress, we have no doubt those for whose benefit they were especially intended will readily recognize the fact that it is for their interest to continue Judge Lowry for another term where he has rendered such faithful service. They will thus also signally rebuke the unscrupulous falsifiers who so basely seek to misrepresent him.

COL. I. B. M'DONALD.

An Old Soldier Pays His Respects to the Hero Candidate for Joint Senator.

To the Editor of THE SENTINEL.

On last Saturday I attended the joint senatorial convention at Columbia City. I was present when T. W. Blair made his speech accepting the nomination as a candidate for joint senator for Allen and Whitley counties. I was more than surprised at the course pursued by Blair. His attacks upon Col. McDonald, the democratic candidate, was outrageous and ungentlemanly under the circumstances. Every body at Columbia City knows full well that when the war broke out Col. McDonald was one of the very first to enlist in Columbia City with Capt. G. W. Stough and Capt, James E. Sargent. We all know that he was a good soldier and a great worker in the army and that he came out in the latter part of 1864, with a good record. If Mr. Blair had asked our people here in Columbia City, he could have learned that Col. McDonald, has for the last thirty-four years, been a great worker and has been the very soul of public improvements in our town and county. He has paid to laboring men of Whitley county better wages and more money, than any other man of his means in the county. That Col. McDonald is a democrat is true, but not an offensive one among his neighbors. More than this I know that for many years he has financially assisted many of his neighbors when in his power so to do. Here men, both democrats and republicans in Columbia City, whom he has saved from bankruptcy by his kindness. When the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railway was built, he was one of the very first to cast in his mite to assist in that great enterprise. When the Eel River railway was built he gave $1,000 in cash and paid several hundred dollars as taxes besides. I know further that there are but few church edifices in the county to which he has not contributed his means. In 1870, when the dirty slums, like the man Blair promulgated at Columbia City on Saturday last, were thrown at Col. McDonald, as a candidate for representative, he carried every township in the county. Here is the note from the records in the clerk's office, which I have examined. Hon. A. M. Trumbull, a most excellent gentleman, a man high in his church, the Methodist Episcopal, was his opponent. In that year, 1870, the democratic state ticket had 426 majority in the county, but McDonald and Trumbull had the following vote:

Townships.	McDonald	Trumbull	Maj.
Cleveland	228	119	109
Richland	180	133	47
Troy	68	54	14
Etna	41	35	6
Washington	131	42	98
Columbia	448	120	328
Thorncreek	140	49	91
Jefferson	120	106	14
Smith	125	104	21
Total majority			729

That vote in the county on the state ticket was 426 majority for Col. Nooman Eddy for secretary of state. So it will be seen that such low calumny of the man Blair about Colonel McDonald and his soldier record did not avail anything in the canvas in Whitley county in 1870; so it will be seen that McDonald carried every township in the county, both republican and democratic. This result was brought about by such a course as has been begun by the man Blair in 1886, when a fellow can stand up in a public audience in Columbia City, and insult the good wife and children of an old soldier. This man Blair insults the memory of three gallant brothers, who have their last resting place on southern soil. This fellow Blair and his backers at Columbia City, when they deal in such base lies and insinuations about an old soldier and a good citizens, may expect their reward in the proper manner at the polls in November next.

AN OLD VETERAN.

In gathering wild flowers, autumn leaves, or picnicking in the woods, we are more or less exposed to danger from poisoning by ivy or other wild vines and shrubs. The poison is under certain circumstances readily absorbed by she blood, and painful swellings or eruptions are caused. Such affections Hood's Sarsaparilla readily cures, as it expels all impurities from the blood. Even in cases of poisoning by Paris green, Hood's Sarsaparilla has been remarkably successful. It should be kept constantly in the house for all blood disorders. Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., and is sold by all druggists. 100 doses $1.

Jet is said to be becoming a national trimming.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferers at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub wakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, [illegible]

COL. I. B. M'DONALD

Pays His Respects to Hon. T. W. Blair and Accepts His Challenge.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Oct. 4.

Col. I. B. McDonald, Ring Candidate for Joint Senator:

DEAR SIR—Believing that the people should be fully informed of your false position in defending the large defalcation in the state treasury, and the outrageous proceedings of the state legislature and the management of the state institutions, and denying the rights of workingmen to be represented in our law-making bodies, I respectfully challenge you to meet me in joint discussion of the issues before the people, at such times and places as the respective central committees of the counties of Allen and Whitley may arrange. I desire a fair, straightforward answer to this end at your earliest convenience.

Very respectfully yours,

T. W. BLAIR,

People's Candidate for Joint Senator Allen and Whitley counties.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Oct. 8. '86.

Thomas W. Blair, Esq., Republican Candidate for Joint Senator, Fort Wayne, Ind.:

SIR—I am in receipt of your very discourteous letter of the 4th inst. I am constrained, at least for the present, not to take the proper notice of the insolence contained therein, leaving that duty to some future time and place. As the DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR JOINT SENATOR I shall be pleased to be on hand promptly at such times and places as shall be arranged by Hon. Charles McCulloch, chairman of the Allen county democratic central committee.

ISAIAH B. McDONALD.

THE rock foundation in South Carolina and neighboring States, says the New York *Times*, slopes from the mountains of the Appalachian system—where it is at the surface—to the uplands, and the slope is continued under the overlying soil and deposits of the lowlands to a point one hundred miles from the coast, where it begins to fall at a sharper angle. The formation along the coast upon which Charleston rests is largely a deposit caused by the natural transfer of soil and fragmentary rocks from the mountains and highlands during a very long period. From one century to another this load washed down from the highlands has been growing heavier, and the seaward slope of the rock table underneath has given it a seaward tendency. In the depths beyond a point 100 miles from shore there was nothing to restrain this tendency. At last a time came when this tendency became irresistible and the great mass slipped seaward. Such readjustments of the surface of the earth are continually being made. In some regions they are hastened by volcanic action. Great masses that might have remained almost stationary for a century in the absence of any disturbing influence have received from volcanoes the impetus required to move them. This influence may be interchangeable. A land-slip may sometimes have caused a volcanic eruption by suddenly increasing the pressure upon a deposit of lava. Moreover, it is plain that the depths of the earth are hot, whether there be a molten internal mass or not, and the introduction of sea water by gravitation through fissures into heated cavities may cause the development of steam which will exert its force in disturbing the surface. This may be the cause of some earthquakes or landslides.

WILLIAM C. PRIME, of New York City, who for ten summers has driven through New England in his own carriage, resting on Sundays, and going to church wherever he might happen to be, says in the New Princeton *Review* that there is no disputing the fact that in the rural districts of Vermont and New Hampshire the people have lost the habit of going to church.

Life is not worth living if one has chronic rheumatism and can't get Salvation Oil. Price 25 cts.

Cold piercing winds seldom fail to bring on a cough, cold, or hoarseness at this season, and Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup should be kept in every house.

Recent advices from Hon. Gil Shanklin, editor of the Evansville *Courier*, are to the effect that the treatment he is undergoing for restored eyesight will prove successful.

Sudden Changes of temperature, especially at night, just now, are apt to cause indisposition. A little imprudence often brings about serious illness. In such cases POND'S EXTRACT is invaluable. Dr. Preston, of Brooklyn, writes, "I know of no remedy so generally useful in a family." Taken internally and externally, it cools, soothes and cures inflammation of every sort, and controls and subdues all kinds of Hemorrhages. Beware of worthless imitations.

Competition has reduced the fare in London busses to one penny.

In the Dear Old Days.

We differ in creed and politics, but we are a unit all the same on the desirableness of a fine head of hair. If you mourn the loss of this blessing and ornament, a bottle or two of Parker's Hair Balsam will make you look as you did in the dear old days. It is worth trying. It is the only standard 50c article for the hair.

REV. H. B. ERRELL, of Pavilion, N. Y., says of Gilmore's Aromatic Wine: "I believe it to be a most desirable remedy to be placed in every family."

WILLIS L. CULVER, of Pavilion, N. Y., says that Gilmore's Magnetic Elixir cured him of a long standing throat and lung trouble.

LADIES, Use Gilmore's Aromatic Wines for nervousness and sleeplessness.

CONFINED TO THE BED FOUR MONTHS, and almost blind, and cured by one box of Gilmore's [illegible]

WHAT WILL CURE [illegible] LUNG TROUBLES? [illegible] Magnetic Elixir. For sale by [illegible]

A PLAIN STATEMENT.

A Concise and Clear Statement of Allen County's Finances.

Owing to the misrepresentations if not absolute falsehoods of the so called People's Convention managers, concerning the financial condition of Allen county, Chairman McCulloch, of the democratic county committee, addressed a letter to Treasurer John Dalman, requesting an accurate statement of the county's affairs at the close of business, September 30, 1886. Treasurer Dalman's reply is given in full, and explodes most effectually the statements made by these would be bell wethers of the people's, alias republican movement.

Hon. C. McCulloch:

In compliance with your request to furnish a statement to the public, of the condition of the treasury of Allen county, I hereby enclose such statement as shown by the books in my office at the close of business September 30, 1886:

LIABILITIES.		
County bonds	$200,000 00	
Interest on bonds up to October 1	2,500 00	
County orders afloat October 1	323 65	
Total indebtedness	$202,823 65	$202,823 65
ASSETS FOR COUNTY PURPOSES.		
Amount of cash on hand October 1	$40,861 59	
Adams county order, Richards' trial	4,978 43	
Interest on Adams county order to October 1	50 00	
Second installment, due from May settlement	74,077 54	
Delinquent tax due and unpaid	39,689 04	
Total assets	$159,656 60	159,656 60
Liabilities over assets		$ 43,167 05

JOHN DALMAN,
Treasurer Allen County.

IRA D. SANKEY, on his return from Europe, intends to join Mr. Moody at Chicago. Said he the other day: "Do I consider Chicago the worst city in the Union? No; but I consider it a very inflammable city."

IS THIS THE REFORM THEY TALK ABOUT!

[Proceedings of the Republican County Convention taken Verbatim from the Gazette.]

Mr. Baltes was declared the nominee and made a short speech:

"MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—I have not been seeking this office, but as you have been so liberal as to give me a majority on the first ballot, I am very thankful, and shall work again as I did four years ago, when I paid $1,200 and didn't get the office, even if it costs me another $1,200 to get into this court house. All I ask is that these delegates do the fair thing, and at the fall election be at the polls and vote the whole ticket through from top to bottom, [a voice, "We'll do it!"] and there is no doubt but we'll carry Allen county. [Cheers.]"

The pain and misery suffered by those who are afflicted with dyspepsia are indescriable. The distress of the body is equalled or surpassed by the confusion and tortures of the mind, thus making its victims suffer double affliction. The relief that is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla has caused thousands to be thankful for this great medicine. It dispels the causes of dyspepsia, and tones up the digestive organs. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE story comes from Nebraska that a rattlesnake bit a dog, but singular enough the dog did not die, but developed hydrophobia, transferred the rabies to the cattle, and killed fourteen of them.

That weak back or pain in the side or hips you will find immediately relieved when a Hop Plaster is applied. It strengthens the muscles, giving the ability do to hard work without suffering. Take none but this, 'tis sure.

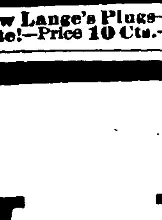
Bartholdi will sail from Havre for New York October 16.

Consumption Can be Cured.

Not by any secret remedy, but by proper healthful exercise and the judicious use of Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites, containing the healing and strength-giving virtues of these two valuable specifics in their fullest form. Prescribed universally by physicians. Take no other.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, and relieves consumptive persons in advanced stages of the disease. Price 25 cts. *Caution.* The Genuine *Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup* is sold only in *white wrappers*, and bears our registered Trade-Marks to wit: *A Bull's Head in a Circle, a Red-Strip Caution-Label,* and the fac-simile signatures of *John W. Bull & A. C. Meyer & Co.*, Sole Prop's, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.



Chew Lange's Plugs—The great Tobacco Antidote!—Price 10 Cts.—Sold by all Druggists.

Ladies

Do you want a pure, blooming Complexion? If so, a few applications of Hagan's MAGNOLIA BALM will gratify you to your heart's content. It does away with Sallowness, Redness, Pimples, Blotches, and all diseases and imperfections of the skin. It overcomes the flushed appearance of heat, fatigue and excitement. It makes a lady of THIRTY appear but TWENTY; and so natural, gradual, and perfect are its effects, that it is impossible to detect its application.

ECZEMA

And Every Species of Itching and Burning Diseses a Cured by Cuticura.

ECZEMA, or Salt Rheum, with its agonizing itching and burning, instantly relieved by a warm bath with Cuticura Soap and a single application of Cuticura, the great Skin Cure. This repeated daily, with two or three doses of Cuticura Resolvent, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unirritating, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure eczema, Tetter, ringworm, psoriasis, lishen, pruritis, scald head, dandruff and every species of itching, scaly and pimply humors of the scalp and skin, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

ECZEMA.

I gratefully acknowledge a cure of eczema or salt rheum, on head, neck, face, arms and legs for seventeen years; not able to walk except on hands and knees for one yer; not able to help myself for eight years; tried hundreds of remedies; doctors pronounced my case hopeless; permanently cured by the Cuticura Remedies. WILL McDONALD, 2542 Dearbon St., Chicago. Ill.

ECZEMA.

Some five months ago I had the pleasure to inform you of my improvement in the use of the Cuticura Remedies in my case of severe chronic eczema erythematosa and to-day cheerfully confirm all I then said. I consider my cure perfect and complete, and attribute it entirely to your remedies, having used no others. FERVAN ESENCHARDO, 3306 Penna Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

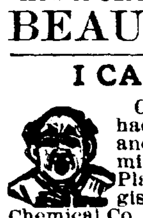
ECZEMA.

I have suffered from salt rheum for over eight years, at times so bad I could not attend to my business for weeks at a time. Three boxes of Cuticura and four bottles Resolvent have entirely cured me of this dreadful disease. MR. JOHN THIEL, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

CUTICURA REMEDIES. Are sold by all druggists. Price: Cuticura, 50 cents; Resolvent, $1.00; Soap, 25 cents. Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BEAUTIFY the complexion and skin by using the Cuticura Soap.

I CAN'T BREATHE.



Chest pains, numbness, soreness, hacking cough, asthma, pleurisy and inflammation relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. Rothing like it. At druggists, 25 cents. Potter Drug and Chemical Co.

Catarrhal Dangers,

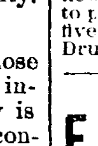
To be freed from the dangers of suffocation while lying down; to breathe freely, sleep soundly and undisturbed; to rise refreshed, head clear, brain active and free from pain or ache; to know that no poisonous, putrid matter defiles the breath and rots away the delicate machinery of smell, taste and hearing; to feel that the system does not, through its veins and arteries, suck up the poison that is sure to undermine and destroy, is indeed a blessing beyond all other human enjoyments. To purchase immunity from such a fate should be the object of all afflicted. But those who have tried many remedies and physicians despair of relief or cure.

Sanford's Radical Cure meets every phase of Catarrh, from a simple head cold to the most loathsome and destructive stages. It is local and constitutional. Instant in relieving, permanent in curing, safe, economical and never-failing.

Sanford's Radical Cure consists of one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box of Catarrhal Solvent, and one Improved Inhaler, all wrapped in one package, with treatise and directions, and sold by all druggists for $1.00.

POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

ACHING BACKS



Weak Backs, Pain, Weakness and Inflammation of the Kidneys, Shooting Pains through the Loins, Hip and Side Pains, lack of strength and activity relieved in one minute and speedily cured by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, a new, original, elegant and infallible antidote to pain and inflammation. At druggists, 25c; five for one dollar, or postage free of Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk Sold only in half pound tins by grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

Feb 20-maly)

MADDEN & COX

—PRACTICAL—

Sanitary Plumbers.

STEAM & GASS FITTERS.

—DEALERS IN—

Sanitary Appliances, Water Closets, Bath Tubs, Wash Stands, Hydrants, Pumps, Sinks, Cesspools,

Aartistic Gas Fixtures,
73 Calhoun Street,
Fort Wayne, - - - - Ind.

aug 21-6m.

Geo. R. Bowen.

Plumbing,
Steamfitting,
Sewering.

Particular attention given to Sanitary Plumbing and Sewering.

Bath Tubs, Boilers, Water Closets, Sinks, Hydrants, Yard Hose, Brass Trimmings for Engines, Etc.

NO. 110 CALHOUN ST.

A. HATTERSLEY & SON

PLUMBERS

Steam and Gas Fitters.

—DEALERS IN—

GAS FIXTURS

Main Street, East of Clinten
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Brass Work Iron and [illegible]
Lift and Force P[illegible]
Sheet Lead, Bath [illegible]
Rubber [illegible]

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st., N.Y. may22-dawly

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO ADVERTISERS.

A list of 1,000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—*FREE.*

To those who want their advertisements to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our *Select Local List.*

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce Street, New York.

D. D. WEISELL
DENTIST
34 Calhoun St.

Offers a professional experience of over years aprl23-1y

DR. T. J. DILLS

Has his office at his residence
NO. 108 EAST BERRY STREET.
Where he will give exclusive attention to all
DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.
Office hours 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.



WILSON WASHBOARDS.

These Washboards are made with a **Bent-Wood rim.** The Strongest boards and best washers in the world. For sale by all dealers. Take no other.
SINGLE and DOUBLE.
SAGINAW M'F'G CO., Saginaw, Michigan.

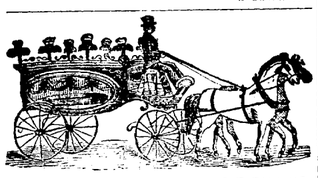
May 12-1y

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between Harry Maroney and Arthur Dodge has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, Arthur Dodge retiring from the firm. Harry Maroney will collect all contracting bills and assume the indebtedness of the late firm and continue the business at the old place.

HARRY MARONEY.
ARTHUR DODGE.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Sept. 29, 1886. 29eow6t.



FRANKS & WELLMAN

Undertakers and Embalmers,

Corner Main and Clinton Streets

We warrant our prices less than any-one else in the City. may31-1y

J. Wilson & Sons

—DEALERS IN—

HARD AND SOFT

COAL!

From the Mines! Celebrated for its quality of Coal. Also

Blacksmith Coal,

WOOD

—AND—

Kindling

Office and yards, corner Clinton and Railroad streets. Connect with P., F. W. and C. railroad at south depot.

☞ *Goods delivered to all parts of the city. Order by Telephone No. 109 at the expense of the firm.* aug5-3m

ADVERTISERS

can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co.,

Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce St., New York.
Send 10cts. for 100-Page Pamphlet.

The Mirror

is no flatterer. Would you make it tell a sweeter tale? Magnolia Balm is the charm-[illegible] clears the

GASTRONOMIC LONDON.

STRAY BITS FROM ITS NOTED CAFES AND RESTAURANTS.

A Dinner at the Holborn—The Old Cock Tavern—A Disgruntled Waiter—Fees and Fee-Givers—Living in Apartments, Etc., Etc.

[Special Correspondence.]

LONDON, Sept. 24.—I write this letter in the very heart of the greatest city of the world. All around me throbs the life blood of London, and within a few minutes' walk of me is the center from which go out the wires which affect every nation and every market. A stone's throw away is Charing Cross, with its trains and 'buses leading to all parts of London and England, and below this the Strand, with its everlasting stream of vehicles and men. I go to the top of my street, a block away, and Trafalgar square, with its giant column of Nelson, with the great bronze lions lying at its feet, greets my eyes, and down below, not far off, are the houses of parliament, where to-night Parnell is having tussle with the government about old Ireland. Hyde Park, Pall Mall and Piccadilly, with its clubs, are within walking distance, and all about me is the London of history and literature, as well as the great city of business activity.

Just across the street Benjamin Franklin lived when he came here to advocate the cause of the Colonists in 1771. Above this stands the Golden Cross hotel, where Mr. Pickwick met the hackney coachman and became acquainted with Jingle, and a little further down is the house of Samuel Pepys, the author of the Diary. Garrick lived in this vicinity, and some of the most important events in the life of Lady Jane took place right here.

When you are in Rome do what Romans do, and you will pay what Romans pay. If you try to carry American customs about with you, you will be charged three prices for everything, and will not be as well served into the bargain. It is the same with London. My friend and I are living here in apartments and we have a suite of three large rooms and an ante room on the second floor front for a fixed price of $2 per day. The same accommodations in the Grand hotel in the next block would cost more than five times the money. We have our breakfast in our sitting room. We order what we like the night before, and at the time appointed we find it well cooked, nicely served and smoking upon the table. We eat at our leisure and enjoy our breakfast. The other meals we take at the noted restaurants and cafés of London. We live well, and the whole does not cost us each over $3 a day.



BRITISH WAITER.

Americans are, as a rule, the most extravagant of travelers. They have acquired an international reputation as such. They pay bigger fees and get less for their money than any other class of travelers. I heard a rich American at Edinburgh say that it cost him an average of $5 in fees to every hotel bill he paid, and I find that twice as much is expected of an American as of a German, a Frenchman or an Englishman. Every servant here seems to expect a fee, and cabmen, stage drivers, railroad conductors and the government employes about the public buildings have their hands always open. The fact that signs are put up warning the travelers that no gratuities are to be paid makes no difference, and at hotels the servants expect the same fee whether attendance is charged in the bill or not. I have paid thirty-seven cents a day for attendance at hotels, and have notwithstanding found an army of servants waiting to be feed at my departure. At many of the restaurants the waiters get no wages, but rely upon fees for their salaries, and at some hotels and cafés they even pay a good round sum to the proprietor for the privilege. The head boots at one of the big hotels in Liverpool pays, I am told, $500 a year for the blacking of the boots of the guests of the hotel, and hires his own assistants.

The average English waiter and porter of a hotel are almost always feed. The waiters are as a rule solemn-looking fellows, and they are always dressed in swallow-tail coats, low cut vests and white ties. They are very polite, especially when you are about to depart, and at that time all present themselves. The best of them do not ask for fees outright, but you can see they expect it all the same. If you do not fee them a look of ineffable scorn comes on their faces, and you have fallen like lead in their estimation.

Last night at the Covent Garden theatre restaurant a party of Americans, of which I was a member, drank a bottle of wine together. We sat at a little table just off of the promenade of the grand theatre and were waited upon by one of these walking clothes frames in full dress. The bill was asked for and a noted literary man of America handed the waiter the exact change. He started away with a thank you and then came back as he looked at the change, and said with an air which was half demand: "Gentlemen, there is no fee here for the waiter!"

The American replied: "No, and you will get none! I am usually very liberal with your class, but I will never give fees when I am asked for them."

The waiter looked mad, spluttered a little, and went off. As he did so the American remarked to me: "This is the first time I have ever been directly asked for a fee." This man goes to Europe nearly every year and is a constant fee giver. Many Americans feel the same as he does. They don't object to giving a sixpence or a shilling when in the mood and when they feel they have been well served. They do object to giving in response to unadulterated cheek, and will not open their pockets upon its demands. It is surprising what fine looking fellows some of these waiters are. At the Royal hotel in Edinburgh and the St. Enoch's in Glasgow there are men acting as waiters who would not seem out of place as guests at a fashionable party or at a scientific meeting. The head waiter is, as a rule, a plump, middle aged man with a face shining with good living and having an air of dignity and good humor combined. He might pose for a retired nabob anywhere else, and you feel at first afraid to drop a fee into his hand, which he so well knows how to curl behind his back or at his side.

There are about 13,000 cabmen in London and about 1,000 'bus drivers. The cabmen have fixed rates for passengers, but they expect a penny or two additional with every fare. The hansom cab is the great vehicle here, and its rates are for two persons about a shilling or twenty-five cents for a two-mile trip. It is a two-wheeled one-horse affair, open at the front, and the driver sits behind and drives with his lines over the top of the cab. They do not obstruct the view and they make excellent time. These cabs are owned largely by capitalists, who let them out to the drivers at so much per day, and their pay is in what they can earn over this. The hansom was for years peculiarly a London institution, but it has been lately taken up in the United States, and Washington, Philadelphia [illegible]

reputation for its chops and steaks, and all over England you will see the sign "Grill Room" tacked to the walls of many restaurants. The grill room is a part of the restaurant where the meat is broiled in the same room it is eaten, and where one can pick out his own steak or chop and have it cooked for him. It differs from other restaurant rooms chiefly in the grilling part, which consists of a wide fireplace at the end of the room, built into the chimney, about as high from the floor as that upon which the blacksmith's fire burns. Upon this fireplace are masses of red coals, and over them grates of iron and spits, on which, with an appetizing odor, are broiling meats of various kinds. A cook in white cap, white waistcoat and apron presides over the grill, and at his side are big counters, upon which are laid out all kinds of raw chops, steaks and birds. You can pick out your own piece of meat, and see it put on the coals. In ten minutes, or less, it will be brought, smoking hot, to you, and you will find it delicious. If you are an Englishman you will order a mug of beer with it, and about a quart of heavy beer will be handed you in a big silver mug. You also have potatoes or other vegetables if you pay for them, and you close your repast with a bit of old Stilton or Gorgonzola cheese, which looks as old as a cathedral ruin and as moldy as a damp, unused cellar.

There are numerous old and noted restaurants in London. I came across one the other day called the Falstaff restaurant in the vicinity of Mark lane, and on Fleet street there is one at which Nell Gwynne used to dine which dates back into the Seventeenth century and has the sign "Nell Gwynne Tavern, founded A. D. 1666," upon it.

The Cock tavern near by has been noted among lawyers for years, and it is a little sixteen-feet wide building of many stories, sandwiched in between more modern structures. It has a golden rooster for a sign, and it looks very old. It is the restaurant that Tennyson speaks of in the beginning of one of his poems:

> Oh, plump head waiter at the Cock,
> To which I most resort,
> How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock.
> Go fetch a pint of port,
> But let it not be such as that
> You set before chance comers,
> But such whose father-grape grew fat
> On Lusitanian summers.

I dropped into the Cock yesterday. The grill eating was going on in stalls, while a very pretty maiden presided over the bar. I took a glass of port for the name of the thing and found it very good indeed, but whether it was of the Lusitanian kind or that for chance comers I know not.

Among the noted London restaurateurs of the present, Spiers & Pond stand very high. They have restaurants with silver gridirons and lots of colored glass all over London, and you find their establishments connected with the principal theatres and the railway stations. They are Australians, who have introduced French cookery into England, and many of their restaurants furnish meals on the Duval plan. Duval was a French butcher, who has founded restaurants all over Paris, at which everything is sold at the lowest remunerative rates, and everything is charged for even to the napkins. A bill of fare is given you with the prices attached to each dish, and you pay for just what you want and no more, except a fee, perhaps, to the waiters. These restaurants of Spiers & Pond are higher in price than the Duval establishments of Paris, but their service is excellent.

There is a big one in Fleet street, near the new law courts and in the locality of the large newspaper offices of London. It was in Fleet street that Dr. Samuel Johnson lived, and this restaurant is not far from where Isaac Walton's house used to stand. I have dined in it many times, and am always able to get a good dinner for about fifty cents. Everything you have here costs something. The use of the washroom to clean your hands and face costs six cents, and for this you get a fresh towel, wrapped up in a sealed paper, to show that no one else has wiped upon it, a "brush off" by a waiter, and as much hot and cold water and soap as you want. The dining rooms are above this and on a level with Fleet street. They are large, elegantly furnished and filled with a hundred or so of little tables, covered with the whitest of linen. You enter them through a wide hall, and as you pass the policeman at the door you are given a ticket or bill, on which what you eat will be set down by your waiter. The boy who gives you this is in a sort of a pen in the middle of the doorway, and you cannot pass in without getting it. You select your table, and your waiter takes your order. All of the waiters are girls of from about 18 to 25 years of age, and a very pretty, lady-like and agreeable lot of girls they are. They have one costume. It consists of a gray stone-colored dress, a white apron, low slippers and a gauzy lawn cap, which daintily covers the top of the head. Upon the arms, from wrist to elbow, there are pairs of white oversleeves tied at the elbow with black bands, and each girl fastens her collar with a round nickel-plated brooch the size of a trade dollar, upon which is enameled her number in plain figures. Number 5 waited on me to-day, and while she was standing beside me I made a hasty sketch of her and her badge. She was very pretty, and though she appeared delicate she was strong enough to dislodge with her corkscrew a refractory wine cork with a loud report. The corkscrew is a part of each of these girls' attire, and it is tied to their waists by a black string, and hangs half the way down the dress like a lady's fan at a party when not in use. Number 5 gave me a napkin, for which I paid two cents; a piece of bread, two cents; butter, two cents, and then my dinner as per order. Everything was nicely cooked and the service was of the best, though the prices were no less than those in the better class restaurants of New York, where cheapness is made an object. The prices of eating in London are about the same as in America, and when you figure up the total of your hotel bills you find that they amount to at least $3 or $4 per day at the better hotels, and more than that at the best. Their prices appear cheaper from the fact that everything is itemized. The total, however, is a continual astonishment. Take a fixed price per day per room, say $1, and this is about the lowest for which one can get a room at the better hotels in the West End, or fashionable London, and you find at the close an additional charge of one shilling and a half for service and one shilling for lights. The price of your room is now $1.62, and the waiters and boots will expect something when you leave. A room on any except the top floor will be higher, and the total daily rates will count up about as follows: $3 a day for the fourth floor, $5 for the third, $8 for the second, and about $10 for a room, including board, on the first floor. In all European hotels the ground floor does not count, and in most of them the floor above this is called the "entresol." The first floor is what would be the third floor in an American hotel, and there are few American hotels which charge as much as the above rates.

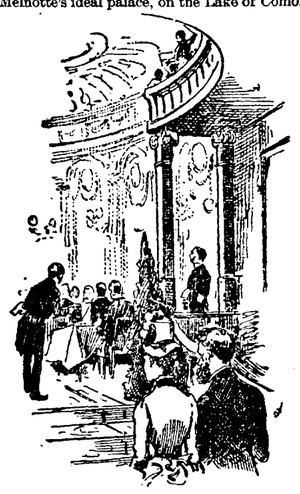


NUMBER FIVE.

Of late years a number of penny coffee houses have sprung up all over England, and you find them in every part of London. These coffee rooms give a fair cup of coffee or chocolate for a penny, or two cents, a pat of butter for two cents and a piece of bread or roll for the same. Cold meats, pies and cake are also sold. There are no waiters at most of them, except those behind the cash

ized these coffee houses several times when I wanted only a "snack" and have found them good. I understand that they are very paying institutions and that they do a great deal in the way of temperance reform, as no liquors are sold at them.

One of the finest restaurants of London is the Holborn, which from its table d'hôte dinners, accompanied by music, has acquired an international reputation. Here the furnishings are more gorgeous than those of Claude Melnotte's ideal palace, on the Lake of Como.



THE HOLBORN.

There is a blaze of gold carvings, fine marbles, beautiful tiles, rich furniture, cut glass and silver plate. Flowers and plants there are in profusion, and every surrounding is that of luxury and wealth. The dining room is a great court, roofed with paneled carvings of gold and white, and with tiers of wide galleries looking out upon it and rising one above another. It is as large as a good sized theatre and in decoration does not look unlike one of the best of theatres. The band is in one of the galleries. It is an excellent one and it renders the finest music during the dinner hours, which last from 5:30 p. m. to 8:30 p. m. The dinner is a table d'hôte, and it takes about one hour to go through its various courses. Between 500 and 1,000 people, I judge, were dining in it when I took my last dinner there, and the crowd was a well dressed and fashionable one. Each party had a table to itself, and many ladies were among the number. This dinner costs three shillings and six pence and three pence for the waiter, which is included in the bill. This makes a total charge of eighty-seven cents for a fine concert and an excellent dinner, which you will agree is not dear. This does not, however, include wine, and as every one drinks here, the dinner amounts to as much more as the drinking tastes of the diner demands.

The dinner from the joint is a favorite meal with Londoners. It consists of soup and a cut of roast beef, lamb, or veal, with vegetables and cheese. The Albion, Simpson's, the Rainbow and others are among the old-fashioned English restaurants of this style. At Simpson's I have had many a good saddle of mutton, and I like the way it is brought to the table. A table on rollers with a fire burning upon it and over this the great platter on which rests a big roast or fish, is rolled up to your table, and a cook dressed all in white cuts off the smoking slice before your eyes and lays it freshly cut upon your plate. A good dinner from the joint costs about seventy-five cents, and for this you get all the meat and vegetables you can eat. It is the dinner for a hungry man or a Dr. Tanner. The quality is good and the quantity is unlimited, as you can repeat your order ad libitum without increase of price.

FRANK GEORGE CARPENTER.

Those Complaining of Sore Throat or Hoarseness should use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. The effect is extraordinary, particularly when used by singers and speakers for clearing the voice.

The Salvation Army will locate for a year at Wabash.

They are Not Sorry.

There is one thing nobody ever regrets—that is, the day they first adopted Parker's Tonic as their regular family medicine. Its range is so wide, and its good effects so sure, that nothing else, except good nursing, are needed in a great majority of cases. Buy it, try it, and afterwards it will not require any praise from us.

Elkhart clings to the skating rink.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Crothersville has a new paper—the *Commercial.*

Facts Worth Knowing.

In all diseases of the nasal mucous membrane the remedy used must be non-irritating. The medical profession has been slow to learn this. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished with douches, snuffs, powders, syringes, astringents or any similar application, because they are all irritating, do not reach the affected surfaces and should be abandoned as worse than failures. A multitude of persons who had for years borne all the worry and pain that catarrh can inflict testify to radical and permanent cures wrought by Ely's Cream Balm.

There are twenty-three women in the new class at Cornell.

Beware of Scrofula

Scrofula is probably more general than any other disease. It is insidious in character, and manifests itself in running sores, pustular eruptions, boils, swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, sore eyes, etc. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels all trace of scrofula from the blood, leaving it pure, enriched, and healthy.

"I was severely afflicted with scrofula, and over a year had two running sores on my neck. Took five bottles Hood's Sarsaparilla, and am cured." C. E. LOVEJOY, Lowell, Mass.

C. A. Arnold, Arnold, Me., had scrofulous sores for seven years, spring and fall. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him.

Salt Rheum

Is one of the most disagreeable diseases caused by impure blood. It is readily cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

William Spies, Elyria, O., suffered greatly from erysipelas and salt rheum, caused by handling tobacco. At times his hands would crack open and bleed. He tried various preparations without aid; finally took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now says: "I am entirely well."

"My son had salt rheum on his hands and on the calves of his legs. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla and is entirely cured." J. B. Stanton, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

POND'S EXTRACT
VEGETABLE
PAIN DESTROYER

Hemorrhages. Bleeding from the **Lungs,** Stomach, Nose, or from any cause is speedily controlled and stopped.

Sores, Ulcers, Wounds, Sprains and Bruises.
It is cooling, cleansing and **Healing.**

Catarrh. It is most efficacious for this disease, Cold in the Head, &c. **Our "Catarrh Cure,"** is specially prepared to meet serious cases. Our **Nasal Syringe** is simple and inexpensive.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia.
No other preparation has cured more cases of these distressing complaints than the **Extract.** Our **Plaster** is invaluable in these diseases, Lumbago, Pains in Back or Side, &c.

Diphtheria & Sore Throat,
Use the **Extract** promptly. Delay is dangerous.

Piles, Blind, Bleeding or Itching, is the greatest known remedy; rapidly curing when other medicines have failed. Our **Ointment** is of great service where the removal of clothing is inconvenient.

For Broken Breast and Sore Nipples. Mothers who have once used **The Extract** will never be without it. Our **Ointment** is the best emollient that can be applied.

Female Complaints. In the majority of *female* diseases the **Extract** can be used, as is well known, with the greatest benefit. Full directions accompany each bottle.

CAUTION.

Pond's Extract Has been imitated. The genuine has the words **"Pond's Extract"** blown in the glass, and our picture trade-mark on surrounding buff wrapper. None other is genuine. Always insist on having **Pond's Extract.** Take no other preparation. *It is never sold in bulk, or by measure.*

Sold everywhere, Prices, 50c, $1, $1.75.

Prepared only by POND'S EXTRACT CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

Base Burners

The Garland in five different styles makes the handsomest and most complete line of Coal Heating Stoves ever displayed. This store has made a reputation for itself, and there are more of them being made and sold than any other stove which has been upon the market. The same Grates and Fire Pots are used through the entire line from the smallest to the largest Stove, which is a great advantage to the purchaser, and if you select a stove for $20 you have just as good an article and as many conveniences as one for $40. The difference exists in style and finish Everyone is desirous to get a good article at the lowest possible price, and with the Garland you can make no mistake.

Call and examine Base Burners and Ranges at No. 9 East Columbia street, the Mammoth Cheap Store.

H. J. ASH.

Sept 1-2m

DR. JAMES M. DINNEN,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office, 76 Calhoun Street.

Residence, 69 West Wayne Street.

Arrival and Departure of Trains

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R

GOING EAST.		GOING WEST
Ar. 1 30 pm	Express	Ar. 1 50 pm
Lv. 6 10 am	Accommodation.	Lv. 6 45 pm

PITTSBURG, FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO R. R

GOING WEST.		GOING EAST
12 45 pm—Lv.	—Mail and Ex....	—Ly 2 20 pm
5 10 am* "	Limited Ex.....	" 9 00 pm*
5 05 "	Fast Thro'h Ex...	" 8 00 pm*
1 25 am* "	Mail and Ex.....	"
4 00 pm "	Plymouth Ac....	"
5 20 am "	Local Freight....	" 7 00 am
	Crestline Ac....	" 11 00 am

*Daily. All others daily except Sunday.

WABASH, ST. LOUIS & PACIFIC R. R.

GOING WEST.		GOING EAST
5 10 am—Lv.	—Limited Ex*.....	—Lv.—7 50 pm
1 50 pm "	†Lafayette Ex*...	" 1 10 pm
7 00 pm "	Through Mail *...	" 5 10 am
8 50 pm "	Fast mail*.....	
8 35 am "	Andrews Accom, Freight †	
	Acc'n Passenger	" 4 30 am

*Daily. †Except Sunday.

Limited Express, through sleepers, free chair cars. Through Mail, Palace sleeping cars between New York and St. Louis.

INDIANAPOLIS TIME CARD.

LV. FT. WAYNE.	AR. INDI S.
5 10 am	10 45 am
1 50 pm	6 45 pm
8 20 pm	1 45 am

RETURNING.

Leave Indianapolis at 7:15 am; arrive at Fort Wayne at 12:50 pm.
Leave Indianapolis at 2:15 pm; arriv at Fort Wayne at 12:50 pm.
Leave Indianapolis at 7:00 pm; arrive at Fort Wayne at 5:10 am.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH
3 00 am—Lv.	—Mail and Ex....	—Lv.— 1 00 pm
8 05 am "	Trough Ex.....	" 5 35 am
2 10 pm "	Express	" 11 45 pm

Accommodation train arrives from the south 5:25 p m.
Trains daily except Sunday.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN
[Fort Wayne Division.]

FROM NORTH.		GOING NORTH
10 45 am—Ar.	—Cincinnati Ex...	—Lv.
	Detroit Ex.....	" 4 40 pm
3 40 pm "	Detroit Express.	" 11 35 am
5 20 pm "	Way Freight....	" 6 40 am

All trains daily except Sunday.

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE.

FROM SOUTH.		GOING SOUTH.
9 10 pm—Ar.	—Ind. & Cin. Ex ..	Lv—6 50 am
4 10 pm "	...Cin. & L. Mail...	" 10 50 am
5 30 pm "	...Freight.....	" 5 30 am
6 00 pm "	...Freight.....	" 6 00 am

Trains daily except Sunday.

A JOOST,

132 West Jefferson St.,

Piano Teacher.

WANTED.

WANTED.—A good girl to do house work. Apply immediately at 383 East Wayne st. Small family and work light.

WANTED—A coat maker; steady work and good wages to the right man. Address, Thomas Brown, Delphi, Ind. 8-tf

MONEY to loan on improved Real Estate. For particulars address "Box 1357," City. 29-tf.

NOTICE.—Business men are sensible of the fact that office appliances that save labor and dispatch business generally are desirable to have. In this respect the Amberg Cabinet Letter File ranks high. No one once using it would be without it. Send for catalogue. Cameron, Amberg & Co. jan6-1y

WANTED—Parties with capital to control the state on an invention for relieving horses in drawing heavy loads. Sells to every horse owner. No experiment, but an established thing, and thousands now in use. Big inducements to energetic men. For terms and particulars address O. D. White, 234 East Lake street, Chicago, Illinois.

WANTED—An intelligent Earnest Man to represent, in his own locality, a large responsible house. A remunerative salary to right party. Steady position. Reference exchanged.

AM. MANUFACTURING HOUSE,
12 Barclay St., N. Y.

WANTED—All persons to know that you can get books bound in fine style and on short notice at the Sentinel office.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Two story brick house, No. 242 West Berry St. Inquire of B. D. Angell, 52 Calhoun St. 31-tf

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that sealed proposals will be received at the auditor's office in Fort Wayne, Allen county, Ind., until 2 o'clock p. m.

October 26, 1886,

for the construction of a stone arch culvert, span eight feet, over the Wabash and Erie canal, at the west end of Main street, west of the city limits.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the Auditor's office. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids.

By order of the Board of Commissioners of Allen county.

A. L. GRIEBEL,
s4d2t-w1t Auditor Allen County.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

Notice is hereby given that the firm of K. J. Bauer, Joseph Reusewald and Joseph Westhoff, who were associated in the publication of the Weltburger newspaper, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. K. J. Bauer retires. Westhoff & Reusewald will collect all moneys due the paper and pay all outstanding and accruing debts and liabilities and be in every way responsible for their newspaper.

K. J. BAUER,
JOSEPH WESTHOFF,
JOSEPH REUSEWALD.

Fort Wayne, Sept. 18, 1886.

J. C. PELTIER,

UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER

17 West Wayne St.

Telephone No. 174.

May 22y1-

AMUSEMENT.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

J. H. SIMONSON.....Manager
F. E. STOUDER.....Treasurer

Monday and Tuesday, October 11 and 12.

C. R. Gardiner's

"ZOZO."

The most gorgeous and elaborate spectacular production of modern times.

BLANCHE CURTISSE!

The Famous "Vassar Beauty," as the

MAGIC QUEEN!

"Take the little folks to see the land of real wonders beneath the sea."—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Originally produced at a cost of $30,000.

The Demon Cavern!
The Magic Talisman!
The White Palace!
The Blue Grotto!
The Fairy Grotto!
The Bower of Roses!
The Great Transformation.

Prices, 35, 50 and 75 Cents.

Sale of seats Saturday.

JOE H. BRIMMER

The Only Practical

SIGN PAINTER

IN THE CITY,

Is making a specialty of

REPAINTING HOUSES

In the higest style of the art.

No. 7 Harrison Street.

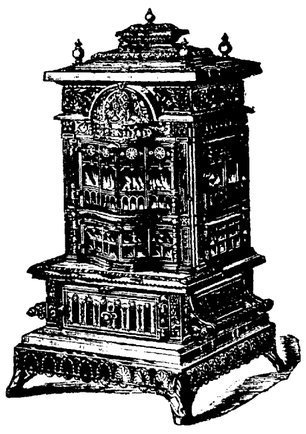
April 15-1y.

KEMP'S BALSAM FREE.

Call at our store and get Free sample Bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the most successful Cough and Lung Remedy ever sold. YOU WILL see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Large size 50 cts. and $1.

KEMP'S BALSAM FREE.

Respectfully,
march 12-1y **DREIER & BRO.**



We have in stock for the Fall Trade the most elegant line of

BASE BURNERS,

Wood Heating Stoves,

Cook Stoves,

RANGES

ever exhibited in this city. **Call and examine them and convince yourself of their merits.**

C. A. Pickard & Co

29 East Columbia St.

Fruit House Prices

For Christmas and New Years.

An immense stock of goods for the holidays, including toys for the children, candies for the people, and groceries for everybody. No advance on teas, sugars or Turkish prunes.

Green Tea, Black Tea, Japan Tea, Young Hyson Tea.

Good, 20c per pound; choice, 30c; best, 50c. Imperial tea—Green, good, 30c; best, 50c. Gunpowder tea, 30c; best, 50c. Oolong or Black tea, 20c, 30c; best, 50c. Japan tea, 20c, 30c; best, 50c. Above prices on teas are the lowest on record and the best teas are of the highest quality—no better anywhere—the other grades are good, sweet, drawidg teas and will please the most fastidious tea drinkers. Just give them a trial and satisfy yourself.

Coffee—Rio, Java and Roasted.

Best Rio coffee, 12½c per pound; good Rio coffee, 10c per pound; best roasted Rio, 14c per pound; German coffee, 15c per pound; Housekeepers' Choice, 17c per pound; roasted Java, 25c per pound.

Sugars—White and Brown.

No advance on them. Good brown, 5c; choice yellow, 5½c; best standard A coffee white, 6½c; crushed, powder and granulated, 7c.

Foreign and Domestic Fruits.

Turkish prunes, 4c; figs, per pound, 7c; peeled peaches, 12c; dried cherries, 15c; unpeeled peaches, 5c; dried raspberries, 20c; dried apples, 4c; dried blackberries, 12½c.

For Christmas and New Years Cake.

Leghorn Citron, 25c; orange and lemon peel, 15c; Valencia raisins, 10c; best layer raisins, 12½; Zantee currants, 8c; shelled almonds, 30c; seedless raisins, 10c.

Candies for Christmas and New Years.

Pure stick candy, 10c; pure mixed candy, 10c; fancy toy candy, 20c; Christmas toy candies, 2oc; Brazil nuts, 10c; 10c quart; almond nuts, 15c quart; mixed nuts, 15c quart; walnuts and filberts, 12½c quart.

Syrups—Maple and Sugar Syrups,

Pure maple syrup, 70c a gallon; golden drips, 30c; Sorghum, 30; New Orleans molasses, 30c; best, 50c. The sorghum is splendid and 10c lower than we ever it before.

Christmas Tree Candles, 18c a box.

WINES AND LIQUORS FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES

Old 76, $2.50 per gallon; two year old, $1.75; one year old, $140 per gallon; new whisky, $1 and $1.25 per gallon; Port and Sherry wine, $1,25 per gallon; California wine, $1.25 per gallon; Wines in bottles 40c.

Machine Oils, Fish Oil, Lard Oil and Neatsfoot Oil, and Headlight Oil and Castor Oil.

Fish oil, per gallon, 70c; Neatsfoot oil 80c per gallon; Lard oil 70c per gallon; Machine oil, dark, 20c per gallon; Golden 30c per gallon; Castor oil, $1.75 per gallon; Headlight oil, 12c per gallon.

Tobaccos and Cigars, Plug Tobacco, Smoking Tobacco and Fine Cut.

Bull Dog plug tobacco, 50c; Durham plug 50c; Perfection plug 35c; Hiawatha plug 30 c; Knights of Labor plug, 20c; Sweet heart plug 50c per pound. Finecut 30c, 40c, 50c, best 75c per pound Smoking 18c, 20c, 25c, best Durham 45c per pound. Choice cigars $1.50 per box; good cigars, 60c and $1 per box.

25 Cents on the Dollar Saved at the

SOCK AND BUSKIN.

Fresh News and Idle Gossip About Theaters and Actors.

PECULIARITIES OF ACTRESSES' FEET.

A Story of Barrett and Booth—A Lucky Manager—The Ballet Girls—Dramatic Notes.

Peculiarities of Actresses' Feet.

A great deal depends upon the bootmaker. It was one of the drawbacks of "The Mikado" that the ladies who had to play the principal parts had to wear flat sandals that made the feet look preternaturally large.

Thus, Miss Geraldine Ulmer, who was the Yum-Yum of the New York production, received many cruel digs, both inside and outside of the papers, about the size of her feet. It is true nature has been kind to her in this respect, but it was the peculiar footgear of "The Mikado" that made this particular portion of the body look so big.

Lotta has a tiny little foot, but she is a tiny little woman, and Miss Minnie Palmer appears to be more proud of her feet than of her head and face, perhaps because she does more exercise with them.

Among the thin and angular women who have generous feet are Olga Brandon and Katherine Kydder, precisely the ones who would be thought to have small ones. Georgia Cayvan is not particularly well favored in this respect, if to be well favored is to have small feet. But then she is a great walker and pretends to no pride in this respect.

Maud Granger and Verona Jarbeau go to the same shoemaker. They have the peculiarity of what is known as "toeing it," and the shoemaker they have found has the art of making the fault look less glaring than it would be if they wore an ordinary shoe. Miss Fanny Davenport has all her shoes brought from Paris, and, for her size, has a remarkably small foot.

Miss Coghlan, when she was at Wallack's, used to have all hers brought from London, and she has the name of possessing a large foot, but since she has her extremities clothed by a New York artist her feet are smaller than they were.

Alfa Norman, who is by no means a small woman, has as small feet as are known in the profession.

Sylvia Gerrish's feet looked very pretty and stylish when she played in the now defunct "Soldiers and Sweethearts."

Miss Annie Rohe, of Wallack's, is still wedded to the English idea, and she is still remarked therefore for possessing generous feet. Ada Gilman has tiny extremities; but then she is a tiny woman.—*New York Journal.*

A Lucky Manager.

If Nate Salsbury goes on accumulating money for any length of time, at the rate he has been doing this summer, he will be the richest manager before long, even going beyond the famous Mr. Spaulding, of St. Louis, who is a millionaire. Salsbury is one of those men who, after having gone through pretty hard luck for a good many years as a hard-up actor—never a poor one, except in pocket—and having struggled heroically to make money out of his little band of troubadours, and having at last succeed, suddenly saw fortune smile on him from all sides. As the chief partner in the Troubadours, his profits were very good. These he invested in a cattle-ranche in Montana. Through roughing it out in Montana among the half-wild cowboys, and the really wild Indians he got a taste for frontier life, which gave him the idea of the Wild West show. It was to some extent appropriated by Buffalo Bill, who utilized it in conjunction with Dr. Carver, for the season, but Mr. "Bill" soon became convinced that the Salsbury managerial ability was really what he needed, and since then the Wild West has been booming. It is reckoned that the profits of the show are something like $5,000 a day, and Salsbury is a full half-partner. Next year it is to be something bigger than this, so that it is not at all unlikely that it may net a million before it gets played out. Salsbury's profits in the Troubadours continue all the time, and his cattle up in Montana and his houses in Chicago are all the time increasing in value. Nate Salsbury is therefore a very lucky man, and he is so well liked by everybody that this conglomerate entity is glad of it.—*New York World.*

The Ballet Girls.

"What becomes of the ballet girls?" The old ballet master repeated the question to himself musingly. "Well," he at length answered, "the ballet girl is not so very unlike other girls who must work for a living as most people imagine. She has more temptations, is usually of a lively nature and not averse to a lark, but she generally ends by marrying. As a rule she marries some one connected with the theater or some one in her own class of life whom she meets at her home. Obviously the ballet girl's parents are almost always poor people; it is not often that girl's of well-to-do parents run away to join the ballet, and when they do they are [illegible] every case soon captured and [illegible]. When a ballet girl mar- [illegible] she does not make a good and domestic wife. Some ballet girls have made aristocratic marriages, but most of these girls are premieres. They have usually gotten along well with their husbands, and it has happened that a youth has reformed after taking a ballerina for his wife. When a ballet girl marries an actor, that is as it may turn out, just as if the actor marries any other girl. There are ballet girls who go to the bad, of course, but the experience of the ballet girl makes her shrewd and she is not easily humbugged. The premieres hold themselves aloof, and with the majority there is seldom even a suspicion of scandal. Many of the girls are the chief support of their families. I have known ballet girls not only to make their own dresses, but their shoes as well. They do not regard their business as an immodest one. They begin it so early that they think nothing of their short dresses. To be sure, there are girls who 'go on' in scanty dresses for reasons of their own which you can understand, but I speak of the great majority."—*Philadelphia Times.*

A Story of Booth and Barrett.

Mr. Watt Williams has just returned from a two-months' sojourn on the Atlantic coast, and he tells of several charming little evenings he spent at Mr. Lawrence Barrett's cottage at Cohasset. Mr. Edwin Booth visited Mr. Barrett for some time last summer, and Messrs. Robson and Crane, the comedians, used to stroll over to the Barrett cottage of an evening to chat with the tragedians. On several occasions Mr. Williams was of the party, and he says it was better than a play to hear Booth, Barrett, Robson, and Crane narrating their experiences and interchanging humorous anecdotes. Once in a while, too, Crane would sing a song, the others joining in the chorus with the lusty enthusiasm of schoolboys. About once an hour Barrett would brew a punch and fill up the glasses of his guests, and Williams couldn't help noticing that Booth was saddest when there wasn't a punch in process of brewing. Mr. Barrett, however, kept an eagle eye on Booth, and it was noticeable that when he came to Booth's glass he took pains to put in an extra amount of water. Booth bore this discrimination with becoming fortitude until at last one evening, after the conventional wait and when a distressing calm punctuated the lively conversation, Barrett turned to Booth and asked, in impressive bass tones: "Edwin, shall I brew you another punch?"

Booth had been chafing under the homeopathic doses which Barrett had administered to him—a discrimination all the more irksome because the others had been getting allopathic doses.

"No, I'll be —— if you do," cried Booth. "I'll brew the next one myself!"

With a heavy sigh Barrett acceded to the proposition, and the guests had no reason to complain that the next brew of punch was not strong enough to stand upon its own merits.—*Chicago News.*

Wilson Barrett's "Hush!"

Mr. Barrett's methods, more enlightened and progressive, are invariably attended with satisfactory results. It requires a good stock of patience and indomitable industry to rehearse a classic play with its varying lights and shades of character and brisk action, writes Howard Paul to the Philadelphia *News.*

The process of working up scene after scene to an effective and dramatic climax is not to be lightly estimated, and represents a vast amount of solid toil. Not a situation, a sentence, or a word even escapes Wilson Barrett's attention, and so engrossed is he that he allows no one to interrupt or speak to him when he is apparently only sitting quietly watching, but woe to the person who dares to obtrude. His quick exclamation, "Hush!" shows how much he feels any interruption at such a time. He is a master of the stage, and knows by heart every secret of la boite aux surprises, or as the irreverent comedians call it the "whole bag of tricks."

Why Some Managers Weep.

Some folks have an idea that the managers of dramatic enterprises are in the amusement profession for the mere fun of the thing. The proprietor of a leading theater in this city, says the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, recently received a letter from a lady which read:

"I have always spoken well of your theater to my many friends and have frequently patronized you. Could you kindly send me a complimentary season ticket? In return I will always praise your place to my many friends."

Up to the present writing the ticket has not been issued.

Stage Chat.

GEORGIE CAYVAN is alleged to smoke cigarettes and to be studying Camille.

NYM CRINKLE says Steele Mackeye's new play, "Anarchy," is worthy of Sardou or Victor Hugo.

OF the $61,000 which Sarah Bernhardt's company "took in" at Rio, $20,000 fell to Sarah.

"OUR MARY" has just completed her 28th birth day. This announcement should hold good until she bids adieu to the stage.

D'OYLY CARTE'S "Mikado" Company has been playing in Vienna. It was the first appearance of an English comic opera company there, and the venture was an immediate success. Vienna papers all gave a hearty indorsement to the performance.

POOR old Mme. Janauschek, suffering with mortal disease, and in her old age impoverished, is once more about to tempt a dull and trivial public. There is something saddening in this old lady's career and its ending. When will stage people learn not only to make hay while the sun shines, but to store it away for the wintry end of their lives?

FUN.

A WELL-BRED man—the baker.

A SELFISH fellow—the fish vender.

A MAN of mettle—the stove dealer.

WORSE than a gross man—a grocer.

ALWAYS in a hole—the grave digger.

HIS life is a perpetual grind—the miller.

IS CLEVER at taking people in—the stage driver.

A HARD laboring man with a brief career—the lawyer.

WHEN type-writers strike they become tie-up writers.

"HOW HIGH do you want to insure your house?" "About up to the chimney."

A VERMONT man has invented a sleigh made of paper. Nothing new about that. We have used a paper cutter for years.

THE Louisville *Courier-Journal* has discovered that counterfeiters outlive detectives. And they out-wit them frequently.

THE tear that "stood" in the maiden's bright blue eye, it is said, has taken a "seat" since the hot weather set in.—*Boston Courier.*

"A DROP of ink may make a million think," says Byron, and it's true; but it may not make the million think very highly of the one who spilled it.

DON'T analyze your pleasures if you want to be happy. Just enjoy them and don't study into them too closely. When you get right up to the rainbow its beauty disappears and you find yourself in the middle of a nasty shower.

THE precise difference between love and friendship it has always puzzled the philosophers to define. Sometimes it amounts to nothing more than the accidental discovery by the hesitating young man that her father owns a silver mine in Colorado.—*Somerville Journal.*

NOTHING ever experienced such sudden and remorseful qualms of conscience as the sentimental youth who purloined a curl from the head of a pretty girl, only to be made aware at a subsequent stage of proceedings, that the coveted tress was from a false switch of jute.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

KENTUCKY Client—It's too bad, too bad! The reason I lost my case was because you indulged in too much airy persiflage before the jury. Kentucky lawyer—Airy persiflage? What are you talking about? It was nothing but the best Bourbon, and what's more I don't believe the jury saw me taking it either.—*Tid-Bits.*

"JOHNNY, your teacher gives you a very poor certificate again this week," remarked Col. Fizzletop to his son. "Yes, pa, if you don't haul him over the coals he will keep going from bad to worse. It is no use for me to talk to him. It goes in one ear and cut the other," replied Johnny, who is abreast of the times in precocity.—*Texas Siftings.*

WILL YOU LOVE ME THEN?

A little mole is growing, John,
Just here beneath my chin;
It gives me so much trouble, John,
I'm growing pale and thin.

Another one is coming, John,
Just here beside my ear,
And I shall be disfigured, John,
For life, I sadly fear.

And so I want to ask you, John,
Will e'er your love grow cold;
Oh! tell me now, my darling John,
Will you love me when I'm moled?

—*Boston Courier.*

DREAMS ARE QUEER THINGS.

"Dreams are funny things, arn't they?" exclaimed a traveler on the Minneapolis and St. Louis train. "Now of that rapidity of thought; that leading up to an accident is what I consider most remarkable. Not long ago I was on a visit to a cousin's, and while there another cousin, a doctor, came. I had the only spare room and, of course, the new arrival was sent in to sleep with me. We had the bed with its head up against a door which had a transom—a good sized transom with two big panes of glass. During the first night the transom fell down and we were awakened from a sound sleep by our faces cracking through the glass."

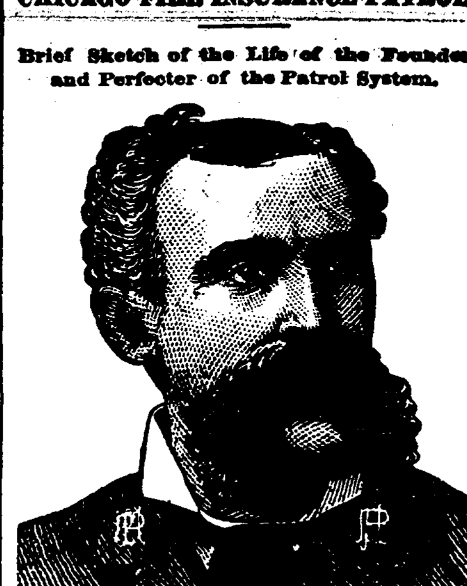
"Scared? Well! I should say so. But, the funny part of the thing was the different way in which our mental powers accounted for the very same physical sensation—breaking glass and more or less scratching and cutting, but nothing serious to either. I was a traveling man even in my sleep, and when the crash came which, of course, was only a second before we were wide awake, I dreamed I was on a sleeping-car and was enjoying a lower berth. I thought the train had jumped the track, and in trying to look out and see what was the trouble, I was thrown against the window glass, and awoke." "Now, the doctor dreamed, as he informed me, that he had passed into a trance, and while thus powerless to move, he was placed in a casket and prepared for the narrow little home beneath the sod. He had been reading of a similar case, and the details were first in his mind. In his dreamy troubles he thought that just as the sorrowing relatives were about to remove him and his casket from the old parlor, he broke out into a profuse perspiration, and the result was that, the room being warm, steam was generated in the casket, and the glass face-covering was broken, the pieces of glass naturally falling over his face. Now, there was one and the same accident, and two people similarly affected by it expressed it so differently in their dreams."—*St. Paul Globe.*

MY son, they are not called grass widows because they are so green; it's because they are so fresh. And, then, besides, she's not exactly in the mowed. Savy, son?

"WHAT a beautiful form!" exclaimed Miss Titelace, the first time she saw an eel; "such a long, thin waist you know."

CHICAGO FIRE INSURANCE PATROL

Brief Sketch of the Life of the Founder and Perfecter of the Patrol System.



CAPTAIN BEN B. BULLWINKLE, the founder and improver of the fire insurance patrol system of Chicago, and now Agent and General Manager of the Arizona Cattle Company, is one of the most popular and best known firemen in America, and, during the past year, has become prominently identified with the most extensive cattle interests of the far West. Captain Bullwinkle is a native of New York City, where he was born, the eldest of three children, March 17, 1847. His father, Charles T. Bullwinkle, died in 1857, and his mother, Eliza Laughlin Bullwinkle, three years previous to that date. With a younger brother and sister dependent upon his sole energies, at the age of ten years Captain Bullwinkle became an errand boy, and contributed to the support of his family until his sister was married and his brother became a jeweler. When he was fifteen years old the ambitious Ben entered the Chicago Fire Department, then a volunteer service, and drove the chief's wagon. This necessitated his attendance at all fires that occurred, and he became practical as a fire-fighter and in every detail of the system. His diligence and ability soon commanded attention, and when the insurance companies organized the fire patrol service in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, and their committee of three completed the service in Chicago, the indisputable qualifications of Captain Bullwinkle led to his selection as head of the system, and Oct. 2, 1870, the first company in Chicago was established. The great fire of 1871 did not prevent its reorganization. From this grew the West Division and Stock Yards companies, all under the control of the Captain, who, in the meantime, made numerous improvements in the system, and so increased the utility and rapidity of the service that the President of the United States and dignitaries of various lands regarded his manipulation of the wagons as a marvel. He was consulted frequently by the chief boards of underwriters in fire matters, and in December, 1875, and in February, 1878, was presented with a badge and gold watch and chain, of a value aggregating nearly a thousand dollars, as a token of appreciation and respect. As a member of the Apollo Commandery, Knights Templars, as an attendant of the Presbyterian Church, as a business man, and socially, Captain Bullwinkle was prominently and universally esteemed. He was married Nov. 5, 1873, to Miss Angelica J. Moody. They have one child, a son. In 1885 the Captain found a change of climate desirable to his health, and accepted his present important and responsible position, as manager of the Arizona Cattle Company, with extensive ranches at Fort Rickerson, near Flagstaff, Arizona. There, as in Chicago, his business ability and popular social qualifications have made him a useful and eminent member of the community.

Under date of Aug. 31, 1886, Captain Bullwinkle accepted an offer from THE CHICAGO LEDGER, and consented to identify himself with literary fame. The result is a story—"Rube, the Ranchman"—which, while depicting the experiences of ranch life, also contains some pleasing allusions to the old fire-patrol career, with which the Captain is so familiar. The story is replete with the most interesting details, and will prove a charming novelty. The opening chapters of this popular story will appear in No. 42 of THE CHICAGO LEDGER, the only first-class story paper published in the West, sample copies of which will be mailed to any address free. Send your name and address upon a postal card get a specimen copy of the paper, and see how you like it. We know it will please you. Address THE CHICAGO LEDGER, Chicago, Ill.

The Wrong Tip.

The benefits which drug-stores confer on a community by enabling a fellow to take a drink under conditions where his dearest and most aristocratic friend cannot accuse him of bad taste cannot be overestimated. Whisky is rather vulgar. But No. 6 is a medicine, and acts purely as a life-giving or life-saving article. The trouble is that the code is not universal, and different drug-stores have different names for it. Consequently you have to be very careful. One night a young man took his sweetheart into a drug-store to give her some soda water. She had her vanilla and cream. He did not know the drug-store.

"Have you any No. 6?"

"Certainly, sir."

"I'll take some of that."

He watched the clerk take down the bottle and measure the stuff very carefully.

"This fellow's a jewel," he said to himself. "She'll never know it's whisky, he's so particular about it."

Then with great satisfaction he drank it off and they walked out. Next day the young man reappeared in the drug-store.

"What was that terrible stuff you gave me last night?"

"When?"

"I came in here with my girl and asked for No. 6"

"Well, I gave you No. 6—No. 6 drops, good for stomach ache; the best in the world."

"But I wanted whisky. Didn't you understand?"

"O, whisky! You should have asked for essence of tomato."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, expressage, and $3 carriage hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel,** opposite Grand Central Depot.

613 rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

At Her Own Option.

Burlesque Actress—"Yes, Doctor, the dog bit me just below the knee."

Doctor—"Yes, it is a painful wound, but not dangerous, I assure you."

Burlesque Actress—"But will the scar be noticed?"

Doctor—"That will depend entirely on you, madam."—*The Rambler.*

ANILINE OIL.—Physicians are now using aniline oil as a local anæsthetic when simple operations, such as the opening of a felon, are to be performed. The finger, in such a case, is dipped for a short time in the oil, and although the flesh may subsequently be cut to the bone, it is said there is absolutely no pain.

How Women Would Vote.

Were women allowed to vote, every one in the land who has used Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would vote it to be an unfailing remedy for the diseases peculiar to her sex. By druggists.

THE railroads require nearly $15,000,000 worth of timber per year for ties alone—equal to the annual product of a strip of woodland 400 feet in width alongside every mile of track.

We have used Ayer's Ague Cure, and have found it invaluable in malarial troubles.

MR. J. E. BONSAL, New Bloomfield, Pa., clerk of the several courts of Parry Co., Pa., was afflicted with rheumatism for more than thirty years. After spending hundreds of dollars with different physicians, and trying every known remedy without benefit, he used St. Jacobs Oil, which affected an entire cure.

AN actor may be another actor's enemy and yet take his part.

MR. GEO. W. WALTS, General Agent, Freight Department, Union Pacific Railway, San Francisco, Cal., says: "I have derived much benefit from the use of Red Star Cough Cure, in cases of coughs and colds." No opiates.

Two Hundred Years Ago.

Two hundred years ago beds in England were bags filled with straw or leaves, not upholstered. There were few bed-rooms in the house. The master and mistress had a chamber or shed built against the wall that inclosed the mansion and its dependencies; their daughters had the same. Young men and guests slept in the great hall on tables or benches. Woolen coverlids were provided for warmth; poles or hooks on which they could hang their clothes projected from the wall. Attendants and servants slept upon the floor.

Over Many a League

Spreads the miasma, or poisonous vapor, that begets malarial and typhus fever. Wherever there is stagnant water in which vegetation, or refuse of any kind decays, there, as surely as the sun rises, are generated the seeds of fever and ague, dumb ague, and other endemic maladies of the malarial type. For the effects of this envenomed air, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters furnishes an antidote, and prevents both the contraction and recurrence of such maladies. Even along the line of excavation for the Lesseps Panama Canal, where malarial diseases are not only virulent but deadly, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has demonstrated its incomparable protective qualities. Not only for febrile complaints, but also for disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, for rheumatism and inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, it is very effective. It counteracts the effects of fatigue, damp, and exposure.

THE London Lancet reports the case of a boy taken with symptoms of hydrophobia and saved by sweating, and we are the more pleased to quote it because this is the treatment which our erudite and eclectic friend, Dr. Wilder, puts most faith in, and therefore, most persistently recommends.—*From Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

THE most severe critics are those whose sole ability lies in the direction of finding fault.

"HELLO!" we heard one man say to another the other day. "I didn't know you at first; why! you look ten years younger than you did when I saw you last." "I *feel* ten years younger," was the reply. "You know I used to be under the weather all the time and gave up expecting to be any better. The doctor said I had consumption. I was terribly weak, had night-sweats, cough, no appetite, and lost flesh. I saw Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery' advertised, and thought it would do no harm if it did no good. It has cured me. I am a new man because I am a well one."

MRS. SUDDEN RICH says that she writes a diphthong between "Sudden" and "Rich" now.—*Boston Journal.*

WHATEVER name or designation is given to Fever and Ague or other intermittent diseases it is safe to say that Malaria or a disordered state of the Liver is at fault. Eliminate the impurities from the system and a sure and prompt cure is the immediate result. Prickly Ash Bitters is the safest and most effective remedy for all biliary troubles, kidney disease, and like complaints that has ever been brought before the public. A trial is its best recommendation.

"GOD bless our boarding-house" has never been worked in worsted.

BUCKINGHAM'S Dye for the Whiskers produces, in one application, a permanent color.

ABRAHAM'S son Isaac was not a seer. If he had been his name would doubtless have been spelled Eyesic.

A Hard Fate

It is, indeed, to always remain in poverty and obscurity; be enterprising, reader, and avoid this. No matter in what part you are located, you should write to Hallet & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive, free, full particulars about work that you can do at home, at a profit of at least $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over $50 in a day. All is new. Capital not required. You are started free. Either sex. All ages. Better not delay.

"Rough on Rats" clears out Rats, Mice. 15c.

"Rough on Corns" hard or soft corns, bunions, 15c.

"Rough on Toothache." Instant relief. 15c.

WELLS' HAIR BALSAM.

If gray, restores to original color. An elegant dressing, softens and beautifies. No oil nor grease. A Tonic Restorative. Stops hair coming out; strengthens, cleans, heals scalp. 50c.

"ROUGH ON BILE" PILLS

Start the bile, relieve the bilious stomach, thick, aching head and overloaded bowels. Small granules, small dose, big results, pleasant in operation, don't disturb the stomach. 25c.

Josiah Davis's Trouble.

Josiah Davis, North Middletown, Ky., writes: "I am now using a box of your HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE upon an ulcer, which, for the past ten days, has given me great pain. This salve is the only remedy I have found that has given me any ease. My ulcer was caused by varicose veins, and was pronounced incurable by my medical doctors. I find, however, that HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE is effecting a cure." Beware of imitations.

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$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Address Brewster's Safety Rein Holder, Holly, Mich.

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KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief ASTHMA. Price 35 cts. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED to sell Fine FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES Good pay to reliable men. SELOVER & ATWOOD, Washington St. Nurseries, GENEVA, N. Y.

WANTED A WOMAN of energy for business in her locality. Salary $50. References. E. J. Johnson, Mangr, 8 Barclay St., N.Y.

PILES Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is a sure cure for blind, bleeding or itching piles. Cure guaranteed. Price 50c and $1. At druggist's or mailed by WILLIAMS MFG. CO., Cleveland, O.

Best Send for the best catalogue of the best Business College, Shorthand, Type-writing and Penmanship School in the world. SPENCERIAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Cleveland, O. Circulars free.

LADY AGENTS actually clear $20 daily with my wonderful new PATENT UNDERGARMENT for LADIES; one lady sold 50 first two hours. MRS. R. B. LITTLE, Box 443, Chicago, Ill.



FACE, HANDS, FEET, and all their imperfections, including Facial Development, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Black Heads, Scars, Pitting and their treatment. Dr. JOHN H. WOODBURY, 37 N. Pearl St. Albany, N. Y. Est'b'd 1870. Send 10c. for book.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. CATARRH Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, &c. 50 cents.



No Rope to Cut Off Horses' Manes. Celebrated 'ECLIPSE' HALTER and BRIDLE Combined, cannot be Slipped by any horse. Sample Halter to any part of U. S. free, on receipt of $1. Sold by all Saddlery, Hardware and Harness Dealers. [illegible]

"No Physic, Sir, in Mine!"

A good story comes from a boys' boarding-school in "Jersey." The diet was monotonous and constipating, and the learned Principal decided to introduce some old-style physic in the apple-sauce, and await the happy results. One bright lad, the smartest in school, discovered the secret mine in his sauce, and pushing back his plate, shouted to the pedagogue, "No physic, sir, in mine. My dad told me to use nuthin' but Dr. Pierce's 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets,' and they are doing their duty like a charm!" They are anti-bilious, and purely vegetable.

A LAST farewell—a shoemaker giving up his business.

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When Writing to Advertisers, [illegible]

THE PARTY OF PROGRESS.

A Prominent Michigan Republican Decides to Vote with the Party Which Fights for the Interests of To-day.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

Hon. Free Estee, of Mt. Pleasant, who served with marked ability in the last Legislature as Representative from the district composed of the counties of Isabella and Clare, being elected on the Republican ticket, announces that he is through with the Republican party, whose issues are all of the past, and gives his reasons for voting for Hon. George L. Yaple and the fusion ticket in the following strong letter:

To the Editor of the Detroit Free Press:

I was born a Republican. I was early taught to believe in the wisdom, the purity and the patriotism of the Republican party. I still believe in the grand principle (human liberty) upon which that party was founded, and from which it received its first inspiration. And I admire the lofty and noble motives of its early leaders—such men as Lincoln, Sumner, and Greeley, and the grand work they accomplished. And I believe that the success of the Republican party in 1860 was a splendid achievement for this nation, for it destroyed the power of a wealthy aristocracy which was determined to control the destinies of this nation for the special benefit of a class and to the detriment of the interest of the masses of the people.

I believe that government exists for the benefit of all the governed. That what is best for the great masses of the people—what will secure the most peace, prosperity and happiness to the greatest number—is the true policy of a good government, wisely administered. That the special wants of a people are constantly changing—are usually not the same at any given time they were one, five, or ten years prior. That the *present living* issues are of present concern to the people, and *not* the issues which were settled five, ten, or twenty years ago. What may have been wise and necessary legislation twenty-five years ago, under a changed condition of circumstances at the present time may be positively injurious to the best interests of the majority of the people. The present important question is, What is best now? and not what was best five, ten or twenty-five years ago. Matters of present moment are of present concern, and demand our present attention. A high tariff may have been necessary to enable the government to meet the expenses of a costly war, but twenty-one years after that war has closed, and the nation is at peace with the whole world, there is no sense in retaining the same high duties. I am convinced that a high tariff at the present time inures solely to the benefit of the capitalists who own and control the protected industries of the nation. And that the result is the centralization of a vast and constantly increasing wealth in the hands of a few persons, to the great detriment of the many—the establishment of a moneyed aristocracy, which now controls the Republican party, and is determined in its efforts to control the affairs of government. Even if a high protective tariff were once necessary or beneficial, it is not needed to-day, and but serves to enhance the profits of those already worth millions, and makes the rich richer—and by increasing the cost of the necessaries of life, makes the poor poorer. All the industries which this nation needs are to-day capable of supporting themselves by legitimate business upon a living basis, and without the aid of any high protective tariff. Why is it that capital in its investments is protected, while labor is allowed to come to this country in vast hordes duty free? Are not the interests of labor—the wants and needs of the great masses of the people—of as much importance as the investments of capital? I contend that the true interests of the masses of the people—their welfare and prosperity—demand a thorough revision and reform of the present outrageous tariff, and a reduction of general taxation to the lowest possible limit consistent with the maintenance of those institutions of government necessary to the peace, the prosperity and the happiness of all the people. We want no more class legislation. No more building up of huge monopolies possessed with unlimited power to threaten the liberties of the people and endanger the existence of the Republic. I believe that the Republican party of to-day is not the party of freedom, of progress and progressive ideas that it was at its birth. Gradually since the war closed the aristocracy of the country has flocked to its support, until to-day it is chiefly controlled by rich corporations, gigantic monopolies, and selfish bosses, who care more for personal ends than the public good. By rehashing the buried past, an appeal to prejudice and a dodging of present issues they expect to deceive the people, and retain power. I believe that the Republican party to-day is at the rear, and not in the van of present progress. All the concessions in favor of labor are reluctantly made, because money, aristocracy, and bigotry control its policy and wield its destinies for selfish ends. Long exercise of power by selfish men makes them self-constituted bosses, and in their greed "the greatest good to the greatest number" is forgotten. This is largely the trouble with the Republican party to-day. I had hoped that in the present campaign it would take an advanced stand upon living issues, and actuated by lofty and patriotic motives assert honest conviction in accord with the best interests of the people. But no! In its platform it straddles the temperance, tariff, convict labor, and other issues, with an evident desire to capture votes by assuming to please everybody and yet pleasing nobody who loves principles honestly maintained. I admire the party or the man that believes in principles, has the courage of conviction, and comes out honestly and squarely and maintains them. I admire George L. Yaple for his frank and eloquent assertion of his honest convictions. Would there were more like him.

Let us elevate the condition of the poor and the unfortunate. Let us elevate labor and do all that lies in our power to better the condition of the wage-workers—the toiling masses. Let us legislate for awhile in their interest and give the so-called "business interests" (which is a favorite expression, referring to wealthy magnates, gigantic monopolies, and rich corporations) a rest. A change in the administration of the affairs of the State will emphasize the necessity of political parties regarding the demands of the people—that others besides wealthy, aristocratic and selfish bosses have interests that must not be ignored, and that the love of liberty is stronger than party fealty. It will be a victory in favor of the progressive idea of the present, a victory of the people over bossism and aristocratic misrule, a victory of pure motives and honest convictions over deception, hypocrisy, bigotry, and abuse.

I expect to receive much vilification and abuse at the hands of some of those whose party I now bid adieu because of this statement of my honest convictions. But vilification and abuse can not destroy principles. That which is true will live and prosper when those who malign the truth are forgotten. A grand march forward has commenced. Men will think, express their thoughts, and stand by their convictions, independent of prior party affiliation. That which is right must and shall triumph. A past record is not sufficient—a good, present record is necessary to win. I believe that the success of the opposition to the Republican party in the present State campaign will be best for the true interests of the State and the majority of its people. I have always affiliated with the Republican party in the past, but now I propose and for the reasons above stated to vote the ticket headed by the brave, honest, and eloquent "Boy from Mendon."

FREE ESTEE.

What Democracy Has Done.

Just about this time of the year the Republican campaign orator is rampant, and his favorite whoop is: "What have the Democrats done to redeem their promise of retrenchment and reform?" The following figures showing the expenditures of the Government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1886, the first year under President Cleveland's administration, and for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1885, being the last under President Arthur, is a very pointed answer:

1886.	
Total expenditures	$242,483,138.50
Amount applied to sinking fund	44,551,043.36
Amount paid from postal revenues on account of postal service, estimated	44,000,000.00
Total	$331,034,181.86
1885.	
Total expenditures	$260,226,935.11
Amount applied to sinking fund	45,604,635.13
Amount paid from postal revenues on account of postal service	42,560,843.83
Total	$348,391,814.37

This shows a decrease of $17,357,632.51 in the cost of carrying on the Government under Democratic auspices, although during the fiscal year closed with last June the Democrats paid out in pensions $7,302,597.54 more than was paid by the Republicans in 1885.—*Omaha Herald.*

THE protection party asks for the support of the workingman on the ground that protection enhances his wages. He must have had lively doubts excited on this point during the past year. The starvation pay accorded to the laborers in the mining districts cannot have convinced him. Neither is there anything like conviction in the fact that the steel-rail makers—thanks to protection—have been able to raise their prices forty per cent., but have not advanced wages a farthing. And if the workingman goes to the figures of comparative increase under low tariff and protective tariff, he will find that the protectionist [illegible] is a lie and a cheat. According to [illegible]

The increase in prices was 12.7 per cent., and the net increase in wages, measured by their purchasing power, was 37.9 per cent. How was it under the protective tariff which has been in force since 1861? From 1860 to 1883 the average advance in wages was 24.4 per cent. The increase in prices was 14.5 per cent. The net increase in wages was therefore 9.9 per cent. Thirty years of low tariff, therefore, gave the workman four times the increase that he got in twenty-three years of protection.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"A HEARTLESS KEYNOTE."

A Woman's Cruel Criticism of a Republican Senator's Demagogical Harangue.

[From the Indianapolis Sentinel.]

The following are the criticisms of Mrs. Gougar, of Lafayette, after hearing Senator Harrison's recent effort in the Star City:

I listened to the eloquent address of General Ben Harrison last evening with great interest, not more for the high reputation of the man and politician than from the fact that the speech was to be the "key-note" from which all politicians are hereafter to sound their bugle blast during our campaign. There was much in that address that I would like to ask honest information about, but I will confine myself to only those points that struck me as being most worthy of attention:

First, Mr. Editor, allow me to ask if our war is not over! I look over our country and see it so peaceful and prosperous that I have been hugging the delusion (?) that the pruning hook was occupying the place of the sword. Am I deaf to the beat of the drum, the tread of the soldier, and alive to the arts of peace?

We were told of the terrible sufferings of the Union soldier because of his niggardly pensions; and all this was laid at the door of the Democratic administration. If the Union soldier is in this condition, will you be good enough to tell me what the Republican party was about for twenty years of its power, just preceding the two years of the present rule, that it did not deal more justly with him? Great fault was found that Union soldiers were not holding the post-offices under the present administration. Will you tell me how many editors held the post-offices in this country who never smelled gunpowder, while Union soldiers hobbled about on crutches, eking out precarious livings, during the last few years of Republican rule? Could not a Democratic orator put another side to the eloquent gentleman's tear-drawing period on this point? Mr. Editor, our Government has dealt most generously with the soldiers, and if needs be let us have homes established, as was advocated last night, for those disabled in the country's service; but, sir, I protest against the kind of campaign oratory that tends to keep up sectional strife in our country and rekindle the animosities of the war. Such political claptrap should be spurned by the ex-soldier more earnestly, if possible, than by any other man, for he is the one who has done the most to preserve the oneness of our people.

Mr. Cleveland was arraigned most severely for appointing ex-Rebel soldiers to public office; but, Mr. Editor, who made this possible? I answer, the Republican party in power that granted a general amnesty to these men. From that moment a Rebel soldier stood in the eyes of the law on a par with a Union soldier. Mr. Cleveland has availed himself of this fact only, and by the appointment of these men he has carried out the spirit and the letter of the act of the Republican party; also by these appointments he has healed up much of the bitterness of the past, and bridged the bloody chasm that will enable our people to march together, in a solid phalanx of patriots, to thwart new enemies that threaten us, not in sections, but the Union over.

Mr. Harrison's speech struck me as a heartless "keynote" that was sounded to deaden the conscious throbbings of the pulse of the people. It is not the issues of the late war that our people are thinking about; it is the issues of the war that is upon us with the saloon, the liquor traffic; but not one word did Mr. Harrison utter on this momentous question. In his attempt to draw tears about the "measles" one could see, not faintly, the pale, tear-stained faces of wives of drunken, debauched men, half-starved children, and a long line of misery that calls loudly for redress at the hands of our law-makers; but for these poor souls Mr. Harrison had not so much as a thought. Mr. Harrison tried to stir up a feeling of indignation in behalf of the Mississippi politician who had been threatened if he persisted in running for office, but he had not one word of condemnation for that element in politics right here at home—the saloon-atic rule, that boycotts, defames, burns, and murders to keep itself in money. Has not Mr. Harrison read of the recent murder of a Haddock?

There is much complaint that no interest can be awakened in the present campaign. Is it any wonder when men with the ability and power of General Harrison go out among the people with such dead issues as he presented to his large and intelligent audience last night? I believe the time is at hand when the people and the press should step out from under the whip of political partisan rule, and fearlessly criticise such men and measures as retard the unity and progress of the people. The address of Mr. Harrison last night, and all others that follow it on the same note, can do no good to a people who have long since buried the bitterness of war and are moving on the ranks of new enemies that threaten us on all sides.

HELEN M. GOUGAR.

THE OLD ROMAN.

Ohio's Venerable Statesman Declares His Public Life Is Ended.

[Cincinnati special.]

The Thurman Club, 200 strong, tendered a rousing serenade at the Gibson House to ex-Senator Thurman. In response to repeated cheers, the old statesman said:

"MY FRIENDS: I thank you for the honor, first of naming your organization for the old man. When I learned that you intended visiting me my heart was moved. I fully recognize that in honoring me, both by naming your organization for me and by your greeting this evening, that you have done so from no other motive than purely and simply to honor me. You are worshiping no rising sun. I know that, and you know it. Rather you are doing homage to a setting sun. [Cries of 'No! no!'] Ah, but it is a fact. I am out of politics, and it is for that reason that I appreciate your actions all the more. I am fast traveling down the shady side, and will soon be numbered with the past; but when I am dead and gone, my friends, when I am laid away in my last resting-place, if any of you should stumble over my grave, I hope that you may stop and think that there lies a man who was always a Democrat, and whose earnest desire and hope were for Democratic success. My public record, I think, will bear me out in that, and I know this: that when my last sun sets I shall see it through Democratic eyes."

Following this, an informal reception was held. the Judge was presented with a rich bandana handkerchief, and a snuff-box filled with the genuine article.

Talk Fairly, Mr. Blaine.

Mr. Blaine said at Unity: "At the last session of Congress the Democrats, backed by the power of the national administration, sought to break down the protective tariff."

Now, Mr. Blaine, you are a speaker of too many resources to indulge in the mere slang-whanging of the average stump orator. The Morrison bill, which Democratic votes prevented from being considered by the House, would, if enacted into law, have left the tariff 30 per cent. higher than was considered sufficient for the purposes of protection by Senator Morrill and his Republican associates who controlled Congress in 1861, and considerably higher than President Arthur's protectionist commission, backed by two Republican Secretaries of the Treasury, said would be ample for both protection and revenue in 1883.

The tariff-reform Democrats in the House simply attempted, though in a tardy and bungling manner, to redeem the pledges made in the platforms of both political parties, to correct the inequalities and injustice of the tariff, as a means of preventing the Treasury surplus and putting a stop to extravagant appropriations. Whoever, of either party, shall resist this policy, will find it the worse for himself in the end. The war taxes must come down. —*New York World.*

FIRST Socialist—"Remember the meeting to-night, Josef. Important questions to be discussed. Assassination of Bismarck, blowing up the House of Commons, kidnaping Victoria——" Second Socialist—"I have so many duties, Heinrich, I cannot attend. I am——" "We are also going to decide whether or not we shall have beer at our meetings in future." [illegible]

SCATTERED ENEMIES.

The Subject of an Able Discourse by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

He Calls on God to Arise and Scatter His Enemies.

At the Brooklyn Tabernacle Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., took for his text the first verse of the sixty-eighth Psalm—"Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered"—from which he preached the following sermon:

A procession was formed to carry the ark or sacred box, which, though only three feet nine inches in length and four feet three inches in height and depth, was the symbol of God's presence. As the leaders of the procession lifted this ornamented and brilliant box by two golden poles run through four golden rings and started for Mount Zion all the people chanted the battle-hymn of my text: "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered."

The Cameronians of Scotland, outraged by James I., who forced upon them religious forms that were offensive, and by the terrible persecution of Drummond, Dalziel, and Turner, and by the oppressive laws of Charles I. and Charles II., were driven to proclaim war against tyrants, and went forth to fight for religious liberty; and the mountain heather became red with carnage, and at Bothwell Bridge and Aird's Moss and Drumclog the battle-hymn and the battle-shout of those glorious old Scotchmen was the text I have chosen: "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered."

What a whirlwind of power was Oliver Cromwell, and how with his soldier's name, "The Ironsides," he went from victory to victory! Opposing armies melted as he looked at them. He dismissed Parliament as easily as a schoolmaster a school. He pointed his finger at Berkeley castle, and it was taken. He ordered Lord Hopton, the general, to dismount, and he dismounted. See Cromwell marching on with his army, and hear the battle cry of "The Ironsides," loud as a storm and solemn as a death-knell, standards reeling before it, and cavalry horses going back on their haunches, and armies flying, at Marston Moor, at Wincepy Field, at Naseby, at Bridgewater, and Dartmouth—"Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered!"

So you see my text is not like a complimentary and tasseled sword that you sometimes see hung up in a parlor, a sword that was never in battle and only to be used on general training but day, more like some weapon carefully hung up in your home, telling the story of Chapultepec, Cerro, Gordo, and Cherubusco, and Thatcher's Run, and Malvern Hill; for my text hangs in its scripture armory, telling of the holy wars of three thousand years in which it has been carried, but as keen and mighty as when David first unsheathed it. It seems to me what in the Church of God and in all styles of reformatory work we most need now is a battle-cry. We raise our little standard and put on it the name of some man who only a few years ago began to live and in a few years will cease to live. We go into contest against the armies of iniquity depending too much on human agencies. We use for a battle-cry the name of some brave Christain reformer, but after a while that reformer dies, or gets old, or loses his courage, and then we take another battle-cry, and this time perhaps we use the name of some one who plays Arnold and sells out to the enemy. What we want for a battle-cry is the name of some leader who will never betray us, and will never surrender, and will never die.

All respect have I for brave men and women, but if we are going to get the victory all along the line we must put God first. We must take the hint of the Gideonites, who wiped out the Bedouin Arabs, commonly called Midianites. These Gideonites had a glorious leader in Gideon, but what was the battle-cry with which they flung their enemies into the worst defeat into which any army ever was tumbled? It was "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon. Put God first, whoever you put second. If the army of the American Revolution are to free America it must be "The sword of the Lord and of Washington." If the Germans want to win the day at Sedan it must be "The sword of the Lord and Von Moltke." Waterloo was won for the English because not only the armed men at the front but the worshipers in the cathedrals at the rear were crying "The sword of the Lord and of Wellington." The Methodists have gone in triumph across nation after nation with the cry "The sword of the Lord and of Wesley." The Presbyterians have gone from victory to victory with the cry "The sword of the Lord and of John Knox." The Baptists have conquered millions after millions for Christ with the cry "The sword of the Lord and of Judson." The American Episcopalians have won their mighty way with the cry "The sword of the Lord and of Bishop McIlvaine." The victory is to those who put God first. But as we want a battle-cry suited to all sects of religionists, and to all lands, I nominate as the battle-cry of Christendom in the approaching Armageddon the words of my text, sounded before the ark as it was carried to Mount Zion: "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered."

As far as our finite mind can judge, it seems about time for God to rise. Does it not seem to you that the abominations of this earth have gone far enough? Was there ever a time when sin was so defiant? Were there ever before so many fists lifted toward God telling him to come on if He dare? Look at the blasphemy abroad! What towering profanity! Would it be possible for any one to calculate the numbers of times that the names of Almighty God and Jesus Christ are every day taken irreverently on the lips? So common has blasphemy become that the public mind, and public ear have got used to it, and a blasphemer goes up and down this country in his lectures defying the plain law against blasphemy, and there is not a mayor in America that has backbone enough to interfere with him save one, and that the mayor of Toronto. Profane swearing is as much forbidden by the law as theft, or arson, or murder, yet who executes it? Profanity is worse than theft, or arson, or murder, for these crimes are attacks on humanity—that is an attack on God.

This country is pre-eminent for blasphemy. A man traveling in Russia was supposed to be a clergyman. "Why do you take me to be a clergyman?" said the man. "Oh," said the Russian, "all other Americans swear." The crime is multiplying in intensity. God very often shows what He thinks of it, but for the most part the fatality is hushed up. A few summers ago among the Adirondacks I met the funeral procession of a man who, two days before, had fallen under a flash of lightning while boating, after a Sunday of work in the fields, that he had cheated God out of one day anyhow; and the man who worked with him on the same Sabbath is still living, but a helpless invalid under the same flash. On the road from Margate to Ramsgate, England, you may find a rough monument with the inscription: "A boy was struck dead here while in the act of swearing." Years ago in a Pittsburgh prison two men were talking about the Bible and Christianity, and one of them, Thompson by name, applied to Jesus Christ a very low and villainous epithet, and as he was uttering it he fell. A physician was called, but no help could be given. After a day lying with distended pupils and palsied tongue he passed out of this world. In a cemetery in Sullivan County, in this State, are eight headstones in a line and all alike, and these are the facts: In 1861 diphtheria raged in the village, and a physician was remarkably successful in curing his patients. So confident did he become that he boasted that no case of diphtheria could stand before him, and finally defied Almighty God to [illegible] after another, until all the eight had died of diphtheria. The blasphemer challenged Almighty God, and God accepted the challenge.

But I come later down and give you a fact that is proved by scores of witnesses. This last August of 1886 a man got provoked at the continued drought and the ruin of his crops, and in the presence of his neighbors he cursed God, saying that he would cut His heart out if He would come, calling Him a liar and a coward, and flashing a knife. And while he was speaking his lower jaw dropped, smoke issued from mouth and nostrils, and the heat of his body was so intense that it drove back those who would come near. Scores of people have visited the scene and saw the blasphemer in awful process of expiring.

Do not think that because God has been silent in your case, O profane swearer, that He is dead. Is there nothing now in the peculiar feeling of your tongue, or nothing in the numbness of your brain that indicates that God may come to avenge your blasphemies, or is already avenging them? But these cases I have noticed, I believe, are only a few cases where there are hundreds. Families keep them still to avoid the horrible conspicuity. Physicians suppress them through professional confidence. It is a very, very, very long roll that contains the names of those who died with blasphemies on their lips; and still the crime rolls on, up through parlors, up through chandeliers with lights all ablaze, and through the pictured corridors of club-rooms, out through busy exchanges, where oath meets oath, and down through all the haunts of sin, mingling with the rattling dice and cracking billiard-balls, and the laughter of her who hath forgotten the covenant of her God; and round the city, and round the continent, and round the earth, a seething, boiling surge flings its hot spray into the face of a long-suffering God. And the ship captain damns his crew, and the merchant damns his clerks, and the master builder damns his men, and the hack-driver dams his horse, and the traveler damns the stone that bruises his foot, or the mud that soils his shoes, or the defective time-piece that gets him too late to the rail train. I arraign profane swearing and blasphemy, two names for the same thing, as being one of the gigantic crimes of the land, and for its extirpation it does seem as if it were about time for God to arise.

Then look a moment at the evil of drunkenness, whether you live in Brooklyn, or New York, or Chicago, or Cincinnati, or Savannah, or Boston, or in any of the cities of this land, count up the saloons on that street as compared with the saloons five years ago, and see they are growing far out of proportion to the increase of the population. You people who are so precise and particular lest there should be some imprudence or rashness in attacking the rum traffic will have your son some night pitched into your front door dead drunk, or your daughter will come home with her children because her husband has by strong drink been turned into a demoniac. The rum-fiend has despoiled whole streets of good homes in all our cities. Fathers, brothers, sons, on the funeral pyre of strong drink! Fasten tighter the victim! Stir up the flames! Pile on the corpses! More men, women, and children for the sacrifice! Let us have whole generations on fire of evil habit; and at the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sack-but, psaltery, and dulcimer, let all the people fall down and worship King Alcohol, or you shall be cast into the fiery furnace under some political platform.

I indict this evil as the fratricide, the patricide, the matricide, the uxoricide the regicide of the century. Yet under what innocent and delusive and mirthful names alcohol deceives the people. It is a "cordial;" it is "bitters," it is an "eye-opener;" it is an "appetizer," it is a "digester;" it is an "invigorater;" it is a "settler;" it is a "night-cap." Why don't they put on the right labels—"essence of perdition," "conscience stupefier," "five drachms of heart-ache," "tears of orphanage," "blood of souls," "scabs of an eternal leprosy," "venom of the worm that never dies?" Only once in awhile is there anything in the title of liquors to even hint their atrocity, as in the case of sour-mash. That I see advertised all over. It is an honest name, and any one can understand it. Sour mash! That is, it makes a man's disposition sour, and his associations sour, and his prospects sour; and then it is good to mash his body, and mash his soul, and mash his business, and mash his family. Sour mash! One honest name at last for an intoxicant! But through lying labels of many of the apothecaries' shops good people who are only a little undertone in health, and wanting of some invigoration, have unwittingly got on their tongue the fangs of this cobra that stings to death so large a ratio of the human race.

Others are ruined by the common and all-destructive habit of treating customers. And it is a treat on their coming to town, and a treat while the bargaining progresses, and a treat when the purchase is made, and a treat as he leaves town. Others to drown their troubles submerge themselves with this worse trouble. Oh, the world is battered, and bruised, and blasted with this growing evil! It is more and more entranced and fortified. They have millions of dollars subscribed to marshal and advance the alcoholic forces. They nominate and elect and govern the vast majority of the office-holders of this country. On their side they have enlisted the mightiest political power of the centuries. And behind them stand all the myrmidons of the nether world, satanic, apollyonic, and diabolic. It is beyond all human effort to overthrow this bastile of decanters, or capture this Gibraltar of rum jugs. And while I approve of all human agencies of reform, I would utterly despair if we had nothing. But what cheers me is that our best troops are yet to come. Our chief artillery is in reserve. Our greatest commander has not yet fully taken the field. If all hell is on their side, all heaven is on our side. Now, "let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered."

Then look at the impurities of these great cities. Ever and anon there are in the newspapers explosions of social life that make the story of Sodom quite respectable; for such things, Christ says, were more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah than for the Chorazins and Bethsaidas of greater light. It is no unusual thing in our cities to see men in high position with two or three families, or refined ladies willing solemnly to marry the very swine of society if they be wealthy. Brooklyn, whose streets fifteen years ago were almost free from all sign of the social evil, now night by night rivaling upper Broadway in its flamboyant wickedness. The Bible all aflame with denunciation against an impure life, but many of the American ministry uttering not one point-blank word against this iniquity lest some old libertine throw up his church pew. Machinery organized in all the cities of the United States and Canada by which to put yearly in operation the grinding mill of this iniquity thousands of the unsuspecting of the country farm-houses, one procuress confessing last week in the courts that she had supplied the infernal market with 150 souls in six months. Oh, for 500 *Pall Mall Gazettes* in America to swing open the door of this lazar-house of social corruption. Exposure must come before extirpation.

While the city van carries the scum of this sin from the prison to the police court morning by morning, it is full time, if we do not want high American life to become like that of the court of Louis XV., to put millionaire Lotharios and the Pompadours of your brown-stone palaces into a van of popular indignation and drive them out of respectable associations. What prospect of social purification can there be as long as at summer watering-places it is usual to see a young woman of excellent rearing stand and simper and giggle and roll up her eyes sideways before one of those first-class satyrs of fashionable life, and on the ball-room floor join him in the dance, the maternal chaperon meanwhile beaming from the wall on the scene? Matches are made in heaven, they say. Not such matches, for the [illegible] indicates the peccadilloes, gallantries, eccentricities, and are relegated to the realms of jocularity, and few efforts are being made against it. God bless the "White Cross" movement, as it is called; the excellent and talented Miss Frances Willard, its ablest advocate on this side the sea; an organization making a mighty assault on this evil. God forward the tracts on this subject distributed by the religious tract societies of the land! God help parents in the great work they are doing in trying to start their children with pure principles! God help all legislators in their attempt to inhibit this crime.

But is this all? Then it is only a question of time when the last vestige of purity and home will vanish out of sight. Human arms, human pens, human voices, human talents are not sufficient. I begin to look up. I listen for artillery rumbling down the sapphire boulevards of heaven. I watch to see if in the morning light there be not the flash of descending cimeters. Oh, for God! Does it not seem time for His appearance? Is it not time for all lands to cry out: "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered?"

I got a letter a few days ago, asking me if I did not think that the earthquake in Charleston was the divine chastisement on that city for its sins. That letter I answer now by saying that if all our American cities got all the punishment they deserve for their horrible impurities, the earth would long ago have cracked open into crevices transcontinental, and taken down all our cities, and Brooklyn and New York would have gone so far under that the tip of our church spires would be 500 feet below the surface. It is of the Lord's mercies that we have not been consumed.

Not only are the affairs of this world so a-twist, a-jangle, and racked that there seems a need of the divine appearance, but there is another reason. Have you not noticed that in the history of this planet God turns a leaf about every two thousand years? God turned a leaf and this world was fitted for human residence. About two thousand more years passed along and God turned another leaf, and it was the deluge. About two thousand more years passed on, and it was the appearance of Christ. Almost two thousand more years have passed by, and He will probably soon turn another leaf. What it shall be I cannot say. It may be the demolition of all these monstrosities of turpitude and the establishment of righteousness in all the earth. He can do it, and He will do it. I am as confident as if it were already accomplished. How easily he can do it my text suggests. It does not ask God to strike with His right hand or stamp with His foot, or hurl a thunderboldt of His power, but just to get up from the throne on which He sits. Only that will be necessary: "Let God arise!"

It will be no exertion of omnipotence. It will be no bending or bracing for a mighty lift. It will be no sending down the sky of the white-horse cavalry of heaven or rumbling war-chariots. He will only rise. Now He is sitting in the majesty and patience of his reign. He is from His throne watching the mustering of all the forces of blasphemy, and drunkenness, and impurity, and fraud, and Sabbath-breaking, and when they have done their worst and are most securely organized He will bestir Himself and say: "My enemies have defied me long enough, and their cup of iniquity is full. I have given them all opportunity for repentance. This dispensation of patience is ended, and the faith of the good shall be tried no longer."

And now God begins to rise, and what mountains give way under His right foot and what continents sink under His left foot I know not; but standing in the full height and radiance and grandeur of His nature He looks this way and that, and how His enemies are scattered! Blasphemers, white and dumb, reel down to their doom; and those who have trafficked in that which destroys the bodies and souls of men and families will fly with cut foot on the down-grade of broken decanters; and the polluters of society, that did their bad work with large fortunes and high social sphere, will overtake in their descent the degraded rabble of underground city life, as they tumble over the eternal precipices; and the world shall be left clear and clean for the friends of humanity and the worshipers of Almighty God. The last thorn plucked off, the world will be left a blooming rose on the bosom of that Christ who came to gardenize it. This earth that stood snarling with its tigerish passion, thrusting out its raging claws, shall lie down a lamb at the feet of the Lamb of God, who took away the sins of the world.

And now, the best thing I can wish for you, and the best thing I can wish for myself, is that we may be found His warm and undisguised and enthusiastic friends, in that hour when God shall rise and His enemies shall be scattered.

The Brown Stocking.

Brown is not an uncommon name for a man or woman. The simple mention of it awakens no great historic memories nor excites great expectations. By the same token, the sock, as worn by the male species, has never excited conspicuous attention nor been considered worthy of any special remark. It is worthy of note in this connection that while men and women differ in every part of the body they differ least of all in the pedal extremities. Also, that these pedals are incased in similar coverings, differing only in degree. But while the pedal covering of the woman is an article of dress upon which she bestows much concern and attention, and has often figured importantly in fact and fiction, never has the sock of man been carefully written up. It is the article of dress upon which he bestows least thought. It is not a pivotal point. It has never determined anything in his career.

But all this has now been changed. Hereafter the sock is to have an importance, a consideration, a scrutiny more in harmony with the stocking. It has been left for a woman by the name of Brown to create this revolution. Hence the significance of the combination, the brown stocking. The story in brief is this:

Mrs. Brown suspected Mr. Brown. No matter what she suspected him of doing. Probably she never gave it a name, though she evidently had a clear idea of what it was and the way it was done. Brown was addicted to the down-town mania. Business, the club, and other chestnuts would frequently detain him from the bed, and perhaps, to employ a legal term, the bosom of Mrs. Brown. One evening when Brown was dressing to go out, Mrs. Brown secretly made an ink mark on the white sock on the right foot.

That night Mrs. Brown sat up until Brown returned. She watched him disrobe, and was rewarded by discovering that the marked sock was on the left foot. Hence this divorce suit.

It must be conceded that the Brown sock scheme is ingenious. But at the same time it is entirely circumstantial. Other Mrs. Browns who suspect Mr. Browns may do well to try it, though it is far from a conclusive test. As a rule, men cross their socks in putting them on, and if a man should have occasion to re-dress during an evening out, the probabilities are great in favor of a change of location. The male Browns doubtless will be careful when taking a Turkish bath down-town to so arrange their socks that they may be replaced in the previous order. The same will hold good when the chiropodist calls at the office, and in other cases where a removal of the socks becomes necessary. —*Chicago Mail.*

KING KALAKAUA is reported as wishing to dispose of his kingdom. [illegible]

OHIO STATE NEWS.

—Frederick Augenutine, who resides about two miles north of Waldo, while attending to his cattle, was attacked by a vicious bull, and almost instantly killed. His wife and a neighbor heard him crying for help, when they went to the field and found him on the ground, the bull butting him; the horns of the infuriated beast standing nearly straight out from the sides of his head, he could not gore. When the bull was driven away Mr. Augenstine put his right hand over his left breast, and died in a few seconds. His ribs on the left side were broken loose from the backbone, his right shoulder broken, the scalp loose from the skull, the temples badly bruised, and there were other injuries on different parts of the body. The deceased was about fifty years of age, and leaves a wife and five children. He was a well-known and respected citizen.

—The greatest excitement was occasioned at Marion by the appearance of several hundred men, mostly employes of the Huber Works, bearing in their midst the form of a man astride of a fence-rail. He was accused of being too intimate with another man's wife, whose friends took it upon themselves to thus summarily stop all further annoyance to that gentleman. The whole crowd chased him into the country, soused him into a watering-trough, and bound him upon the sharp rail. It was their further intention to treat him with tar and feathers, but they consented to desist upon the well-timed speech of Mayor Gailey. There was talk of arresting the leaders, but no arrests will probably be made, while many citizens condemn the act. The majority of the Huber employes are men of high chrracter.

—At the firemen's tournament held at Wooster, the Bucyrus Hooks won first prize, $125; time, 36 seconds; Vogelsang Hooks, of Canton, second, $30; time 37½. The Mystic Hooks, of Wakeman, made a run in 35 seconds, but were ruled out, the climber failing to show a leg over the round to the knee, as the rule requires. The Alert Hose, of Tiffin, and the Eagles, of Canton, tied in 35 seconds each. Tie run off, Tiffin winning first, $125; time, 31¾ seconds; Canton second, $60, in 34¼ seconds. Massillon ruled out for failing to attach to plug. Junior Hooks—Buckeyes, of Mansfield, first; time, 29 seconds; Canton, second; time, 31¼ seconds.

—Dr. J. S. Butler, of Piqua, State Veterinary, and Dr. W. C. Fair, of Cleveland, Consulting Veterinary, have made an examination of the living and dead cattle on the Driesbach farm, four miles west of Akron, which arrived from the Chicago Stock-Yards, and were reported to have pleuro-pneumonia. Drs. Butler and Fair slaughtered one of the weakest of the animals, and after a careful post-mortem pronounced the disease anthrax, a blood trouble, which, Dr. Butler says, is not epizootic, but enziootic. Dr. Butler was of the opinion that the cattle contracted the disease in some malarious district in the West.

—The second well of the Northwestern Ohio Natural Gas Company, located six miles west of Fostoria, has come in, and is a gusher. The Trenton rock was struck at a depth of 1,140 feet. At a depth of twenty feet in the rock the flow of gas is estimated at between three and four million cubic feet per day. The well is perfectly dry, there being not the slightest indication of oil, a fact the company is glad to note, as several gas wells in the section have turned from gas wells to oil wells. This well and well No. 1, located a quarter of a mile east of it, will be sufficient to supply the entire town of Fostoria.

—The State Commissioners of Public Printing have awarded contracts for furnishing stationery as follows: Wilstach, Baldwin & Co., of Cincinnati, for letter-heads, legal cap, and note paper; the Central Ohio Paper Company, of Columbus, for envelopes; Troup, Kinnard, & Co., of Dayton, letter paper; J. George Zapp and Brooks & Co., of Cleveland, pencil pads, and Hann & Adair, of Columbus, for 90,000 envelopes.

—Certificates of incorporation have been issued as follows: The Lima Distilling Company, increase of capital stock from $60,000 to $125,000; the Peck Mechanical Burglar-Alarm Manufacturing Company, of Columbus, capital $25,000; the International Iron, Coal, and Oil Company, of Dayton, capital, $50,000; the Ohio Mutual Health and Accident Insurance Company, of Cincinnati, capital $50,000.

—The A., P. & W. passenger train collided with a Valley freight at Akron, while both trains were running at a high rate of speed. Both engines were badly damaged and the passengers got a terrible shaking up, but no one was killed. The engineer and fireman of the passenger engine jumped after reversing their engine, and in this way escaped with their lives.

—At Youngstown, Ferdinand Nochair was arrested several weeks ago and jailed on a charge of criminally assaulting his landlady. Nochair protested his innocence, and disgrace finally drove him insane. The recent grand jury refused to find an indictment against him. His friends will take him to Italy to relatives hoping to restore his health.

—An explosion occurred in the grist and saw-mill of David Harvey, at Greenwich, in which a young man by the name of Tom Allen was killed. There was fire in but one of the furnaces, as they were only running the grist-mill. The explosion is said to have been caused by the boiler becoming dry. The building is a complete wreck.

—The 3-year-old son of Frederick Mason, of Manchester, fell into a tub of hot water, the flesh being literally cooked, causing death in half an hour.

—The Chief of the Government Bureau of Statistics has renewed a proposition heretofore made to Col. Maxwell, Superintendent of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, and declined by him, to prepare a report of the commerce of the Ohio River in connection with the business of the railroads crossing that stream.

—According to an opinion by Attorney General Kohler, beer may be sold in this State in quantities of a gallon and over, in spite of the Dow law. But this selling must be by an agent acting exclusively for his employer.

—The large barn on the farm of Philip Hall, about two miles east of Mason, was struck by lightning and entirely destroyed by fire. George Girton, who lives on the place, lost all his wheat, oats, etc., and farm implements, including a McCormick binder.

—The fish in the Scioto are dying by the hundreds, caused by the poisonous water let off from the vats of the paper-mills and straw-board factory at Kenton.

—Rev. J. Nelson Lewis, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Norwalk, has [illegible]

MICHIGAN STATE NEWS.

—Muskegon has an unknown genius who cuts off cows' tails for amusement.

—A large amount of peppermint oil is being manufactured in Wexford County.

—Fred Haas was seriously burned at Manistee by a gas explosion in a salt well.

—It is proposed to purchase the opera house block in Lansing for use as a city hall.

—At the Winthrop mine, near Ishpeming, three men were killed by the fall of a rack.

—Mrs. Tyler, wife of Dr. Tyler, of Mt. Pleasant, took a dose of arsenic, resulting in her death.

—The lumbermen at Cadillac are happy over the prospects of a good business season next spring.

—Seven brothers named Nickerson, who had not seen each other since 1846, held a reunion at Grayling last week.

—Room-rent is unusually high at Ann Arbor this season, owing, probably, to the increase of students at the University.

—An attempt to tunnel out of the Jackson prison was discovered last week and three convicts were locked up in dark cells.

—Thousands of bushels of peaches have been lost near Saugatuck, because the fruit-growers were not prepared to ship them when they ripened.

—Near White Cloud, Jennie Shaw, aged 23, wife of Stephen Shaw, a farmer, was instantly killed by being struck by the limb of a tree which her husband was cutting down.

—The Ishpeming Sportmen's Association is pushing the war so strongly against "pot-hunters," who kill deer and take trout in and out of season regardless of law, that deer-hunting in the northern peninsula will soon be as good as it was ten years ago.

—General Mark Flanagan, organizer and Lieutenant Colonel of the Twenty-fourth Regiment Michigan troops, died at Detroit, aged 61. He lost a leg at Gettysburg, and for meritorious services was made a Brevet Brigadier General.

—Everything seems to be exploding now-adays. Coffee-pots, tea-kettles, sugar-boxes, hubbard squashes, sugar-bowls, and pickle-jars are all on a bust, and no man knoweth when his tobacco-box is going to be driven through his body.—*Free Press.*

—Willard Freemire, of Vermontville, located a bee tree, but was refused permission by the owner of the land to cut down the tree. He was finally given leave to cut off the limb, sixty feet from the ground and eighteen inches in circumference, containing the honey. This feat he performed by firing seventy-five balls from a rifle through the limb.

—In Detroit the trial of George Gluting, aged 22, for the murder of Hugh Griffin, aged 16, son of Alderman Griffin, concluded with a disagreement of the jury. Gluting shot Griffin because the latter chased him through an alley. The defense was insanity, and some novel testimony was offered. Dr. Daken, ex-county physician, swore that in his opinion Gluting was insane, and that the changes of the moon affected him.

—For some time past the oil interest has been growing in this city to an alarming extent, and the boom is becoming more and more exciting, says a Manistee dispatch. Bankers and capitalists are buying up all available lands within one hundred miles of this place. At the annual tax sales today tax titles sold for fifty times what they were worth. People are wild over the prospects. The oil speculators are endeavoring to secure farms, but farmers say they may sink wells, and if successful they will then take a price. A syndicate has been formed here with capital enough to make a business success if oil is struck.

—Alonzo Chesman, who has lived on his farm, six miles west of St. Ignace, for the last twenty-five years and is now nearly 70 years old, joined the Mormons when their settlement was at Nauvoo and married three wives. He became disgusted with the faith, and when the prophet Smith was killed he decided to go into the woods of Northern Michigan instead of going West with the saints. He gave his wives their choice, saying if they wanted to go with him he would do his best to support them. They stuck by him. His second wife died some years ago. He has seven children now living near St. Ignace, and his household is quiet and harmonious.

—Gentlemen who are ambitious to be Postmasters will be interested in the following list of Postmasters whose commissions will expire before April 1, 1887:

Big Rapids, C. D. Crandall, Feb. 7.
Flint, F. H. Rankin, Feb. 24.
Hastings, W. H. Powers, Feb. 24.
Holland, William Verbeck, Jan. 2.
Ionia, D. Hobart, Jan. 29.
Iron Mountain, C. E. Parent, Feb. 15.
Ishpeming, Julius Ropes, Dec. 22.
Lapeer, John Abbott, Feb. 27.
Lowell, M. M. Perry, Dec. 20.
Manistee, J. M. Thompson, March 1.
Monroe, O. A. Crichett, March 1.
Muskegon, G. Whitney, Feb. 7.
Ovid, L. C. Mead, Jan. 29.
Plainwell, John Cripe, Jan. 29.
Port Huron, E. White, March 3.
Portland, F. M. Cutcheon, Jan. 29.
St. Ignace, C. W. Hourback, March 2.
St. John's, G. A. Wells, Feb. 19.
White Pigeon, T. E. Clapp, Dec. 20.

—Detroit *Free Press:* The terrible death of a Western Union Telegraph Company employe from the coming in contact of telegraph and electric light wires is a shocking illustration of the grave and continual danger of the stringing of all kinds of wires through the streets. The underground system, if thoroughly carried out, might not render such fatalities impossible, but it would reduce the chances of their recurrence to a minimum. As the wires are now strung they are a constant menace to human life. Fortunately the fatal accidents have been few since the introduction of the electric light in Detroit. But this has been owing to the care exercised by employes of different line companies, and not to the absence of danger.

—The trial of George Gluting, aged 22, for the murder of Hugh Griffin, aged 16, son of Alderman Griffin, concluded in the Recorder's Court at Detroit with a disagreement of the jury. Gluting shot Griffin because the latter chased him through an alley. The defense was insanity, and some novel testimony was offered. Dr. [illegible] ex-County Physician, swore that [illegible] opinion Gluting was insane, [illegible] changes of the moon affected [illegible] testimony caused a sensation [illegible] Daken was severely [illegible] snuck doggedly [illegible] moon had much [illegible]

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RUGS.

Prisian, Turkish Velvet, Smyrna, Kurrachee and Velvet.

A pretty rug here and there will add to the beauty of the home.

CURTAINS!

Brussels, Tamdour, Antique, Applique, Madras and Nottinghams.

PORTIERES,

Furniture Covering

Window Shades,

FRINGES and TRIMMINGS,

Oil Cloths.

Call and Inspect the New Things.

ROOT & COMPANY.

Gibson's Fruit Tablets!

Consisting of

COUGH DROPS,
CINNAMON,
HOREHOUND,
LIME AND

MIXED TABLETS!

Just received and price reduced from 80c to 50c per pound, making them the best value of any candies sold.

Pyke's Grocery,

80 Calhoun Street.

Aug. 15-1y

J. W. FOWLES,

Merchant Tailor.

Suitings and Overcoats

At Prices within the reach of all. Satisfaction guarranteed.

64 *BARR ST., NEAR BERRY.*

sept4-3m

Candy Candy Candy Candy Candy Candy

SEND

1, 2, 3, 4 or $5 for a sample retail box by express of the

BEST CANDIES

In America, put up in elegant boxes and strictly pure. Suitable for presents. ☞ Express charges light. Refers to all Chicago. Try it once. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,

Sept. 20-3m Chicago.



We are now prepared to furnish to the trade everything in the line of

Dress Goods, Table Linens, Cassimeres, Ginghams, Shirting, Muslins, Embroidery, Calicoes, Flannels, Towels, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Corsets, Ladies' Underwear, Gents' Underwear, Children's Underwear, Shirts, Collars, Yarns and Laces, at prices as low as any place in the city.

[illegible] GOODWIN & BRO

[illegible]way & Jefferson.

If the world should come to an end, we don't want to be caught with too large a stock, therefore offer the following Gifts:

1000 pairs Boys' Pants, sizes from 4 years to 13, at 35c.

One car load of Red Underwear at 25c.

Three tons of Working Shirts at 25 cents.

Less than one million Scotch Caps at 35c.

Everything else in Proportion.

1000 valuaple prizes and a $500 City Lot to be presented to our Patrons.

Sam, Pete & Max.

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY. OCT. 9, 1886.

THE CITY NEWS.

Julius Cahn's Alfa Norman company is stranded and Julius is missing.

Jacob Fisher, a Pittsburg machinist, injured himself severely yesterday.

Mrs. D. C. Fisher and Mrs. Dick Myers returned yesterday from Chicago.

The Wheelmen's Social club held a meeting last night and accepted two new members.

Col. F. N. Kollock's family returned this week from Milwaukee, where they spent the summer.

Joe Clark, Sid Lumbard, J. R. Carey and Jas. Humphreys, went to Rome City yesterday on a fishing expedition.

Dan May, of Monroeville, has the contract for building a brick school house north of Fort Wayne, and one in Jefferson township.

Superintendent C. D. Law, J. A. Pullan and W. H. Shorey have been admitted to membership in the Fort Wayne bicycle club.

The Fort Wayne Bicycle club appointed a committee last night to request the Fair association to build a bicycle track on the Fair ground.

Robert P. Penman, agent for a large timber firm of Glasgow, Scotland, who has been in the city for several days, returned to his home at Evansville yesterday.

The superior court jury was ordered to report on the 18th of October at 1:30 p. m. and Judge Hench then adjourned until Wednesday, the 13th of October at 9 a. m.

The farm house of William Bruns, a few miles east of the city on the New Haven road, was destroyed Thursday night by fire. Bruns kept a kennel and hennery out there.

H. W. Mordhurst returned last evening from a two weeks visit to Philadelphia, New York and Washington. He takes his new Masonic honors modestly and is heartily congratulated.

Charles Smith was fined $1 and costs for assault and battery on R. C. Tripletts. Smith is a colored gentleman and left some of his color on Tripletts eye. Justice Ryan gave them satisfaction.

The funeral of the late James Louttit will take place from the Third Presbyterian church, at 3 o'clock to-morrow afternoon. The Odd Fellows of Fort Wayne lodge, No. 14, will have charge of the ceremonies.

The reports of Auditor Charles Hoffman, of the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati & Louisville railway, will show that since April 1 last, the net earnings of the road are 13 per cent. greater than during a corresponding period of last year.

The Fort Wayne Turnverein has elected the following officers: Louis Rastetter, president; Fred Meyer, vice-president; Louis Berthold, secretary; D. A. Herman, treasurer; August Schubert, first turnward; Frank Kratzson, second turnward; Frank Zimmerman, J. Stauffer and Fred Michael, trustees.

Three brothers named Ralph, Frank and Fred Kenny and another young man named David Barnes, were fined $10:38 each for malicious trespass. They stoned a house belonging to an old man named Peter Scheuber, seventeen miles north of town. Justice Ryan gave them the dose.

A telegram announcing the death of Corydon Green was received from Washington territory last night. The remains will be brought here for interment. Mr. Greene was one of the oldest and best known citizens of Fort Wayne. For many years he was buyer for the Empire mills. He was long a trustee of Harmony Lodge, I. O. O. F.

The Monroeville *Breeze* says: Frank Falker, at one time a chum of ye editor in the boot-black business, on the streets of Fort Wayne, has leased the building formerly occupied by Al. Foote, on the corner of Wayne and Calhoun streets, and will engage in the cigar business, with a fine [illegible] in the rear. The *Breeze* [illegible] in his new [illegible]

W. W. Orrick, of Glasgow, Scotland, is in the city.

Christ Newcomer is going to stay in the west this winter.

Another child of Ex-Councilman Frank Gocke took sick last night.

Dr. Barnett's stallion, "Cliffton Boy," got the first prize at the Waterloo races yesterday.

The Citizen's Reform league will meet next Monday evening at the temperance headquarters.

John G. Lehr was fined $1 and costs for provoke on Baron Westrumb. Mr. Lehr appealed the case.

Mr. L. B. Johns returned yesterday from Abilene, Kansas, where his new carriage works are being erected.

Miss Mattie Christie, No. 17 East Main, leaves to-day for Kansas City, which will be her future home.

Rev. Father Lang is home from a successful mission at Oxford, Benton county, where he was formerly pastor.

Mr. Pete Pernot, long a clerk in the document room of the house of representatives, is expected in the city to-day or Monday.

A stone wall is being laid under the Grand Rapids and Indiana depot at Kendallville, to brace it up for a few more year's use.

B. Vanosdale, of Monroeville, who had his arm mangled in a threshing machine, has had the limb amputated at the St. Joe hospital.

The new cook at the McKinnie house is direct from Manhattan Beach hotel and is regarded as one of the finest caterers in the country.

Gen. W. S. Bosecrans, the president of the Ohio veterans association of northern Indiana, has appointed Mr. W. A. Ward, of Fort Wayne, as his aide-de-camp.

A recent Indiana Methodist conference has condemned the use of tobacco as uncleanly and unhealthful, and the delegates promised to preach against it once a year.

"J. M. Miller, the oldest furniture dealer in Allen county, located at Fort Wayne, was in town Tuesday, looking after his property here," says the Monroeville *Breeze*.

The Grand Rapids and Indiana road has applied to the New York stock exchange to list $594,000 registered and $2,639,000 coupon general mortgage forty year 5 per cent. bonds.

The work of the mud-slinger is productive of no good results to the republicans of Indiana. Still, they will keep it up until the last day. "Whom the gods destroy they first make mad."

A South Calhoun street barber left for Kendallville last Monday, but it is said that he eloped with a beautiful girl from Albion, Ind. His friends intend to give him a grand reception when he returns to Fort Wayne with his young bride.

The Decatur *Democrat* says: "Bert Nirdlinger, Harmon Neirman and Ed. Hedlken, members of the Ideal Bicycle club, of Fort Wayne, visited our city last Saturday, on their way to Wabash. Mr. Nirdlinger is the champion juvenile bicyclist of Indiana."

The Warsaw *Times* says: "Captain Frank K. Cosgrove, of Fort Wayne, attended the reunion of the Seventh cavalry yesterday. His own regiment—the Forty-fourth Indiana infantry—holds a reunion at Fort Wayne on the 13th inst., to which all old veterans of other commands are invited."

The Huntington *Herald* says: "Prof E. A. McNally, formerly of this city, was in town this morning, en route for Fort Wayne. The professor will teach this winter in Milan township, Allen county. He is a good educator, and we trust that he may be successful and prosperous. His friends in this place will always wish him well."

"The hickory berry vine entwines
The brown nuts of the turnip tree,
The cashmere heifer skips and plays,
To the tuneful notes of the feathery bee.
On tall boughs mid the buckwheat buds
We hear the low of the tiny plover,
While the bay bull hitched to the rumbling scythe
Husks out of the golden clover."

CEIL HIGGINS.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* says: "Those wiry republican bosses, Harrison and Dudley, are concocting schemes whereby to carry the Indiana legislature by trading the county and state officers for legislative votes. They must not be allowed to succeed. The democracy of Indiana should see to it that no mere county or district wrangle shall prevent the election of a democratic successor to Ben Harrison."

The clerical and lay deputies from the diocese of Indiana to the general convention of the Episcopal church of America, now in session at Chicago are Rev. E. A. Bradley, D. D., Indianapolis; Rev. J. S. Jenckes, D. D., Indianapolis; Rev. John S. Fande, Michigan City; Rev. Charles Morris, Evansville; Judge George C. Duy, Indianapolis; Judge John H. Stotsenburg, New Albany; Hon. John S. Irwin, Fort Wayne, and Hon. L. B. Martin, Terre Haute.

The sermon of Dr. Talmage which THE SENTINEL prints this evening was on the text from the first verse of the sixty-eighth Psalm: "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered." It will be found full of that thrilling interest which characterizes all that minister's pulpit utterances. He discribes the earth's wickedness, dwells upon the growing evils of the present day, declares this country to be pre-eminent for the sin of blasphemy, that the impurities of great cities make the story of Sodom respectable, and closes with an appeal that the [illegible]

M. S. Mahurin, is at Lima, Ohio, to-day.

Henry J. Baker is the proud papa of a handsome boy baby.

Wm. Link sues H. C. Brooks for the appointment of a receiver.

W. T. Knapp, passenger agent of the Wabash, was here yesterday.

Joseph B. Haifley and Harriet E. Copenhagen have been licensed to wed.

Esquire Ryan is acting mayor in place of Hon. C. F. Muhler, who is in Chicago.

Col. F. H. Barnard, the Nickel Plate agent, came home from Cleveland last night.

O. Warner, traveling passenger agent of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road, is in the city.

Company L, first regiment, whose term expires to-day, will reorganize this evening at Grand Army hall.

Hon. Montgomery Hamilton royally entertained a number of his personal friends at his manson home last night.

The Fort Wayne horses, Judge Hoadly and Billie Fleming, will be started in the races at Lancaster, Ohio, next week.

The Hines-Fickes cases are in process of adjustment. Nellie wants to dispose of her northside resort and leave for more congenial fields.

The funeral of the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Singleton, who died yesterday afternoon, will take place from the Cathedral at 1 p. m. to-morrow.

Miss Katie Wernot, a most accomplished young lady of Toledo, Ohio, has been visiting Miss Katie Derheimer for the last three weeks, and will return to her home this evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur C. Pond, of Batavia, New York, who have been spending a few weeks with relatives and friends here, returned to their home to-day by the Lake Shore railroad.

Right Rev. Bishop Dwenger administers confirmation and preaches to-morrow at Covington, Indiana, in the forenoon, and at Coal Creek in the afternoon. He will return home on Monday.

A meeting of all traveling men residing in the city, will be held at the Aveline house, Saturday evening, October 16, for the purpose of organizing a local post of the Travelers' Protective association.

Max L. Frankenstein, who recently purchased Schott's drug store on Barr street, was married at the Pacific hotel in Chicago, on the 4th inst. to Mrs. Bessie A. Fairman. They are "at home" to their friends.

Hon. Tom Byrne, of Evansville, and the next treasurer of state, is in the city. Mr. Byrne is just as clever as he is handsome and has hosts of warm democratic friends in this city and county who like to do him honor.

The drill at the prospective gas well, in the eastern part of the city, struck slate substance at a depth of 700 feet this morning. The contractor expects to be down 1,300 feet, the limit of his task, by next Saturday.

The Bachtell Combination Lock company, of Fort Wayne, was incorporated yesterday, at Indianapolis, with a capital stock of $100,000. The directors are Wm. H. Bachtell, Alpheus H. Buchanan and Homer C. Hartman.

Last evening, about 7 o'clock, Edward R. Hill, a lumber dealer, boarding at No. 45 Butler street, was seiezd with a hemorrhage of the lungs. A physician was summoned, but before he arrived the man had bled to death. His illness was brief.

Major J. H. Rohan and Capt. F. R. Weldon have been promoted as officers in the first regiment; the former to the position of lieutenant colonel and the latter to the office of major. Lieut. Rohan made a brief address to the Gattling gun squad last night.

The Seventh Indiana cavalry met in annual reunion for the fourth time, in the hall of Henry Chipman Post, G. A. R., in Warsaw, last Thursday. There were present from Fort Wayne to enjoy the camp fire, Carl Eldridge, Geo. Frederick, W. L. Logan and W. L. Scott. The next reunion is to be held at Indianapolis during fair week.

A democratic speaker, in addressing the people at an out-township, meeting in the county a few evenings since referred to the republican temperance platform and Ben Harrison's explanation of it as follows: "It reminds me," said the speaker, "of a man on a mountain-top, enveloped in a dense fog, looking beyond him at nothing and trying to explain it."

The Zollinger gatling gun squad was mustered in at the auditor's office at the court-house last night by Lieutenant Colonel Rohan of the First regiment. The squad numbers eleven men, as follows: H. L. Worden, A. S. Barrett, Geo. Bourie, Frank Alter, Charles Cherry, Peter Kuttner, Darwin Root, Dave Eckert, Raymond McKee, H. C. Eastwood and J. I. Siebold. Harry Worden was unanimously elected captain and Albert S. Barrett was chosen gunner. Adjutant General Koontz has promised that a Gatling gun of the newest improved pattern shall be sent them next week when drilling will begin.

"A stitch in time saves nine." A bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup saves large doctor bills.

"Kings may be blest," but Sam was glorious. O'er a' the ill o' life victorious. He rode to town his silver spent, for Salvation Oil, the liniment.

Staub Bros., No. 16, East Columbia street, show the finest line of Cook and Heating Stoves in the city.

Reduction on Fruits.

Choice Michigan [illegible], 85c basket.
Choice Concord grapes 5c pound.
Jamaica Oranges [illegible] dozen.
New York [illegible]
Malaga [illegible]
California [illegible]

THE WAY TO CHURCH.

Remember the Sabbath Day and Keep it Holy.

Regular service to-morrow morning and evening in the First Presbyterian church. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m. All welcome.

There will be the usual service in the Third Presbyterian church to-morrow morning and evening at the usual hour. Sabbath school at 2 p. m. All cordially invited.

Services will be held in the Congregational church to-morrow at the usual hours, 10:20 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. The The Sunday school will meet just after the morning service, holding from 12 m. to 1 p. m.

Trinity church, Rev. W. N. Webbe, rector. Services at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Strangers cordially invited.

Quarterly meeting at the Wayne street M. E. church to-morrow. Preaching at 10:30 and 7:30, by the presiding elder, Rev. C. W. Lynch. Sabbath school at 2 o'clock. The half hour preceding the preaching in the evening will be devoted to a song and a prayer service in the lecture room. All are invited.

Don't stay at home these lovely autumn days. Lay aside your cares, cease talking politics twenty-four hours and worship at the Baptist church, where yourself and friends will be kindly made at home by Pastor Northrop and his congregation.

Come out to the services at Grace Reformed church, East Washington street, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. The pastor will preach in the morning on "The True God;" in the evening on "The Prestige of the Individual." Come, you are cordially welcome. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

Rev. J. T. Loyd will preach in the Second Presbyterian church to-morrow at 10:40 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m. All are welcome.

The usual song and praise service at the rooms of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. to-morrow at 3:30 p. m., standard time. Good singing. All are welcome.

Berry street M. E. church, corner of West Berry and Harrison streets, Rev. D. C. Woolpert, pastor. Public services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. to-morrow. Subject of the morning: "God or no God." Evening: "The new Song." Free seats, good choir and a happy people to welcome you all. Class service at 9 a. m.

Special Sunday school services at the Berry street Sunday school rooms at 2:15 p. m. to-morrow. Adults, young people and children cannot afford to miss this rich and racy service. Bring your friends and come early.

North side—Trinity M. E. church—Usual services morning and evening; Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. Song service, beginning at 7 o'clock and continuing a half hour, will precede the evening sermon. We assure you pleasant and profitable services throughout the day. Come.

Rev. L. B. Smith, of Huntington, will preach at the Christian chapel to-morrow.

The most stubborn cases of dyspepsia and sick headache yield to the regulating and toning influences of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it.

Bargains in all kinds of Stoves at Staub Bros'., No. 16, East Columbia street.

Go to the Yankee Grocery this evening for grapes.

See the Square Penninsular and Red Cross, hard coal base burner at Staub Bros'., East Columbia street.

Just received two car loads of grapes, at the YANKEE GROCERY.

The best stoves for the least money at Staub Bros'. Stove Store, No. 16, East Columbia street.

ALWAYS IN THE LEAD.

The Original "Pete" Has a Word to Say in Regard to Tailor Made Clothing and Overcoats.

We have the finest line of Tailor Made Clothing ever shown in any community," said "Pete" Morganthaler yesterday; "a line that will give as good satisfaction as clothing made by any merchant tailoring establishment in this city. These goods I purchased myself with a view to this trade and every garment is made to perfection, the quality of goods the best in the market and guaranteed to fit in every instance. Our line of overcoats, too, are equal in style and elegance to any of your home tailors. I invite a close inspection of these goods, knowing full well their merits and confident they will please the most fashionable dressing man."

Just received two car loads of grapes, at the YANKEE GROCERY.

Call at Staub Bros'. Stove Store and examine their line of Ranges, Cook and Heating Stoves.

CERTIA'S PLACE.

This Popular House of Call Still the Favorite Resort for Gentlemen.

One of the finest places of call in the city is that of Peter Certia, No. 70 Calhoun street, where no expense is spared to make it a favorite and popular house. The brands of liquors kept here are the best in the city, all straight goods,, Old Crow and McBreyer whiskies, which have a world-wide reputation, and also a fine stock of imported and domestic cigars. Call in and see Pete.

Staub Bros'., No. 16, East Columbia street, have the Argand, Penninsular and Red Cross Square Base Burner and Heating Stoves.

Chestnuts, first of the season, [illegible] per quart. FRUIT HOUSE.

DONATIONS OF GRATITUDE

For the Enormous Patronage Bestowed Upon Us—Our List Since September 1st.

George E. Wilson, Wayne township, took a fine Bryan plow.

Geo. Motz, 30 East Second street, won an elegant set of silver plated harness.

George James, Maysville, Ind.
Jos. Williams, English Kitchen, city.
W. W. Aumend, New Haven.
A. G. Scarlett, Washington township.
Mrs. F. Paraguay, Wayne township.
Mrs. Ellen Powers, 55 Charles street.
Lewis Zeiss, Harlan P. O., Ind.
John Hahn, Pittsburg railroad yards, each presented with a valuable silver watch.
H. Rumke, 152 East Lewis street.
Paul Cauman, 51 East Main street.
E. F. Plummer, 17 Holman street.
Wm. Manning, St. Joe township, each "toted" home a barrel of finest flour.

1000 valuable prizes and a $500 city lot to be presented our patrons.

SAM, PETE & MAX.

Todd county has voted against liquor. Kentucky is full of paradoxes.—*Courier-Journal.*

A Beautiful Present.

The Virgin Salt Co., of New Haven, Conn., to introduce Virgin Salt into every family are making this grand offer: A Crazy Patchwork Block, enameled in twelve beautiful colors, and containing the latest Fancy Stitches, on a large Lithographed Card having a beautiful gold mounted Ideal Portrait in the center, given away with every 10 cent package of Virgin Salt. Virgin Salt has no equal for household purposes. It is the cleanest, purest and whitest Salt ever seen or used. Remember that a large package costs only 10 cents, with the above present. Ask your grocer for it.

22-d&w-1m

Go to the Yankee Grocery this evening for grapes.

$3 Excursion to Chicago and return, via Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad, on Tuesday, Oct. 12. Tickets good going on trains leaving Fort Wayne at 1:25 a. m., 12:25 noon and 5:05 p. m., and good for return seven days. 8-tf

A. Foster,

The popular merchant tailor, No. 25 West Wayne street, has just received his fall and winter stock, of an endless variety of patterns, and is prepared to turn out the nobbiest and dressiest suits ever seen in this city. Mr. Foster takes no second place as a cutter and his garments are guaranteed to fit and give satisfaction. He invites the public to visit his place and inspect his goods.

Globe Warehouse

We have now open for inspection our line of

LADIES', MISSES'

—AND—

CHILDRENS'

GARMENTS

Our line is by far the largest and best selected one in the city and comprises every desirable style of garment made.

NEWMARKETS,
RUSSIAN CIRCULARS.
PLUSH COATS;

wraps in all styles, jackets and and a very large assortment of Misses' and Children's coats. We would solicit an inspection of the stock, as the

PRICES

Will be found

EXTREEMLY LOW!

And we will guarantee satisfaction with every sale.

Globe Warehouse

58 Calhoun Street,

RABUS!

THE

Artistic Tailor!

Having the largest stock in the city, is now prepared to furnish to his patrons all the latest novelties of Foreign

SUITINGS AND OVERCOATS!

AT PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Call and examine my IMMENSE STOCK, at

No. 16 West Berry St.

WANTED.

N. G. Olds & Sons, at Their Factory, Corner of Lafayette and Toledo Sreets.

Second growth hickory butts, second growth oak butts, second growth elm butts, hickory logs and split spokes, both hickory and oak—for all of which we will pay the highest market price. Cards giving full information will be given on application at our factory.

Oct. 1 d&w1 mo.

Fresh Baltimore Oysters.

O. K. good stewing oysters per can 25c
S and W best stewing per can 30c.
J. E. S. large frying per can, 40c.

FRUIT HOUSE.

J. SPICE & SON,

—DEALERS IN—

WOOD, CHAIN AND IRON PUMPS

Drive wells put in and repaired.

LIGHTNING RODS A SPECIALTY

Call and see u at

No. 48 West Main Street

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

May 24-4mos

Who sells the best shoes in town?
Whose goods are up and prices down?
Attracting trade from miles around?

THE HOOSIER

Whose styles do young men call immense?
Nor yet complain of the expense.
From tooth-pick toe to common sense?

THE HOOSIER

Who fits the fair young ladies' feet
With shoes that are "just awful sweet,"
In style and comfort quite complele?

THE HOOSIER

Who does all other houses beat
With prices that they cannot meet?
Who keeps them on the anxious seat?

THE HOOSIER!

CALHOUN STREET,
OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE.

Grand opening of full and winter millinery at Mrs. Baltes', 30 West Main street on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 13, 14 and 15. 5-6t

1886. ESTABLISHED 1859.

CLOTHING!

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

J. G. THIEME & BRO.

Manufacture all their Clothing and guarantee them to be the

BEST MADE AND BEST FITTING

Clothing

sold in Fort Wayne. Equal to any Custom Ma[illegible]

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 9, 1886. PRICE, FIVE CENTS

STEALEY'S EXPOSE.

Harrison and Dudley to Buy and Sneak A Republican Majority Into the Indiana Legislature.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Oct. 9.—A *Courier-Journal* reporter met O. O. Stealey, its Washington correspondent, in Jeffersonville yesterday, when the following colloquy on Indiana politics occurred:

"What is your idea, Mr. Stealey, as to the democratic prospects in Indiana? Will we carry the state?"

"I need but tell you in answer to that question, that the republicans themselves admit the state will go democratic. Many of them, prominent ones, too, will tell you they care nothing for the state."

"What, then, are they after?"

"They are after the legislature."

"Have they laid any special plans to compass that end?"

"I should say so. They are deep and cunning schemers. What Bill Dudley and Ben Harrison can not set up in the way of tricks is hardly worth attention. You recollect that Dudley and Harrison both paid separate visits to this section about the latter part of August. No, they did not come together, but nevertheless they are acting in concert. The legislature, in making the apportionment for legislative purposes, made five close democratic joint representative and senatorial districts. These are the points upon which they operate."

"How do they do it?"

"Well, take Clark and Jefferson, for instance. These two counties have a joint senator. The majority in the district for the Cleveland and Hendricks electors was 347. Remember Harrison was here in the latter part of August. The Clark county republican convention was held on the 4th of September. What occurred there? They made no nomination for clerk. Why was this? Because Richard C. McGill, the present clerk of Clark county was a candidate for the democratic nomination, and was defeated. There is no denying that McGill made a good clerk, and that he was popular. And there is just the point. Harrison and Dudley selected Mr. McGill as there instrument for a trade. The republican managers agree with Mr. McGill that he shall receive the entire republican vote of Clark county for clerk and McGill in return is expected to do all in his power for the republican candidate for state senator, Dr. Taggart. You all see there is a neat little scheme, but I doubt if democrats will allow themselves to be delivered over body and breeches in this manner. Why? Because a vote for Dr. Taggart is a vote for Ben Harrison for senator. And if there is one thing a Clark county democrat wants to see it is a good democrat in Harrison's place."

"Are you sure the democrats of this senatorial district will not be caught in this trap?"

"Well, there is one danger. We have fourteen hold over senators, and the oily-gammon republican will tell democrats that it don't make any difference if Clark and Jefferson does lose a senator, the Indiana legislature will be democratic anyhow."

"Is the senator all the republicans are aiming at?"

"Well, no. If they can carry the legislature, they will legislate the democrats out of both the prisons and all the state benevolent institutions. Now, let any democrat think of what a power this will be in 1888, in a state, too, that is as close as Indiana."

"Are Harrison and Dudley at work in other districts?"

"Depend upon it they are. They have divided the state, and are working all the close legislative districts just in the same way they are working this. This is a serious matter. There are a large number of them where the democratic majority is between two or three hundred. Some are as low as a hundred. The Scott and Jenning districts has only thirty-five democratic majority. These big land corporations and the blasted monopolies of the east will readily contribute $50,000 for the purpose of carrying the Indiana legislature. It will not take that much; $35,000 will do it if the democrats are not vigilant."

"Will there be a republican candidate for congress against Howard in this district?"

"I think not. The candidacy of Judge Bicknell for circuit judge and Harry Buerk for prosecutor is all in harmony with Harrison and Dudley's plan of confusion and victory."

"But will not the national republican congressional committee insist on a candidate?"

"No. They know that the democrats are bound to have the next house by fifteen to twenty majority. Their best card is to leave everything open for swapping, confusion and spite work. You can imagine the danger to our county and legislative ticket on the day [illegible] with these bolters all through [illegible] swapping to get their favor- [illegible] It is certainly time for the [illegible] stand shoulder to shoulder [illegible] ght democratic ticket."

[illegible] the other congressional [illegible] num in the Seventh, and Lowry in the Twelfth district, will be elected. That is my information. These are the only democratic districts where there has been any trouble?"

"Do you think there is any danger of losing Howard in this district?"

"Of course there is danger. There is always danger where there is disaffection, confusion and demoralization. In 1874 politics were about as hot in this district and Michael C. Kerr, the regular democratic candidate, was only elected by about 1,200. Then it must be remember that Mr. Kerr was a man of national repute, and it was known in the district that if he was re-elected he would be made speaker of the house, as he was."

COMING UP.

The R. D. Wood Water Works Case to be Called Soon at Washington.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—The following is a list of cases from Indiana, which will probably come before the supreme court during its October term, beginning Monday, the 11th inst. The numbers indicate the position they occupy on the docket:

51. Richard Wood et al., as R. D. Wood & Co., plaintiffs in error, vs. the City of Fort Wayne.

217. Mary Wall et al., appellants, vs. George P. Bissel et al.

WHAT IS A PLEDGE?

The Gentleman Who Gave Away Their Democracy for a Nomination.

The *Gazette* is cornered and retaliates that the republican legislative candidates did not pledge themselves. Herman Schuman was compelled to stand before a convention of republicans and pledge himself to support their ticket and party and Mr. Cohen did likewise and in the presence of that body, forfeited his democracy and independence. Mr. Willis Maier was summoned from his office to pledge away his democracy, and old Peter Notestine was dragged in off of the street to pledge away his manhood, but Mr. Notestine said plainly: "The Knights of Labor informed me I would not have to make a pledge," and Peter was beaten. Mr. H. C. Hanna declared it to be a republican convention and Mr. John Leach wanted the candidates to give something for what they were getting. It was a bargain and sale and no democrat can be humbugged into the republican trap, which has for its aim the return of Monopolist Ben Harrison to the United States senate.

The republican party has never enacted or introduced a law to promote the cause of labor nor has Senator Harrison ever raised his voice for working men, who are invited to look at this picture and ponder.

CHICAGO STRIKE.

Pinkerton Men Holding the Pork Packers in a Quiet and Angry Mood.

CHICAGO, Oct. 9.—Advices from the stock yards report the situation as unchanged this morning. No disturbance. Armour & Co., say their beefkillers have not joined the strikers.

Over one hundred and fifty Pinkerton men were lodged and breakfasted at the Transit house last night, and at 7 o'clock this morning shouldered their Winchester rifles and were marched off through the yards. At each packing house a squad of men left the line and in charge of a sergeant were stationed where they could command a view of the entire premises. They were watched with interest and hatred by men in working clothes, and by hundreds of men without dinner pails who had assembled at the yards.

DISPATCH FROM POWDERLY.

RICHMOND, Oct. 9.—Powderly was authorized to send the following telegram:

Michael Cudahy, President of the Packers' Association, Chicago, Ill.:

Will you postpone the contemplated action on the impending troubles between the packers and stock yards employes until the general assembly can appoint a committee to call on you with a view to settle the difficulty? Answer.

[Signed] T. V. POWDERLY.

The executive board is to accompany Master Workman M. J. Butler, of district fifty-seven, to Chicago for the purpose of endeavoring to settle the trouble between the packers and employers.

ANARCHIST PARSONS

Says a New York Capitalist Threw the Fatal Bomb at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Oct. 9.—Parsons resumed his speech as soon as the court was opened. He created something of a sensation by declaring they had positive proof that the bomb, which created such destruction at Haymarket, was thrown by a agent of New York capitalists and monopolists, who sent the man o[illegible] means of breaking t[illegible] ment.

HON. J. L. WILLIAMS.

Death of One of the Most Distinguished Citizens of Indiana---His Life and His Public Services Detailed.

Hon. J. L. Williams died at noon after a protracted illness, arising from exhaustion and a wearing out of the vital mechanism of a strong mind and body. His devoted wife and children were at the bedside of the distinguished citizen when the spark of life fled and he bade adieu to the world, in which he was an important actor. Although seventy-nine years of age Mr. Williams was in the full enjoyment of his mental faculties up to almost the moment of his death. He was possessed of a marvelous mind and it was stored with universal knowledge. He enjoyed an acquaintance with most men prominent in the affairs of the nation, and closely followed public events. The vast territory west from Ohio was correctly pictured in his mind's eye, and on all corporation and land projects he was consulted. In politics he affiliated with the republican party, and when Hon. James G. Blaine came here on his canvass he was entertained at the mansion home of Mr. Williams, on West Wayne street. He was one of the founders of the First Presbyterian church and an ardent believer in the faith. Mr. Williams' heart was as large as his purse, and no one gave more freely and liberally to charities and the poor. Thus died the man, for whom prayers will go up from the lips of thousands who know of his unostentatious bequests.

Mr. Williams' wealth is correctly estimated by gentlemen in position to know at $600,000. Our informants have seen Mr. Williams estimate his assets and liabilities annually and say the above estimate is a fair one, although popular opinion has accredited him a millionaire. He owns some $90,000 stock in the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne road, holds a batch of government bonds, is a director and stockholder in the Hamilton National bank and has some interest in the First National. He has an interest in the Olds wagon works and contributed to the Gause works and Masonic Temple. His principal business property is the Siemon block and Friend's store on Columbia street, and the Rich place on Berry street. He owns vast tracts of land in Dakota, Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska. Most of this territory is unimproved, but some of it is very valuable. He retains no interest in the Northern or Union Pacific railroads, although at one time identified with them. This summary is pretty accurate of his wealth and valuable holdings.

Mr. Williams leaves his wife and three sons—E. P., Henry M. and Rev. Mead C. Williams—to survive him and mourn the loss of a husband and father honored and renowned among men. He goes to his grave with the sorrow of all who knew nature's nobleman, Hon. Jesse L. Williams. No funeral arrangements have as yet been made, and THE SENTINEL closes this sad record by appending a tribute to the deceased from the pen of Col. R. S. Robertson, as it appears in the History of Allen County:

LIFE OF HON. J. L. WILLIAMS.

Jesse L. Williams, who, for a period of over forty years, has been closely identified with the rise and progress of public works in the state of Indiana, Ohio, and the great west, was born in Stokes county, North Carolina, May 5, 1807. His parents, Jesse and Sarah T. Williams, were members of the Society of Friends. In May, 1814, his parents removed to Cincinnati, Ohio, and subsequently to the adjoining county of Warren, and in 1819, to Wayne county, Indiana. In his early youth he was a pupil of the Lancasterian Seminary at Cincinnati, and afterward, at various places of residence, in villages or on the farm, he had only the educational advantages offered in such locations, for those portions of the time his other avocations would allow.

After he had, at the age of eighteen, selected a profession (that of civil engineer), his leisure hours were well occupied with the study more especially of those branches of general science having direct relation to this profession, thus making up for the lack of early educational opportunities. Though regretting the lack of opportunity and leisure for higher educational attainments, yet it would seem, from the results of a long, arduous, varied and remarkably successful professional career, that the want of early advantages, in his case, were mainly overcome.

The year 1825 witnessed the completion of water communication between Lake Erie and tide-water, by the Erie canal—an achievement in practical science and statesmanship which, for the time, was bold and far-reaching in its results. Other states caught the spirit of public improvement, and Ohio undertook the mission of extending water communication from Lake Erie to the Ohio river, by her two canals. It was under the inspiration of these movements, great for their day, that the subject of this sketch—then a youth of seventeen, living and working on a farm in Indiana—accepted a subordinate position in the corps of engineers, which, early in 1826, had been detailed in charge of Samuel Forrer, civil engineer, to make the preliminary survey of the Miami and Erie canal, from Cincinnati to Maumee Bay.

Mr. Williams continued to serve in this corps until the final location and construction of the canal in the Miami Valley. He was present at the formal breaking of ground in Ohio by De Witt [illegible] of that great man, and receive from him kind and encouraging words, which tended to confirm them in the pursuit of their profession, then in the dawn of its great usefulness.

In the spring of 1828, at the age of twenty one years, he was appointed by David S. Bates, then chief engineer of Ohio, to make the final location of the Ohio canal, from Licking Summit to Chillicothe, and to construct afterward an important division of that canal in the Scioto Valley.

In 1832, Mr. Williams was, in his twenty-fifth year, appointed by the board of commissioners of the Wabash and Erie canal as chief engineer, to take charge of the location and construction of that work, then about to be commenced at Fort Wayne by the state of Indiana.

Two years later, when surveys of other canals in Indiana were ordered by the legislature, these canals were also placed under his charge, in addition to the Wabash and Erie.

Under the act for a general system of internal improvements, approved January 27, 1836, he was appointed chief engineer of all the canal routes, portions of each of which were in process of location and construction.

In September, 1837, the chief engineer of railroads and turnpikes having resigned, those works were also, by the state board of internal improvements, placed under his charge, as state engineer, enlarging his supervision to 1,800 miles of public works. Afterward, he was elected by the legislature to the same position, and continued therein until 1841, when the prosecution of the public works, with the exception of the Wabash and Erie canal, was suspended for want of funds.

Perplexing duties and great responsibilities and labors devolved upon the State Engineer at this period. The general surveys and locations, the plans of important structures and the letting of all contracts, came under his general supervision.

In the summer of 1838, thirteen public lettings of contracts, covering every section, was ordered by the board. To attend all these personally, and give attention to details of their location and construction, must have taxed the mental and physical energies of one man in no ordinary degree. It was computed at the time that his journeyings during those four months, mostly on horseback, amounted to some three thousand miles.

In March, 1840, and until 1842, in addition to his duties as State Engineer, he became by appointment of the legislature ex officio a member of the Board of Internal Improvements and acting commissioner of the Indiana division of the Wabash and Erie canal, including the management of the canal lands.

In 1847, the Wabash & Erie canal, under the State Debt act, passed into the control of a board of three trustees, two of whom were appointed by the holders of Indiana bonds, and one by the legislature of Indiana. The act, by its terms required the appointment of a "chief engineer of known and established character for experience and integrity." To this station Mr. Williams was appointed in June, 1847, by the canal trustees, in which position he was continued under all changes in the appointing board, until the canal was sold by decree of the United States circuit court in 1876, though during the later years, his canal duties were chiefly advisory. During his long official services in charge of the public works of the state, he was not exempt from unfriendly criticism at certain periods of political excitement. But the legislative committees appointed from both houses in 1842, with a large majority of opposite politics, after general and searching investigation into the management of the state improvements, reaching public officers of every grade and class, in closing their report respecting Mr. Williams and completely exonerating him, applied the maxim so creditable to one holding, as he did, in the settlement of contracts vast in amount, the key to the public treasury, that "every man has his enemies who deserves them."

In February, 1854, he was appointed chief engineer of the Fort Wayne & Chicago railroad, which position he held until its consolidation with the Ohio & Pennsylvania, and Ohio & Indiana railroads, in 1856, under the name of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railroad. He has been a director of this last-named company ever since, a period of twenty-three years.

In July, 1861, Mr. Williams was appointed by President Lincoln a government director of the Union Pacific railroad, and remained in that position until the Union Pacific, and Central Pacific from San Francisco met west of Salt Lake, in 1869, when the two oceans were connected by rail. He received commissions from three successive presidents—Lincoln, Johnson and Grant.

Having long experience as a civil engineer, he was placed on the committee of location and construction, and in his official capacity, frequently accompanied the chief and consulting engineers of the company, making many tours for personal inspection of the various lines, through the canyons and the slopes of the several Rocky Mountain ranges, thus aiding to secure the best location, and as his reports to the government show, always insisting on the lowest practical maximum grade for the commerce of the world in its transit over this mountain region.

Of these official examinations, both of location and construction, he made frequent reports to the secretary of the interior, which were communicated to congress and printed as public documents. In his report of November 23, 1866, he described ten distinct routes, surveyed or examined, across the Black Hill range and the Snowy range, stating briefly the prominent features of each route. Subsequently, he submitted like reports as to the other mountain ranges crossed by the railroad further west. In all these investigations, the question of paramount interest to the country and its future large commerce, was the maximum grade to be established, as that decision would be final. Congress, for want of accurate preliminary surveys, has fallen into the grave error of permitting by law a maximum grade of 116 feet per mile. The railroad company would, of course, for the saving of expense in grading, adopt the highest limit. But Mr. Williams, at a cost that was reasonable, by considerable the important reduction of expense in transportation, resisted the establishment of any grade above ninety feet per mile on any part of the road east of the Sierra Nevada. For a high grade, at a single point, would limit the load of the train throughout.

The fair and reasonable cost of the road, as actually constructed, in contrast with the extravagant subsidy fixed by congress in the Pacific railroad act of 1862, also became a question of great public interest at an early period. In this matter, as in the question of grade, congress, for want of definite locations, had made a conspicuous mistake. As soon as the definite locations had advanced far enough to furnish the data, Mr. Williams submitted to the secretary of the interior his report and estimate of November 14, 1868, showing the cash outlay to be made by the company in constructing and equipping their entire railroad of 1,110 miles. This estimate, prepared with labor and care, and based upon data in the main reliable, amounted to $38,826,821; while the cash means provided by the Pacific railroad act of 1862, as a subsidy, in government bonds, together with the company's first mortgage bonds, equal in amount to the government subsidy, was in the same report, shown to amount to the total sum of $56,647,690—far exceeding the entire outlay required of the railroad company; and thus without including the value of the land grant, whatever that might prove to be. This report of Mr. Williams', exhibiting to the country an actual cost so small in comparison with the subsidy, created so strong an interest in the subject so general, that, on the first day of a subsequent session of congress, one of the leading members of the house proposed a congressional investigation of the subject. The committee was appointed, and thus was brought about one of the most engrossing investigations known to congressional history, which occupied much of the time of that session, and opened the way to the famous "Credit Mobilier" investigation.

On the 19th of January, 1861, Mr. Williams was appointed receiver of the Grand Rapids and Indiana railroad by the United States circuit court for the Western district of Michigan, still holding his position as director of the Union Pacific. Finding, however, that the exigencies of the former road demanded his whole time and attention, in October, 1863, he resigned as director of the Union Pacific, and devoted his whole time and energies to the completion of the Grand Rapids, opening for transportation nearly two hundred miles of that important road under the order of the United States court.

Mr. Williams has thus been identified, throughout a busy life, with many public enterprises, which have effected important changes in the business and condition of the country. It has been said of him, that, "In the region west of the Alleghanies, he has witnessed the origin, growth, maturity and decline of the canal system."

His official reports on the various public improvements under his charge, if collected, would make several volumes, while his publications on miscellaneous subjects, in pamphlets and periodicals, would fill as much space.

Mr. Williams was married, November 15, 1831, to Susan Creighton, a daughter of Hon. William Creighton, of Chillicothe, Ohio, who was a member of Congress from the Chillicothe district, first, during the war of 1812 with England, and again from 1828 to 1829.

He possess the respect and esteem of a very large circle of friends and acquaintances, and he was widely known by his good works in public, social and religious affairs.

A BIG THEFT.

A Chicago Pork Packer Flys to Canada to Escape Arrest.

CHICAGO, Oct. 9.—An afternoon paper says that N. M. Neehl, a partner in the well known packing house of J. C. Ferguson & Co., is in Canada. He has issued bogus warehouse receipts for people, aggregating $400,000. He has practically burst his firm. The loss will fall altogether on the banks, $100,000 being on a single New York bank. Neehl was the managing partner in the firm of J. C. Ferguson & Co., a very rich firm. He came originally from Indianapolis. He has been a big speculator and has been wrong for a long time. His biggest loss has been on Wall street.

A Minister Suicides.

SALISBURY, Md., Oct. 9.—Rev. J. W. Pennell, a prominent and retired Methodist minister, wilfully shoved his head under the wheels of a moving freight train yesterday and was beheaded.

More Earthquakes.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Oct. 9.—There were three light shocks last night, but no damage.

Fire Record.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 9.—Punxsutawney, a mining town in the northern part of this state, was visited by a disastrous conflagration this morning. Thirty-five buildings are in ashes. Loss, $100,000; insurance, $100,000. Origin unknown.

Hemp Promised.

CHATTANOOGA, Oct. 9.—Will Bonham, the young negro train wrecker, was captured and lodged in jail at Livingston, Ala., yesterday. There is a strong probability that he will be lynched.

Is She Lost?

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—The steamer Anchonia has not yet been heard from.

C. A. Bookwalter, of the *Gazette*, was nominated by the joint republican convention of Allen and Huntington counties for joint representative against Hon. B. F. Bash, this afternoon.

LOWRY ON LABOR.

The Distinguished Congressman From the Twelfth District Makes a Plea for Arbitration.

Every labor measure introduced and passed through the last congress was of democratic origin and to that party belongs the honor of having first espoused the cause of labor. There was no more earnest or able advocate of the interests of workingmen in congress than Judge Robert Lowry, of this district. His votes, his acts and his words attest it and to prove these assertions THE SENTINEL reprints his masterly argument in support of arbitration before the house of congress:

WASHINGTON, April 3.—In supporting Congressman O'Neil's labor bill Judge Lowry made a forcible speech. Mr. Lowry said:

MR. SPEAKER—I do not believe with the distinguished gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Kelly) that this bill is either a fraud or a cheat. Were it in my judgment either of these, I could not follow his example in avowing a purpose to vote for it. I do not believe with my distinguished friends from Georgia (Mr. Hammond), from Virginia (Mr. Daniels) and from Texas (Mr. Reagan), that it infringes upon any provisions of the constitution. As I understand this bill, I conceive that the committee on labor has proceeded with the utmost caution and circumspection in framing it, and have sought to bring forward a measure that is entirely consistent with every constitutional provision, and one which may be calculated to meet as fully as was found to be feasible the existing emergency, and may prove to be a salutory aid in the settlement of difficulties between capital and labor.

It has been insisted that this act is unconstitutional. It is alleged that it undertakes to confer judicial authority upon a judicial tribunal organized by virtue of its provisions. Now, sir, I undertake to say that this bill does not provide for any judicial tribunal; that it does not undertake to confer jurisdiction of a judicial character upon any tribunal. It simply provides for an arbitrament which may be voluntarily entered into by the parties to existing difficulties, and affords an opportunity for them to have the questions at issue between them arbitrated and an award made. It provides also that the awards made by such arbitrators shall be of such a character that the parties, if they so desire, will be able afterwards to enforce their rights in a court of justice. Suppose the parties meet and agree to arbitrate their difficulties, whether they be railway companies or other corporations, or individuals, citizens of one state or citizens of different states, when the arbitration is held and the award is made, the parties, I apprehend, are bound by the conclusion reached by the arbitrators, and their rights under the arbitration may be then enforced by proceedings in the courts.

Now, what is the emergency that confronts us? By reason of our existing social conditions and political economies in this country, as elsewhere, capital has the advantage of labor. The common law and the statutes of every state in the union authorize the organization of capital in the form of corporations. These employ vast multitudes of men. Questions arise between these powerful corporations and the operatives and laboring men of the country. While capital has every facility for enforcing its exactions, there are no adequate means by which labor can enforce its rights. The laboring men appeal for arbitration. We saw just the other day the magnates of a railroad corporation higgling with the representatives of the great labor organizations throughout the country who submitted in reference to existing difficulties the simple proposition, "Let us arbitrate; call ye in council one of your friends and we will bring hither another; let them call in a third, and we will submit these questions." The agitation of this proposition has extended to this house. What will be the probable effect even of this? Since the meeting of the present congress, when it was proposed to regulate the relations between operatives of your lines of street cars and the corporations which employ them, which had been exacting from the bone and brain and muscle of these men from fifteen to seventeen hours a day of hard labor for the comparative pittance of from $1.50 to $2, these corporations speedily came to terms and agreed to reduce the daily hours of labor to twelve, without any reduction in the rates of compensation.

At the present time there are similar indications in reference to existing difficulties elsewhere. There is at length a disposition manifested by these contending corporations to yield to the just demands of labor. How much may the pending consideration of the question here have had to do with this? What will be the probable effect in [illegible] dings. may be required, for the purpose of conducting an investigation, and formulating a sound and just conclusion to be submitted to the judgment of the public in reference to controversies which may from time to time arise. Give the people a measure of this kind, and will it not have some effect? In my judgment, Mr. Speaker, as surely as truth is omnipotent and public justice certain, so surely will these corporate bodies be compelled to yield to the demands of justice and right, if you provide for putting on record a sound, considerate opinion or conclusion of impartial men in regard to any difficulties which may occasionally arise.

This bill is a step in the right direction. It is a response to a cry of distress. It is "Ship Ahoy" to the struggling sailor, and as the creator himself vouchsafed to covenant with his chosen people in the time of tribulation, and set his bow in the cloud as a token of the covenant, so by the passage of this bill, this congress will put its sign in the heavens as a token of a covenant that there shall be redress afforded to the laboring men of this country; that labor shall not always be oppressed; shall not always be subject to the unwarranted exactions of capital and monopoly.

BASE BALL.

How the Record Stands To-Day—The Pennant Chances.

To-day ends the schedule games in the National league and in to-day's games centers the interest and result of the championship. Yesterday was a field day for Detroit sympathizers, and those who were wise enough to wager their gold on that club are to-day congratulating themselves on their good luck, while Chicago backers go hungry. The scores were, Boston 7, Chicago 0; Detroit 11, Philadelphia 0. At this stage of the game Chicago has a decided advantage in the race, and if they win to-day's game the victory is theirs, but if they should lose, and Detroit win both games from Philadelphia this afternoon, the Detroits will win the pennant, they having a better percentage over the Chicago in the number of games played, although they played one game less than Chicago. Sums of money ranging from twenty-five cents to $10 change hands daily in this city on the results of these games, and the odds offered to-day on the Chicagos will lend a fresh impetus to losers to get even.

The following table shows the standing of each club in games won and lost and their percentage:

	Won.	Lost.	Per Cent.
Chicago	80	34	.702
Detroit	87	39	.710
New York	74	44	.627
Philadelphia	69	49	.618
Boston	59	59	.500
St. Louis	45	77	.368
Kansas City	39	80	.345
Washington	25	91	.215

The dates for the world's championship games between the St. Louis Browns and Chicago League club, as agreed upon by Presidents Spaulding and Von Ahe, are as follows: In Chicago, October 19, 19 and 20; in St. Louis October 21, 22 and 23. The place of playing the seventh game, if one is necessary to decide, will be settled by a toss-up. The question of umpires remains to be settled.

LATER—4 P. M.—The Detroits were defeated in their first game with Philadelphia this afternoon. Score, Philadelphia 5, Detroit 1. The pennant goes to Chicago even if that club should lose its game with Boston, and Detroit should win its second game with Philadelphia.

Mr. Frank Alter has taken a position in the Peters Box and Lumber company's furniture store as book-keeper and salesman.

H. A. McKinley, late proprietor of the Pierce house at Warsaw, Ind., has been under trial for harboring stolen goods, and was last night found guilty and sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. McKinley, who was out on bail, skipped from Warsaw and a large reward is offered for his capture. The goods in question were stolen from a general store at Syracuse, Ind.

Miss Hattie Fry has returned from Decatur, Ala., where she visited her sister, Mrs. John Aurentz.

Mr. Simon Aurentz is at home from Decatur, Ala., where his sons are in the saw mill and lumber business.

Ex-Councilman John Wessel is entertaining his brother, Mr. Otto Wessel, a prominent New York business man and member of the big piano forte firm of Wessel, Nickel & Gross, who operate two big stores.

Capt. Frank Edmonds, of Lafayette, is the guest of Mr. Geo. W. Jones.

Superintendent Boesker opened the bids for the foundation to the proposed extension to the new government building at 1 o'clock this afternoon.

Diphtheria is alarmingly prevalent at Logansport. Dr. Cady charges that it is directly due to the negligence of the authorities in permitting accumulations of filth and well-poisoning.

P. M. Blake, a Kokomo jeweler, has [illegible] Chicago & Mil[illegible] crystalize a just [illegible] simply [illegible]

SABBATH READING.

Mighty Truths for Thoughtful People to Ponder,

IN BOTH PROSE AND VERSE.

After the Storm—Love as a Definite Blessing—Do Good—Things to Think Of.

After the Storm.

After the storm, a calm;
After the bruise, a balm;
For the ill brings good, in the Lord's own time,
And the sigh becomes the psalm.

After the drought, the dew;
After the cloud, the blue;
For the sky will smile in the sun's good time,
And the earth grow glad and new.

Bloom is the heir of blight,
Dawn is the child of night,
And the rolling change of the busy world
Bids the wrong yield back the right.

Under the fount of ill
Many a cup doth fill,
And the patient lip, though it drinketh oft,
Finds only the bitter still.

Truth seemeth oft to sleep,
Blessings so slow to reap,
Till the hours of waiting are weary to bear,
And the courage is hard to keep.

Nevertheless, I know,
Out of the dark must grow,
Sooner or later, whatever is fair,
Since the heavens have willed it so.

Do Good.

How few, comparatively, feel that they are to live in this world to do good? They live as if there was nothing to be done but to secure honor, fame, and the shining dust. They move, breathe, live, and soon pass away and are forgotten. They did nothing worth remembering. Nothing they have done has comforted, elevated, blessed humanity; not a word or deed will be cherished in grateful remembrance by those they have left in life's journey. They lived, died, and passed out of mind like the insects of a day. They lived for no high, noble, valuable purpose; they sought not to write their names on imperishable monuments. Alas! how strange, bewildered, mistaken is man—immortal man! Do something that will make others happier, better, more useful. Kind words, generous acts, noble deeds, may be yours. Lend the helping hand, dry up the tear of sorrow, lighten the burdens of the oppressed, cheer the fainting heart, and bid the careworn, disheartened pilgrim take courage and rise to a new and better life, write your name high on monuments of virtue, that none of the storms of time can ever destroy.—*Zion's Herald.*

Love as a Definite Blessing.

It took 4,000 years to unroll the scroll of the sacred Scriptures, "to import God into knowledge," in the phrase of Dr. Bushnell. The patriarchal and the Jewish dispensations were occupied by the disclosure and ineradicable inculcation of the Divine unity upon one nation amid surrounding polytheism. To have taught the trinal personality of God, before the final establishment of His oneness of substance, might have overtasked mankind in the period of their early theological pupilage. The first words taught to every child in the Jewish nursery for more than 3,000 years are these: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord." Faith in this truth, such as inspired obedience, was saving under the dispensations before Christianity. It is saving now to all who have no higher revelation. What need, then, have we of any clearer and more definite manifestation of the nature of God? Why should He reveal the unthinkable fact of His three-fold personality, and require our faith to mount to heights so far above reason? This is a question which the angels might well approach with bashful tread. It is certain that He has not taken me into His counsels. Here I walk by faith. Faith says that the higher revelation of God, and the new requirement of faith in the Trinity, proceed from the gracious purpose to bestow richer blessings upon the believer in a dispensation "rather glorious."—*Dr. Steele.*

Things to Think Of.

A GOOD conscience is to the soul what health is to the body.—*Addison.*

He who has formed and brought us hither,
Holds in his hands the whence and whither.
—*Francis T. Palgrave.*

THE commonplaces of our faith are the food upon which our faith will most richly feed.—*Dr. A. Maclaren.*

THE Christian is like the ripening corn; the riper he grows, the more lowly he bends his head.—*Guthrie.*

THE best way to keep good acts in memory is to refresh them with new ones.—*Cato.*

How Thou canst think so well of us,
And be the God Thou art,
Is darkness to my intellect,
But sunshine to my heart.
—*Faber.*

ONE promise without reserve, and only one, because it includes all and remains,—the promise of the Holy Spirit to them who ask it.—*Macdonald.*

WHOSOEVER would be sustained by the hand of God, let him constantly lean upon it; whosoever would be defended by it, let him patiently repose himself under it.—*Calvin.*

BEAUTIFUL souls often get put into plain bodies; but they cannot be hidden, and have a power all their own, the greater for the unconsciousness of the humility which gives it grace.—*Louisa M. Alcott.*

WE cannot skip the seasons of our education. We cannot hasten the ripeness and the sweetness by a single day, nor dispense with one night's nipping frost, nor one week's blighting east wind.—*F. W. Robertson.*

IN the deepest night [illegible] gives [illegible] as if the day were not long enough to tell its joy.—*Coleridge.*

THERE is nothing in the world so real and substantial as the love of God. One act of divine love is a more finished thing than a statue of Phidias or Praxteles. It is more firm than the foundation of the Alps. It is more enduring than the round world which God has made so strong. All things are bubbles to it.—*F. W. Faber.*

GRECIAN mythology said that the fountain of Hippocrene was struck out by the foot of the winged horse Pegasus. I have often noticed in life that the brightest and most beautiful fountains of Christian comfort and spiritual life have been struck out by the iron-shod hoof of disaster and calamity.—*Dr. T. De Witt Talmage.*

CHARACTER.

Moral faculties properly cultivated yield the highest possible degree of happiness to man, and give life, order, and relish to all our other capacities. It is a good thing to have health and home, knowledge and schools, employment and money, but the best possession is an honest, kind, true, pure, patient, and public-spirited character. Genius, wealth, religion, creeds, pleasures, business and all the bounties of the earth, unlike character, or high-commanding moral qualities, are *means* and not ends in themselves. Personal righteousness, being and doing right, being and doing good, living from high and unselfish motives is the salvation of the world, the grand ultimate attainment of human nature, and crowning exaltation of the race. We are not good in order to be rewarded, to escape punishment or to secure heaven. There is nothing higher or more to be desired than goodness itself. Disinterestedness is the highest heaven. We would not undervalue any part of our complex nature. All parts are necessary to each other and to human destiny—but moral and spiritual life is essential to the free, healthy activity of every part. Without reverence, conscientiousness and disinterested love our lives would be empty, corrupt and disappointing. If justice, truth, love, purity, patience, and self-direction were inactive to our homes places of business, and communities, life would bring only failure, wretchedness, unhappiness, and ruin; whereas now, as ever, there is more happiness than unhappiness in the world, owing to the fact that man's moral qualities are in more or less active use. Admitting all the evil that has been done by wicked, selfish, superstitious, or infatuated men, by misguided religion, and supernaturalism, by the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches in prosecuting and torturing heretics, there has always been a preponderance of natural morality to make life desirable and to save society from shipwreck. What we need now is to become more moral, more just, true, and beneficent. We are living at a time when all churches, ministers, and philosophers are beginning to value righteousness or character as the most important ingredient in religion. A religion that consists of rites, ceremonies, views of God, and immortality as well as of a high standard of moral character; that helps a man to grow better and happier in ways, words and works—that religion is a good thing—but a religion consisting merely of thoughts, feelings, and imaginations, with nothing to offer for the physical or moral improvement of man, may well be spared from the earth. So far, in fact, as religion has consisted of unreasonable and false conceptions and assumptions it has done more harm than good; but human nature, thank God, has been proof against all false doctrines and superstition, and has a clearer field than ever before to assert its supremacy over all dogmatism and selfishness. In these days of light and liberty, a conscientious, devout, benevolent man can do far greater things to improve the world than could the saints in ancient times.

A PLEA FOR THE GIRL OF TO-DAY.

The girl of to-day is a busy, useful worker. She is generally proficient in needlework. She cannot only alter her own dresses, but cut and make those and her underclothing as well. She has a knack of trimming her hats and furnishing her wardrobe, and does her full share at helping the dressmaker who comes to assume charge of the spring and fall sewing. She understands the various branches of mending, and takes that division of labor off her mother's hands, as well as the care of the parlors and dining-rooms, the arrangement of flowers, the supervision of the manners and apparel of the younger children, and sometimes of their studies, too. Let full justice be done to the "girl of the period," or rather let there be a clear comprehension of what shall be really represented by that much-abused phrase. It is not fair to take the weakest specimens of the sex as types of a class comprising earnest workers, with strong conceptions of life, its responsibilities and burdens, and a steady purpose to bear them according to the best of their ability.—*New Orleans States.*

CARE OF THE FINGER-NAILS.

In order to have a pretty-looking hand the finger-nails must be kept in good shape. They should never be cut too short, as this deforms the finger ends and renders them stubby. They should always project a trifle beyond the extremity of the finger, and be paired only to a slight curve, without encroaching too much on the angles. To preserve the half moon or lunula, which borders the lower part of the nail, and is thought a great beauty, the skin must be kept from encroaching upon it by pushing it back every morning with a blunt ivory instrument. By [illegible] the annoying hang-nail will [illegible]nted also. Filing or scraping [illegible] very injurious, as it tends [illegible] substance. The nail- [illegible] be [illegible] for cleaning [illegible] —*Cleveland* [illegible]

THE LADIES.

Gossip and Gleanings About Matters Relating to the Tender Sex.

HOW AMERICANS SHOULD ENTERTAIN.

More Solidity Needed—The Ladies Informed that it is Fashionable to Work.

A Scene of Pleasure.

A cozy room,
A faint perfume
The warm air filling;
A lover bold,
Whose arms enfold
A maiden willing.

An easy chair
The loving pair
Bear without murmur;
As swiftly by
The moments fly
He clasps her firmer.

She clings to him,
The light is dim,
(The gas just glimmers),
An opal ring
Upon her fing-
Er shines and glimmers.

With whispers soft
And silence oft
The hours go flying;
She doesn't know
Her brother Joe
Is meanly spying.

Out in the rain,
Through the wet pane,
He eyes his sister;
And ere long he
Exclaims in glee:
"By Jove! he's kissed her!"

Thus while in bliss
They sit and kiss,
These lovers loony,
This imp of sin
Grunts with a grin—
"Lor'! ain't they spooney!"

—*Somerville Journal.*

A Creature of Sentiment.

Second husband (to wife)—Are you as fond of me as you were of your first husband, dear?

Wife—Yes, indeed; and if you were to die, John, I would be just as fond of my third. I'm not a woman to marry for anything but love.—*New York Sun.*

"Jim-Jams" Is an Objectionable Phrase

"Amy," remarked the high-school girl, "you saw Fritz Emmet when he played here, did you not?"

"Yes," assented Amy.

"Well, he has had another attack of James preserves."

"James preserves!" exclaimed Amy; "what on earth are James preserves, Mildred?"

"Well, the papers said 'jim-jams,' but I think that a very objectionable phrase."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

The Widow's Wit.

A dashing Washington widow, who had received marked attention from a very popular and gallant physician, found herself suddenly deserted. Her Esculapius, aged 52, was completely enthralled by a beauty of 18, and Christmas morning the wedding took place with all due pomp. Wormwood for the widow! She swallowed it bravely, wore an undaunted front, and was among the first to offer hurried congratulations to the happy pair. The conversation turned upon Christmas gifts, and the bride said, laughing gayly:

"All my wedding presents were sent just before Christmas, so Christmas morning I had not a single gift."

"Ah! my dear, that is cruel; you had me," said the bridegroom, reproachfully.

Before the pretty bride could answer, the widow's eyes grew dangerous, and, swinging slowly her large fan, she murmured:

"Surely, my dear Mrs. X., you should be more than satisfied, for you know antiquities are all the rage."

In the awful silence following the widow rose, carefully arranged her draperies, and bowed her adieu in stately serenity. Dr. X. and his bride never returned her call.

How Americans Should Entertain.

Foreigners say American women entertain well. They do when they entertain according to their native customs, but when they serve roast beef with Yorkshire pudding to an Englishman, and macaroni to an Italian they make a mistake. An American meal should be served in American style, both as to dishes and ceremony. We have food fit for the gods among our native viands, and it needs only the touch of a truly American housewife in serving it to make it very enjoyable. Just here we recall to mind a ceremonious dinner given by a society lady last season, where everything was English, you know, and the amount of foreign stiffness and etiquette so all-pervading that the very gravy seemed to be chilled with cold ceremony, and the hearts of the guests grew stony as the leaden hours dragged on, and the awe-inspiring footmen showed no signs of relenting, but still kept their victims pegging away at those foreign dishes; and then we remember a little supper given by a charming hostess in one of the suburbs, where were had broiled chicken, American style, hot bread, ditto steaming coffee, ditto raw fried potatoes, ditto etc., etc., and plenty of lively conversation, and a good time generally. Thinking of these two feasts, looking upon this picture and then upon that, we vote for Americans forever. Dinners of ceremony are a rock ahead which every lady should "sheer off" from, as Capt. Cuttle would say, unless she is very sure of her bearings. It takes a genius to give a dinner, and the only safety for persons with but moderate resources at their command lies in simpler feasts—11 o'clock breakfasts, 1 o'clock luncheons, 5 o'clock teas, and 10 o'clock suppers—always American style.

More Solidity Needed.

One of the strangest conceits of [illegible] the one which ho[illegible] small waist in women to be desirable. We cannot call this a "relic of barbarism." The heathen of all ages has been sound on this point at least. They have compelled their women to flatten their heads, to deform their feet, to blacken their eyes and teeth, to tattoo themselves, to hang rings through their lips, noses and ears, but they have ever yet spared the sacred body of woman, the seat of the vital organs, the home of life itself. It has remained for modern nations, with their proud boasts of a higher, and almost perfect civilization, to insist that a small waist, whether nature has bestowed it or not, should be striven after, no matter at how much personal discomfort by every women.

"Slimness" and slenderness, however they may seem—and we believe it is only seeming—to be refined and beautiful, should really offend us by hyperetheralness and obvious incapacity for the discharge of the functions of life.

This is a working age. The merciless law of the survival of the fittest is driving the weak and incapable to the wall. The strong body and the strong brain are uppermost, and in this enlightened time no one is so dull as to deny that a sane mind is surest to dwell in a sound body. Sane bodies—that is, strong and healthy bodies—are the *sine qua non* of success in work. Even many of the rich and lazy are being driven by the sheer force of public opinion into some sort of work. The vast and complex systems of charity now in vogue; the innumerable classes of students who are meeting every winter in our finest houses to study art, literature, language, science; the enormous amount of fine embroidery in every parlor, largely the work of the ladies of the household—these, and a score of other signs point to the fact that we are living in a country and period where activity is the rule and sloth the exception. The competition in all sorts of labor and traffic is enormous. The strength demanded to excel in any trade or profession is very great.

Women who have their living to earn must enter this severe competition, and they will never receive consideration because they are women. They must excel in order to be successful. Excellence implies strength—not the spasmodic, nervous strength which makes an effort once in a while under extraordinary pressure, but the strength which can turn off daily work without fatigue—the strength which leaves the eye still bright and the step elastic after a long day behind the counter, over the sewing-machine, at the desk, at the easel, in the kitchen, in the school room. Such strength as this does not go with a small waist. From the nature of things, it can never—unless, as has been pointed out, in exceptional cases—be found in women with small waists. Strong back and abdominal muscles—muscles which can do their word without the deadly props of steel and whalebone now so universally worn—a large digestive capacity, a rapid and utterly unobstructed flow of the blood in the veins and the arteries, these are some of the requirements of health and strength. And these things take up room. In most women God has given room for these organs and their processes, but it is reduced and contracted in order to make the waist appear small. In the name of honorable labor; of healthy and happy infancy and childhood; of intelligent, high-minded womanhood; of everything that is beautiful and worth having for women in this world, we plead for the scorned, the maligned, the condemned large waist. Give your body room. It is a sin against humanity and its Maker to compress your waist.—*Alta Californian.*

CANNED FOOD.

Lieut. A. W. Greely, in a letter to the *American Grocer* upon the effects of freezing upon canned fruits and vegetables, especially as regards the texture and flavor of tomatoes, corn, etc., says: Apples, peaches, pears, rhubarb, green peas, green corn, onions, potatoes, and tomatoes were all subject to extreme temperatures (over 60 degrees below zero) and were solid for months at a time. The second summer they thawed, the following winter froze solid again. All the articles named presented the same appearance as though freshly canned and their flavor was as good when the last can was eaten as in the first month. It should be understood that these were first class canned goods and from dealers of standing and reliability. Cranberry sauce, preserved damsons, preserved peaches, and fruit butters suffered certain changes from candying, etc., which detracted somewhat from their flavor, though not materially so. Dealers in such preserves predicted that such conditions and changes would occur. I had also canned turnips, squash, beets, and carrots as well as pineapples, cherries, grapes, clams, shrimps, and crabs, which, although not subjected to such extreme temperatures as the foregoing, yet froze and thawed repeatedly without injury. No can of any kind except a few, say half a dozen of fruit butters, was ever burst by the action of cold or heat. No illness of any kind occurred prior to our retreat, and those most inclined to canned fruits and vegetables were the healthiest and strongest of the party.

ORIGIN OF PNEUMONIA.

Weichelbaum, of Vienna, regards the proof of the bacterial, or parasitic, origin of pneumonia as abundantly established by the opinions of leading medical authorities which he has collected and tested by his own investigation of 127 cases, beside having made a large number of experiments, using the material obtained from lungs affected with this inflammation. As a result of his labors he finds four varieties of micro-organisms in this affection. Whatever other affections co-existed with pneumonia, and appeared to be secondary to it, as in meningitis, pleurisy, or pericarditis, they were determined to [illegible] to those micro-organism[illegible]

THE CHILDREN.

Fun and Facts That Will Amuse the Little Ones,

AND INSTRUCT THEM ALSO.

Sand Pies—It Pays—The Boat-Dwellers of Japan—A Narrow Escape.

Sand Pies.

Oh, the apple pie is a very nice pie,
A very nice pie, indeed;
And some there are who say to me,
"Of all it takes the lead."
And the mince pie, too, is a very good pie,
As good as good can be,
If the crust is crisp and brown enough,
And the raisins—one—two—three.
And the pumpkin pie is a very nice pie,
For now and then, you know;
If it's well made, 'tis fairly good—
As squash and pumpkin go.
And the cherry pie is a very nice pie
Of fruit so tart and red;
And many a child will call this pie
Of every sort ahead.
But the greatest pies in all the land,
If you listen well to me,
Are the dear sand pies we children make
In the summer by the sea.

—*Our Little Ones.*

It Pays.

Be hospitable among your little friends. It pays. You will not have to bring them into your homes and feed them to be so. They, probably, have nice homes and plenty to eat, but they may not have the bicycle that you ride with so much pleasure. Offer to let them ride, and notice how pleased they will look. Their parents may not be able to give them money to purchase nuts or fruit; share yours with them, and see how much more you will enjoy your own part for having given your friends a treat. Oh, you little ones can show hospitality in your play just as much as the big ones in grand houses! And you will be repaid.

A poor woman lived in a hut in the woods, alone and desolate, except for one kindly family in the village, which had helped her, not so much with money, but with "little deeds of kindness, little words of love," and sympathy. One of the little girls was particularly fond of going to the hut, and would carry what her mother would give her, and often gather flowers to take to the woman. A little beam of sunshine she would seem, running in the door with her sunny hair flying, cheeks all aglow, to this one whose life seemed mostly shadow.

"What makes those little holes in your face?" little Nell asked the pock-marked woman, one day.

"They came from great suffering, little one, but they may be a blessing, some time."

A few weeks after that the little thing was stricken down with that terror, small-pox, and they thought she would have to be removed to the hospital for fear of spreading the disease. But when this poor woman heard of it, she hastened to entreat them to let her take her "Sunbeam" home with her, for she had had the disease, and they would be away from every one. So she took her, and in the clean, little hut these true friends fought the fearful enemy together, and conquered him; and, as Nellie said, "She didn't even have little holes in her face." Oh, it pays to be kind. It pays to be like Jesus, every way.—*L. M. P., in New York Advocate.*

The Boat-Dwellers of Japan.

Young people who live in London or New York may fancy that our cities are crowded, and that many families must live without very much air to breathe, or space for the boys and girls to play in. What would they say to the boat-dwellers of Japan? In that crowded country hundreds of families spend their lives and bring up their children upon the water, and know nothing of the land, except as they make an occasional visit to it when obliged to purchase supplies or attend to some unusual business.

In every bay along the coast are found hundreds, if not thousands, of small craft called "junks." These are small, flat-bottomed boats, and are owned and inhabited by a man and his family, just as houses are in other parts of the world. Their business is the transportation of goods and merchandise of all kinds, and their navigation is a sort of family affair. One traveler says:

"I have seen a boat twenty feet long most adroitly managed by three children all under 7 years of age. I am told that, notwithstanding their aptness at swimming, many boatmen get drowned, for no boat ever goes to another's aid, nor will any boatman save another from drowning, because, as he says, it is all fate, and he who interferes with fate will be severely punished in some way."

Among these wonderful aquatic families children of 3 years old will sometimes swim like little fish, and if one is backward in learning, he will be thrown overboard, and teased and tormented until he is obliged to learn the art in self-defense.

Ah! it is in reading and learning about the people of other lands that we find how much we have to love and be thankful for in the broad, free life of our own. But even here there are children who would be the better for such frequent baths, and perhaps you would have great difficulty in persuading the little Japs that life in the hot and crowded streets of our great cities was to be preferred to that of the junk-men on the rivers and harbors of their own country.—*Ex.*

A Narrow Escape.

"Mother, I want to ask you a favor," said Eric, as he looked with bright, pleading eyes into his mother's face.

"Well, what is it, Eric?" asked h[illegible] mother, feeling sure in her own he[illegible] that unless it was a very unr[illegible] request, sh[illegible]

"It is that Dolly and I may go for a walk by ourselves this afternoon, as it is a half holiday. It is such a bother to have to walk out with nurse and the little ones."

Eric was eight, Dolly nearly ten; and the little ones were Trevor, aged 5, and the baby of 2.

Dolly now came up to her mother's side. "Please, mother, let us go. I will be very careful, and Eric will promise to obey me all the time we are out, it is such a lovely day! We will walk along the cliff, but not too close, and we won't go near the sea, but will take a basket and gather some wild flowers."

Mrs. Grantham looked from one little eager face to the other, and said: "Well, Dolly, if you are quite sure that I can trust Eric to obey you, I will not say no, though I had rather you did not go on the cliff at all, but walked inland to gather the wild flowers."

"You may quite trust me, mamma," said Dolly, who was rather fond of feeling important.

Mrs. Grantham was just starting off for a drive, and asked the children if they would not prefer going with her; but they still begged to have their walk. So off they went, as merry a little couple as you would wish to see.

Eric and Dolly lived in a house a little way out of Brighton; so the children were not obliged to go through the town at all, and soon after leaving their home they got into the open fields. They soon filled their baskets with wild flowers, and then Eric said, "Dolly, we must have a walk on the cliff now."

"Mamma said she had rather we did not go on the cliff at all," said Dolly.

"Well, but I'm sure she would not mind if we don't go too near the edge," answered Eric. "I'm going, at any rate."

Dolly scarcely knew what to do; she thought if she refused to go Eric would just go without her, and that she felt sure would be worse than if she went with him to look after him a little; so she said, "How unkind of you, Eric, to talk like that. Of course, if you go, I must; but that's not obeying me, as you promised."

At this naughty Eric merely laughed.

The children soon reached the cliff, and walked along it for some little way, keeping a safe distance from the edge. However, they somehow crept nearer and nearer, until at last, forgetting all the wishes their mother had expressed, they stood close to it, looking out over the great sea into the far distance. Then they took off their hats to let the cool breeze blow about over their heads, and then Eric lay down, leaning on his elbows, and Dolly stood beside him with her long, thick hair blown out behind her.

"Hullo!" cried Eric, suddenly, "Why, I declare, there's nurse and the little ones down on the beach; and he began shouting to them. "Eric, Eric!" cried Dolly, "don't, pray don't." But Eric did not mind in the least what Dolly said, and he went nearer and nearer to the edge of the cliff, picking up and throwing pebbles over at the nurse and the children to attract their attention. There was a good long piece of rope lying close to them, left probably by some workman. Eric tied a large stone to this and lowered it over; in doing this and watching where it went, he overbalanced himself, and, to Dolly's horror, fell over the cliff. Fortunately there was a piece of projecting rock about five or six feet below, and upon this ledge the disobedient little boy fell, and, happily rested there. Just then Dolly heard the welcome sound of wheels upon the road, which ran past at a very short distance. What joy it was to see her father and mother seated in the carriage. She made frantic signs to them and they were soon beside her. You will be glad to learn that Master Eric was rescued from his dangerous position by his father, and that he was unhurt, with the exception of a few bruises.

BEWARE OF TORN CHECKS.

A new and ingenious swindle has been detected, as follows: A check, say for $10, is obtained from a depositor at a bank, and a blank check exactly like the filled-in check is secured. The two checks are laid one upon the other, so that the edges are exactly even. Both checks are then torn irregularly across, and in such a way that the signature on the filled check appears on one piece and the amount and name of payee on the other. The checks having been held together while being torn, of course one piece of the blank check will exactly fit the other side of the filled check. The swindler then fills in one piece of the blank check with the name of the payee and the amount to suit himself, say $5,000, takes it with the piece of genuine check containing the signature of the bank, and explains that the check was accidentally torn. The teller can put the pieces together, and, as they fit exactly, the chances are that he will think that the pieces are parts of the same check, and becomes a victim of the swindle. The trick, of course, suggests its own remedy. The teller should refuse to pay any check that is mutilated.—*Boston Transcript.*

IN THE TEMPLE OF JUSTICE.

Attorney—Now, then, sir, did you or did you not threaten to kill the plaintiff?

Witness—I did——

Attorney—That will do. The jury will notice the admission.

Witness—But I haven't finished. I was about to say that I did——

Attorney—Quite right to confess it. You may step down.

Witness—Your Honor, I insist upon my right to finish the sentence.

Judge—Go ahead.

Witness—I did—not.—*Philadelphia Call.*

[illegible] a lazy man gets ti[illegible] isn't it a [illegible]zy woman who gets tir[illegible]o? Of [illegible]

NED BUNTLINE.

His Narrow Escape from Death at the Hands of an Infuriated Mob.

An old citizen of Nashville, Tenn., who witnessed the attempt to mob Ned Buntline in that city in 1847, relates the following thrilling incident:

Judson, or "Ned Buntline," was an Iago, and at that time walked and talked like that character; in fact, was a living impersonation of it. He was a regular masher. He had been editing "*Ned Buntline's Own*" in Paducah, Ky., but on coming to Nashville he was employed as assistant editor to Hudson Kidd, in the publication of the *Southwestern Review.* He had been here five or six months when trouble came up between F. B. Porterfield and himself, and at the time of the affray Buntline and Bob Parrish were practicing at a target. Porterfield's friends had persuaded him to shoot Buntline with a double-barrel shotgun, and had one loaded at the corner of Union and Cherry Streets, with a view of waiting for him, but having heard that Buntline was in Sulphur Spring bottom he rushed unaccompanied to that point. On getting within range Porterfield opened fire on him with a "pepper-box" pistol. Buntline had a Colt's revolver in his hand, and after Porterfield had shot at him, Buntline said, "Porterfield, stop shooting. I don't want to kill you," but heedless of the warning, Porterfield continued to fire, when Buntline placing a revolver across his arm, took deliberate aim and shot Porterfield in the forehead, instantly killing him.

As soon as the report of the killing reached the central portion of the city a mob rushed to the point indicated, and ran Buntline into Mrs. Cockrill's Hotel, corner of College and Line Streets, caught him and took him to the court-room. The people were now wild with excitement. The court-room was densely thronged, and the furore was greatly increased when Porterfield's brother John came running in and opened fire on Buntline. The crowd scattered in every direction, and Buntline taking advantage of the situation, ran out of the room in which he had been fired at thirty or forty times, and was followed down stairs by a regular hail of bullets. He was shot at again as he ran across the square to the City Hotel, one bullet taking effect in the arm of a man named Pentecost. On reaching the door of the hotel bullets were planted all around him. On going to the third story he attempted to regain the ground by climbing down the tin gutter, which broke, and he fell to the pavement of the court, breaking his leg. Sheriff Barnes kept the crowd back by saying that Buntline was dying; to let him alone, and he would carry Buntline to jail, which he was permitted to do. At dark another mob was formed and went to the jail.

Acting Mayor S. V. D. Stout and John D. Goss, who were jail commissioners, went to consult Louis Horn, jailer. When the mob rushed into the jail, they knocked Horn out of the rocking chair, and secured the keys, when he said, "For God's sake, don't let the prisoners out." Three of the mob entered Buntline's cell. While one caught him by the leg, another seized him by the collar. A third, placing his foot on Buntline's neck, was about to fire, when the jailer pleaded with them not to kill him there. Buntline was then dragged pell-mell into the street. He was then permitted to say his prayers, and on finishing pulled a ring from his finger, handed it to a minister, to be sent to his father at Pittsburgh, Pa. The crowd then hallooed, "Take him on," and they did so.

They first attempted to hang him to a sign, but the rope having been too short he was dragged to a lamp-post. When they began to pull him up Acting Mayor Stout cut the rope, and the form of Buntline dropped to the earth. The utmost silence prevailed at this critical moment, when a man named Ashbrook cried out, "It's a d—n shame to treat a human being in such a brutal manner, and if John Porterfield is a gentleman, he will have the wretch turned loose." At this Porterfield came up and said: "Take him back to jail," and Buntline was returned to his cell. Dr. Joe Stout said he had received severe internal injuries, and that while attending him Buntline boasted that if he saw that a man was going to shoot him, he could dodge the bullet. When Buntline had recovered and was about to be sent down the river, still another mob gathered at the upper wharf to lynch him, but the crowd was left standing when the boat started with no Buntline on board. The Sheriff eluded the angry assemblage by taking Buntline to the lower wharf, where he was put on a steamer, and that was the last seen of Buntline in Nashville. He was never prosecuted.

WINE FROM DRIED FRUIT.

When the ravages of phylloxera first devastated the vineyards of France the imports of raisins and currants into that country were very small, amounting only to between 6,000 and 7,000 tons a year. The failure of the vintage for several years in succession influenced French winemakers to turn their attention to dried grapes, known as raisins and currants. It might be expected that people who displayed such peculiar ability to make a stimulant drink out of a cup of water and piece of sugar would soon find a method to make a wholesome wine out of dried fruit. Such has been the progress of this business that for the last three years the imports of currants and raisins have averaged 65,000 tons, or an increase of nearly 60,000 tons in seven years. The magnitude of this business, which is comparatively new, can be more correctly estimat[illegible] known that these impo[illegible] less than 270,000 tons [illegible]
—*Bradstreet.*

[illegible] lawyer c[illegible] me[illegible] It is [illegible] te[illegible] to lo[illegible]

FAIRVIEW;

—OR,—

One September Night.

By JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

CHAPTER IV.

The harsh mandate of Clayton Ferrers had to be obeyed. Even while preparations were making for the funeral of my uncle we left the cottage and took a little house nearer the village, to which my poor friends and protectors removed their household effects. The gardener had a little store of money laid by, and I had some savings; we were in no present danger of want. Hugh Staples loitered in the village and heard the talk about the death and funeral of Mr. Whalley. He told me that he had heard Mr. Ferrers praised for his devotion to his uncle, and that much satisfaction was expressed that the nephew and his mother now had the whole estate, for he would spend his money freely, and benefit the people with it. I saw that there was more that he hesitated to tell, and I urged him to tell me all. With his voice trembling with indignation he told me that he could plainly see that he was shunned by his former friends; that the poison of Ferrers' tongue had already begun to take effect. Some had turned their backs on him when he spoke to them; others he saw pointing at him, as if telling that he was an ingrate.

Had he heard me spoken of?

Very reluctantly he told me that I was described as a bold adventuress, who had conspired with him to alienate the affections of Mr. Whalley from his sister and nephew. No one, not even Ferrers, seemed to suspect my relationship to the deceased; and who would have believed it had I gone forth after the funeral and boldly proclaimed it? Who would not have cried—adventuress—impostor? Who would listen to the story of a picture and a Bible, confirmed only by the testimony of Hugh Staples, and my own assertion of what had happened when I stood by the bedside of Mr. Whalley? No one would believe so wild a tale; no one would credit anything we might say now. The danger for Clayton Ferrers had passed with the death of his uncle; he could laugh to scorn the feeble attempts of an old man and a girl to take the estate from him.

In a day or two the gardener reported that the feeling in the village was growing still stronger against us. It had taken on a form something like indignation. He had even heard of Dr. Beaumont speaking lightly of my good name. The villain! the cowardly, dastardly villain!

Hard as this was to learn, I could suffer it in silence; but now came the finishing stroke of my misery. In place of the silence that had prevailed as to the cause of the disappearance of Harvey Minton, the village was now filled with the most astounding rumors and stories, different in detail, but all involving the same disgraceful facts. It was told in the village, and widely believed, that, pinched by poverty, he had broken into the Fairview mansion on the very night of Mr. Whalley's death, for the purpose of committing a robbery; that he had been detected in the act, and had saved himself from arrest and prosecution only by consenting to leave Berkeley forever. He had not been seen in the village since that day; Mr. Ferrers and Dr. Beaumont both gave very circumstantial statements of the affair; and the latter, who had been to New York since the funeral, declared that he had seen him there. My heart cried out in its bitterness against this shocking accusation, by which the good name of a noble man was to be forever blasted. But days had passed, and he came not back—and the hideous charge was generally accepted as true!

I had reached the limit of my strength. The excitements and trials of the last month had completely unnerved me; my reason seemed tottering into eclipse. How or when it came about I do not know; only that consciousness left me, and the world and its people seemed to pass far from my sight.

CHAPTER V.

STATEMENT OF HUGH STAPLES.

Dr. Minton asks me to say a few words about what the poor lady's sickness was. She fell over in a dead faint the night of the day that I told her of the slanders that were going through the town about the Doctor. We put her to bed, and I went for Dr. Gray. (I would as soon have gone for the devil as for Beaumont.) I'll give Dr. Gray the credit of saying that he came at once, and did all he could for poor Miss Burton, and never quit attending her till long after she was out of danger; though I could see, by the cold and distant way that he treated Polly and me, that he had heard the rascally stories that were afloat about us, and believed them. He said that Miss Burton was threatened with a brain fever, and must be carefully nursed, or she would never get well. My wife was too feeble to take care of her alone; who could I get to help her? Aye—who would come to that house which everybody shunned? I had heard Miss Burton speak of her roommate at the boarding-house, Rosa Hudson, and I went straight to her and told her the trouble. God be praised that there is some good in human nature after all; that all men and women are not liars and slanderers, and believers in lies and slanders! That good girl said she had never believed a word against Paula, and was only waiting for a request to come to her. She came at once, and never left us till our poor sick child was quite well again. Perhaps this is all I am expected to say; but I can't help adding that it was pitiful to hear the dear distracted lady rave about the friends who had left her, and the enemies who were trying to destroy her. Oh, it was too pitiful!

PART THIRD.

His Story.

CHAPTER I.

Stunned and almost overwhelmed though I was upon finding myself caught in the trap that had been so treacherously set for me, my first actions were such as would be natural to any man in such a situation. The room was perfectly dark, and I found the door by which I had entered only by feeling for it. I felt for the knob, found, and turned it; the door was fast, of course. I pounded vigorously on the door; I even raised my voice and shouted. All this was of no avail, as I had every reason to suppose it would be. The tiger of the jungle, suddenly trapped and caged, will expend his useless fury on his prison bars, though he may quickly see that he cannot escape. A man placed by fraud and violence in the situation in which I found myself will act much in the same way; and, until the first sharp transport of my horror and indignation was past, I did not cease to shout aloud and pound on the locked door.

When this ebullition was over, I sat down upon a chair which my hands had encountered as they groped about, and tried to think calmly. This room was, I reflected, somewhere near the side of the mansion farthest away from Staples' cottage. The mansion was remote from the road; it was equally remote from any other habitation than that just named, and it would be idle to try to attract attention by outcries. There was none in the house who had the least desire to help me, or who could be at all moved by my cries. The more sensible thing to do would be to feel all about the apartment, and see if no hope of escape would present itself. Hardly had I commenced to act upon this thought when I heard the rattling of a key in a part [illegible] opposite to that where I had en[illegible] was suddenly thrown open, [illegible]e in, with a lighted lamp in [illegible] he placed on a stand. He [illegible] but did not relock it, and [illegible] a chair to the side of the [illegible] down. It was Dr. Beaumont, cool, placid, almost smiling. He bent his eyes steadily upon me, but said not a word; he seemed inclined to let me speak first.

He did not have long to wait. My composure returned at once when I saw him before me, and with it came the determination to make short work of regaining my liberty. Deliberately I drew the revolver from my breast and rested the barrel upon my left arm.

"Sir," I said, "I shall leave this room immediately, by the door at which you have just entered. I shall leave the house as well. What I have seen here, and what has just happened to me, warn me that I am in a den of desperadoes. You will understand that the man who stands in my way dies like a dog!"

He must have seen that I meant every word of it, and I fancied that he started at sight of the pistol. He put up his hand in a deprecating way, and quickly said:

"Let us have no weapons here, my good friend—there will be no need of that. Nobody will oppose your leaving this house in due time; nobody wants —"

My anger rose to fever-heat as I heard him, and I interrupted him hotly. The argument that I carried in my hand put me in no mood to temporize with him.

"Dr. Beaumont, I have known you for some time as a scoundrel and a hypocrite; now you come to me with the language of a liar. Get from between me and that door, or I shall walk over you to it."

I meant to sting him, and I succeeded. His face flushed purple with rage, but he mastered it by a mighty effort.

"One moment, sir," he cried. "You shall not drive me into a quarrel; my business with you is too important for that. I waive for the present all causes of difference that you and I have had before this night. I overlook for the present your hasty insults, and I say to you what I was just about to say when you interrupted me—that what small force has been used to detain you here has been only to the end that we—that is, the relatives of the man who has just died—might secure a fair understanding with you. Will you now allow me ten minutes of your time?"

"For what purpose?"

"That I may talk with you of the scene you have just witnessed in that chamber; that I may make you a proposition immensely to your advantage. You will regret it all your life if you refuse."

I drew out my watch. "Ten minutes I give you, and I warn you that at the slightest appearance of treachery I will send a bullet into you. Now, speak fast!"

I cocked the revolver, and held it ready.

"Tut, tut! you're too suspicious. This is purely a matter of business. Well, to go on. You came to-night abruptly into the house and the chamber of a dying man, without leave or request, and stood by his bedside till he died. Surely those nearest him by blood, as well as his physician in attendance, have a right to some explanation of such an act."

"And I decline to explain; at least, here, and to you. At the proper time, and in the proper place, I shall not be slow with my explanation."

"What do you mean?"

"Dr. Beaumont, away with all this trifling. You know the cause of Mr. Whalley's death as well as I. Now, since you provoke me to it, I will tell you that I made the intrusion of which you complain to see for myself what was killing him."

"I have attended him for two years, and I don't want any more light on that point. His death was due to cancer of the stomach, which has within the last month developed with unusual rapidity."

"Sir, you lie! you deliberately, coolly utter the falsehood that you have framed for this case."

"Indeed!" he sneered. "Perhaps, since you claim to be a doctor, you will be kind enough to tell me the cause of his death."

"Yes, sir, I can and will, though you know it as well as I. The indications were so strongly marked that no physician could possibly mistake them. The violent irritation of the intestines, the great depression of the circulation, the intense burning pains of the stomach, the agonizing thirst, the utter prostration of the system—all these things point to one cause, and one alone."

I paused, and, looking him square in the eye, added, slowly:

"The man was killed by arsenic, administered lately, and in considerable quantities."

Even the known, proved murderer, will quail when boldly accused of his crime; and this man, though he must have anticipated what I was about to say, trembled at my speech.

"Do you accuse me——" he began, but I stopped him.

"I am not here to make accusations—I came for information. What I may choose to do after leaving this house you will learn in due time. And now, what else? your time is about up."

"You are not absurd enough to suppose that your opinion will be taken against mine in this matter?" he impudently persisted.

"Dr. Beaumont, again I say, cease this foolish trifling! Is it necessary for me to remind a physician of your age and experience that the best witness, the only witness required as to the cause of this death will be the post-mortem examination of the body. You know as well as I that the arsenic in his system can be found three months hence."

The man had actually been sounding me as to my professional knowledge of the effects of arsenical poisoning before and after death. He had gone far enough to discover that this subject was very familiar to me, and that I could not be deluded into any doubts as to the case of Edson Whalley. Dr. Beaumont's manner suddenly changed; he rapped the stand sharply with his knuckles, and spoke up with his natural tone of assurance and audacity.

"Well, then, sir, enough of *that* part of the business. You think you are right; I think you are not—it is not the first time that doctors have disagreed. Assuming that you are entirely wrong, and that an investigation would show it, still, such investigations are unpleasant while they last; and, if you and I can agree upon terms, we shall be relieved of such annoying consequences as might follow from your persisting in your absurd opinion. What do you say to a thousand dollars? Just dismiss all delicacy, and treat this as a business matter. I know you are poor, and that money is desirable to you."

The scoundrel was actually offering me a bribe to keep silent and make no accusation. I looked at him with speechless indignation. He misunderstood, or affected to mis-understand, the cause of my silence.

"Ah, I see; perhaps the argument don't strike high enough. Well, sir, sign with me a certificate that the cause of Edson Whalley's death was cancer of the stomach, and five thousand dollars shall be placed in your hand to-night, before you leave this house."

"Murderer! wretched assassin!" I cried. "NO! And now, away from that door."

"Hold! Ten thousand dollars, counted out in money to-night, if you will sign that paper."

My reply was simply a step toward him, with the cocked and pointed revolver in my hand. He was suddenly seized with a fit of coughing, so severe that I involuntarily paused for it to cease. Why was I not quick to see the meaning of this? Why did I hesitate to shoot him dead, and escape while I could? I heard not the silent unclosing of the door behind me, nor the stealthy stockinged feet that stole in in answer to the signal. A terrible blow from a bludgeon laid me senseless on the floor, my pistol harmlessly exploding as I fell.

CHAPTER II.

The time has come in this narrative when, if I am to be able to finish it at all, my quivering nerves must be soothed, my heated brain must be cooled. At several places in the story, thus far, I have been compelled to lay aside the pen and seek the soothing and comforting presence of my wife before I was able to go on. So recent are these events, so real are these dreadful shapes and scenes that my pen again brings before me, that I shudder as I write. I feel myself continually unnerved, unmanned. More than once I have regretted my [illegible]se to Mr. W[illegible]ner that the whole truth [illegible]ld be told, and told plainly. But I am far advanced now; it is no time to pause. Yet a little more patience and strength, and I shall be able to turn forever from those days and nights of terror, to the peace, the sunshine, the happiness that are mine.

Yet at this point, upon reviewing what Paula and I have already written, I see that the current of the narrative must here be briefly checked, in order that some things may be explained, or at least conjectured, which lie beyond my actual knowledge. When the cowardly and treacherous blow was struck that stretched me senseless at the feet of Dr. Beaumont, the night of the ninth of September had passed, the early morning of the tenth had come. During much of the time for the next ten days I was helpless, both in body and mind. Some of the things that happened to me during this interval are clear and vivid in my memory; some of them come back now, blurred and confused, like the teeming visions of a restless sleep, and some of them are but as so many blanks. Hence the necessity that I should piece out my own clear recollection with the things that the penetrating investigations of Mr. Warner, in his character of prosecuting attorney, have since discovered, and that, where these have failed to discover the truth, more especially as to the reasons and purposes of the conspirators in pursuing certain courses, then to supply the conjectures of the shrewd lawyer, of myself, of Paula and others, as to why their course was shaped in the remarkable way that it took. To me, my own conclusions have assumed in my mind the form of absolute certainty, for I had but to go back to the overheard conversation between Ferrers and Dr. Beaumont to obtain a clew to their entire conduct afterward.

That these men, bound together by the strong ties of villainy, practiced in partnership for a high prize—for the possession of the immense wealth of Edson Whalley—would not scruple to take life in order to attain their ends, I had heard more than hinted by the nephew on that May morning. Yet, of course, they would adopt this course only when its necessity became apparent. No sane man commits murder wantonly, for the mere sake of killing, and that dreadful expedient was not adopted by Clayton Ferrers and his coadjutor until the nephew had become seriously alarmed by the influence that the old gardener was exerting upon his uncle. Mr. Whalley still lingered. His constitution had been robust until he was far past the middle age; he might spin out his feeble thread of existence for months—why not for years? The nephew had labored long, assisted by his mother, to shut all hostile influences away from the sick-room; but he saw at last, and had to acknowledge to himself, that there was something on foot in the doings of the gardener—something, the nature of which he could not understand, which was likely to defeat the great object for which he had so long labored and planned. His disquiet, his tormenting suspicions, reached their climax upon the night when he surprised a stranger, an unknown girl, at the bedside which had been for a few moments left unwatched and unguarded, and terrified her into the admission that she had been sent there by Staples. The resolution of Ferrers was probably then taken. He would bear this suspense no longer. Whatever this influence was that was sought to be exerted upon the mind of his uncle (and because that influence was secret, vague, and mysterious, it probably exasperated the nephew more than if he had known the actual truth), it should be met and checked at once. He would take no more chances in the prolonged existence of his uncle. He would not be defeated in the accomplishment of the object of his life by this cunning old gardener and all the agencies he could bring to bear.

And so Edson Whalley died—died, as I had seen him die; died from the cause that I had stated when Beaumont and I were alone together in that other chamber.

But the village paper on the day of the funeral, in its paragraphs noting this long-expected demise of the wealthiest man in or near Berkeley, stated, by authority of Dr. Beaumont, that the cause of death was cancer of the stomach of long standing, and lately of very aggravated form. And the editor added some complimentary remarks as to the skill and tireless labor with which our most learned physician had long fought the insidious disease, and congratulated the people upon having so valuable a professional man among them as Dr. Alexis Beaumont. And the people read the article, and never dreamed of the dark conspiracy and blacker crime that had just been consummated at Fairview.

But if the surprise of Paula in the mansion and by the sick-bed had filled the conspirators with uneasiness, and brought them sternly face to face with the performance of their desperate resolve, who can hope to picture the feelings of rage, terror, and consternation produced in them by my sudden advent among them on the night of September ninth! A lighted bomb falling through the window would not so have affected them, and this will explain why it was that they did not interfere at once, precipitate themselves upon me, call in the help of the brutal allies whom Hugh Staples had named, and eject me from the house. The totally unexpected, when it concerns things of the greatest human interest, will strike any man, for the time, dumb and passive with amazement or fear, and thus it was with them. For, consider a moment what my presence there meant! Not only was I a witness to the circumstances of Edson Whalley's death, but a scientific witness, armed with that technical and expert knowledge that the study of medicine had given me, to observe, and to describe with unerring accuracy the cause of that death. My tale might, nay, it would, be treated with incredulity; wherever I told it I should be laughed at, and treated as a base slanderer of the rich and respected Mr. Ferrers and of an abler and more successful physician. Men would say—or, at least, would believe the story of these two—that I had intruded myself into the case, unasked and without permission; that I had been ejected from the house, and so had revengefully fabricated this base coinage of my brain. All this I was prepared to meet when I should go forth from Fairview, tell my astounding story, and make my accusation. And people might discredit me, the poor, humble physician, who had as yet gained no standing with the rich and powerful of the village, and whose friends were only among the poor and lowly, for whose lives and health I had zealously labored. Yes, I should be discredited, disbelieved, laughed at; but there was another witness, whose testimony the law would not refuse—a witness armed with such terrors to the guilty souls of these two men that they would not dare to confront him. That witness was no living person—it was the poor, tormented body of their victim. It is not always true that dead men tell no tales. Almost as long as the dead human body retains any likeness of itself under the touch of decay, will the presence of arsenic administered before death be discoverable. This I knew; this Dr. Beaumont knew that I know. So here was a tremendous weapon in my hands, which no ridicule, no influence, no power of wealth or social position could blunt or turn aside. Even before the burial I would invoke the law, and, with that engine started, however slow it might at first move, it would in the end as certainly bring these men to the gallows as it should be invoked. I would not rest until I had obtained a post-mortem examination, even before the funeral, and then the truth would be known.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Caught on the Fly.

AN honest laugh marks the honest man. If he laughs through his teeth watch him.

CHEAP ornamentation of any kind is out of style, and it is no longer good form to wear trash in jewels.

PEARLS in Russia are considered as gems of bad luck and are never worn by superstitious brides.

A BUFFALO insane man believed he is a base-ball umpire. It is time the management of the Buffalo asylum was officially investigated. A patient must have received frightful abuse to convey such an impression to his disordered intellect.

REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

When, on the 12th of July, 1864, the troops in the forts just north of Washington left their works and advanced against Early's skirmishers a notable group looked on. Rarely, says Mr. Pond, did a Union engagement present so clear an opportunity for viewing its progress, and rarely for such a scene was a more memorable group of spectators assembled. On the parapet of Fort Stevens stood the tall form of Abraham Lincoln by the side of Gen. Wright, who in vain warned the eager President that his position was swept by the bullets of sharpshooters, until an officer was shot down within three feet of him, when he reluctantly stepped below. Sheltered from the line of fire, Cabinet officers and a group of citizens and ladies, breathless with excitement, watched the fortunes of the fight. Strange as was the spectacle at the national capital, it would have seemed stranger still to the onlookers could they have known that in the camp yonder, as if in typical contrast to the figure on the parapet, stood one (Breckenridge) who four years before had been the Vice President of the United States. It was no mock battle that these spectators witnessed. Stretchers soon came in from the field by scores, with their ghastly loads; the hospitals in the rear of the fort were astir, and here and there, dotting the meadow, the orchard and the dusty highway, lay many a lad for whom the wild cheers of the crowd fell on deaf ears. Early was sharply criticised at the South for lack of enterprise in not having captured Washington. Relying for its land defences on many forts, connected by rifle-pits, a large force would be needed by the city to so man these defences as to guarantee that not one of them should be carried by the sudden attack of a bold enemy. Early, however, did not know, and could not wisely have taken for granted, the condition of Washington prior to the arrival of the transports. His expedition was based upon the opposite theory, that of drawing thither from Grant many troops for its defense. He was prepared to believe that 20,000 or 30,000 veterans were concentrated there, because that would have been the complete accomplishment and vindication of his campaign. Grant, on his part, presumably understood the effect of Early's circuitous course, and had calculated precisely the time required to suitably succor Washington, without merely trusting to possible ignorance or timidity on the part of the enemy then marching upon it; and his report definitely declares that his forces reached Washington before Early's.

Andrew Johnson undoubtedly desired, late in the winter of 1866, to disperse Congress by armed force, and then to issue a proclamation, convening a Congress in which every State should have its full representation. The military leader selected was Gen. Gordon Granger, then waiting orders, who would not hesitate to do anything that promised promotion. A considerable force of regular troops were within call of Washington, and if Gen. Granger had received the order he would have left nothing undone to carry it out; but the President found that it would be useless, and gave up the plan. The Republican members of Congress were very much frightened at what they believed was the plan, and in the army appropriation bill that winter a clause was inserted, understood to have been written by George S. Boutwell, intended to cover this case. It was published in the general order of March 12, 1867. It forbade the President to order the General of the army, Gen. Grant, away from Washington, save with the consent of the Senate, and directed that any military orders issued by the President without passing through Grant's hands should be null and void. Any officer receiving or obeying any orders issued without Grant's sanction was to be found guilty of felony and sentenced from two to twenty years' imprisonment. This law was violently opposed in Congress, but it was passed, and practically took the command of the army out of the President's hands; so if he had attempted to take steps over Grant's head, the latter would be justified in forcible resistance. This was meant to be and was, a powerful factor in preventing Johnson from superseding Grant in command, or getting him away from Washington.

[illegible] T. Stewart, the New York dry-goods king, was selected by Gen. Grant to reorganize and reform the Treasury Department. It was an excellent selection, but it was not acceptable to the politicians in the Senate, who had retainers and henchmen by the score in the Department, and in the revenue service and customs service elsewhere. When the nomination was announced, they cunningly intimated to Mr. Sumner that Stewart was too conservative, and the Massachusetts Senator's "I object" carried the consideration of the nomination over until the next day. Previous to this, Simon P. Hanscom, one of the oldest newspaper men at Washington, had written accounts of the palace stores of Stewart and of Claflin at New York for the *Republican*, of which he was then the editor. Claflin paid $500 for what was said about his place, but Stewart declined to "fork over," although there had been a clear understanding that he was to pay the same sum. Hanscom no sooner heard of the nomination, and of the desire among the Republican politicians to get rid of it, than he posted to Caleb Cushing and asked if there was not some obsolete law which prevented an importer from holding office in the Treasury Department. Cushing at once found it, and Hanscom procured its insertion in an evening paper. That night the special correspondents telegraphed it all over the country, while copies of the law were placed in the hands of the Senators. Stewart had been so confident of his confirmation that he engaged a suit of apartments at the Ebbitt House, over Newspaper Row, with a private entrance. The rooms had been frescoed, painted, papered, carpeted, and furnished in the most luxurious style, and their occupant was not at all prepared for the slip between the cup and the lip. The President asked Congress to repeal the antiquated law, and Stewart offered to put all his property into the hands of trustees, but it was of no avail. The Senate insisted on the withdrawal of Stewart's name; and then Gen. Grant sent in that of Mr. Boutwell, who had been designated by him originally as Secretary of the Interior. Stewart, terribly mortified, returned to New York and gave up all political aspirations, while Hanscom added his scalp to those already dangling in his sanctum.

LIFE AT CAMP CHASE.

While at Camp Chase we learned in various ways how some of our fellow-prisoners at Camp Morton were killed—wantonly, as we thought—while attempting to escape by tunnels which they had made from within their prison inclosure. Possibly these statements were made to check us in similar efforts for escape, as the planning and constructing of tunnels, carried on with great secrecy, was a popular enterprise for several months in Camp Chase after all hopes of an early exchange were destroyed. We learned and had reasons to believe that when it was known by those in command at Camp Morton that such a tunnel would come out at a certain point beyond the walls, the guards had orders to shoot any prisoners who made their exit there, and that some were so shot without any other attempts to secure them. For the correctness of this statement we must rely on men then confined at Camp Morton to corroborate or deny it. Certain it is that attempts at "tunneling out" were continued at Camp Chase in spite of such statements, up to the very time that all officers confined at Columbus, Ohio, including those of Gen. John H. Morgan, were removed in March, 1864, to Fort Delaware, where, if they succeeded in tunneling, their tunnels would come out in the waters of Delaware Bay. When we left, a shaft and tunnel were in progress under the floor of our mess-room. Some idea of the extreme difficulty and slowness of these efforts for liberty may be formed from the following facts: All the work was done in the darkness of the night, after "taps," by details and reliefs from the most trusted men of our number, for spies were kept among us, and it was hard to identify them. After "taps" our fire was allowed to die down. The stove was moved enough from its position to take up some of the rough boards of the loose floor as noiselessly as possible. In this way the shaft was sunk in the earth immediately under the stove, the floor being near the ground. Toward morning everything was carefully put back in its place, and no visible traces of the night's work were left. It may be asked, "How did you get tools for digging, and what was done with the dirt removed from these tunnels?" A file was obtained by careful management; then a "strap-hinge" was taken from an out house. This hinge made two excellent small hoes for tunneling. How? With the file the two "straps" of the hinge were cut apart where they unite. The broad part of each "strap" was heated and bent, and then sharpened like a hoe on the broad edge. Each "strap" was fastened with the screws taken from the hinge to a small wooden handle, less than a foot long. This made a convenient and effective hoe for such work, "in close quarters," as the men did who formed the working force in their unique mining. The dirt removed from the tunnels was put in large "pockets" concealed in the clothing of the workers. When these pockets were filled they were emptied into the common "sink," within the prison walls, to which prisoners were allowed access at all hours of the night.

Our "sappers and miners" found this work warmer than one might suppose on those winter nights in Ohio; for they were working in narrow tunnels under ground, and they were buoyed up by the exciting hope of escape. Your readers would be astonished if informed of the amount of work accomplished by these simple contrivances of our Southern soldiers.—*James W. A. Wright, in Southern Bivouac.*

CARE FOR YOUR EYES.

Keep a shade on your lamp or gas burner.

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never begin to read, write, and sew for several minutes after coming from darkness to a bright light.

Never read by twilight, or moonlight, or on cloudy days.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light, window, or door.

It is best to let the light fall from above, obliquely, over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that, on first awakening, the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

Do not use the eyesight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub your eyes, that moment stop using them.

If the eyelids are glued together on waking up, do not forcibly open them, but apply saliva with the finger—it is the speediest dilutant in the world; then wash your eyes and face in warm water.

THE most popular silk fabrics will be gros grain, repped, and watered silk. Handsome striped silks will appear. Among novelties in these are black satins striped with gold and silver tinsel, and stripes of tinsel embroidery and beaded embroidery.

THE slowest sailing craft may easily be made fast to its moorings.

APHASIA.

Queer Instances of the Loss of Mental Faculties.

[Saturday Review.]

There are four forms of aphasia which co-exist or which may be found isolated: (1) The loss of the power of understanding spoken words, or, as it has been named, rather improperly, since the failure is not physical but mental, verbal deafness; (2) verbal blindness, or the inability to read; (3) motor aphasia, or the loss of the power of articulate speech; (4) agraphia (a form invented, we believe, by the English physician, Dr. Ogle,) or the loss of power of writing. An instance of loss of the faculty of understanding spoken words while that of understanding written words remained, is quoted by M. Ballet from Abercrombie. It is that of a gentleman farmer in Scotland, who recognized the sounds of spoken words without understanding their meaning, and who, to make communication with his laborers possible, had a written list in his room of the most ordinary terms. On hearing without in the least comprehending the spoken words, he turned to his list, and his perception of what was said became clear. Of verbal blindness (as it is called), M. Ballet gives the instance of a French merchant, whom he calls M. P., a man of fair cultivation, and more or less of a reading habit, who, through an accident in hunting, lost the faculty of reading. M. P. understood perfectly everything that was said to him, answered questions with much precision and expressed himself with a certain degree of facility. Moreover he wrote with ease not only his name and address, but a long letter, and that without any notable mistake in orthography. The interesting fact is that though he could write and did it with a certain ease, he was incapable of reading.

"I write," he said, "as if with my eyes closed; I do not read what I write." In fact he was wholly unable to re-read the words he had traced a few seconds before." The letters themselves written in this condition were quite equal to those which he had written before the accident befell him.

Of motor aphasia, or the inability to use articulate speech, M. Ballet gives instances of a patient at the Saltpetriere whose reply to all questions consisted of the word "Macassa, macassa;" of another who could only say "Monomomentif;" of a third who was reduced to the expression "Iqui phoiqui;" and of a fourth whose vocabulary did not go beyond "Baden, abaden baden." The poet Baudelaire could say only "Cre nom, cre nom," being in this respect inferior to a very distinguished lady, whose conversational powers extended to, though not beyond, the entire phrase of which Baudelaire gave the usual abreviation. Still more advanced was another lady, who repeated at every moment, "Madame, etc. mon Dieu, est il possible, bonjour Madame."

In the early stages of the malady, proper names are forgotten. An eminent man of science was reduced to designate the person of whom he spoke of as "My colleague who invented such and such thing." Next common nouns disappeared. When the Abbe Perier asked for his hat he said: "Give me my—what one puts on one's—." His coat was, "What is worn to be dressed in." Scissors, with another patient, were the thing one cuts; the window, what one looks through, what gives light. What can not be said by people affected with motor aphasia can sometimes be sung by them. An officer, who could not pronounce the words "enfant" and "prairie," whose power of speech were confined to its word "pardi" and the letter "b," was capable of singing with perfect articulation the first couplet of the "Marseillaise."

A farmer, "du comte de Wiklow dont paris Graves," could not pronounce the names of his wife and children except by reading them. A striking instance of agraphia is that of a Russian officer, well acquainted in Russian, French, and German, who, having been afflicted with motor aphasia as regards French and German, afterward became subject to agraphia as regards all the three languages, then he retained or regained the power of, reading and speaking them. A woman being asked to write her name, produced the words, "Sunil siclaa satreni," and gave her address as "Snuesr nut to mer lina lain." An English naval office, wishing to write "Royal naval medical officer belonging to the Admiralty," was constrained to add the terminator "dendd" to each word, and to write, "Royondendd navendendd sforendendd (sic) belondendd," etc.

THE HARMFUL CIGARETTE.

The trade in cigarettes has grown immensely and fortunes have been made by it. As an example, fifteen years ago the elder of two brothers kept a small cigar shop in West Broadway. The sole cigarettes then used here were several brands loosely rolled in coarse paper and imported from Havana. He began to reason about them, and finally evolved the small, mild, compact, rice-paper, golden-hued tobacco article, which he named the American cigarette. It leaped immediately into favor, and the business expanded greatly. The little shop became a large factory, and eventually disappeared from West Broadway to reappear in still ampler proportions up-town—one of the conspicuous factories of the city. He has a fine mansion in one of the fashionable cross streets and a superb country seat in an interior county of the state. His wealth is estimated at $7,000,000 to $8,000,000, and his younger brother is thought to be worth $3,000,000 or $1,000,000, all the product of the evolution of the cigarette, which is far worse than a cigar, because it contains, in addition to tobacco, paper, opium, and other deleterious drugs.—*New York Commercial-Advertiser.*

BASE coin—the money placed in the foundation stone of public buildings.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE ROUSTABOUTS' FAREWELL.

Quaint Snatches of Song from Cotton-Boat and Levee.

[New Orleans Letter.]

The last bale of cotton having been rolled on board with many a "Heave ho!" from the darky crew, the happiest hour in the improvident, "devil-may-care" existence of the Mississippi River roustabouts is at hand. Roosting on railing, rope coils, and cotton bales on the rear deck like a convention of dilapidated scarecrows, they are waiting to respond to the farewell songs of friends and sweethearts congregated on the levee.

Farewell, broders, if yo's gwine *fo'* to go
We'll weep fo', to see yo' face once mo',

wails out a dusky maiden on the shore, and

On de lebee by de riber side,

roll the united voices.

I've lef' my gal in New Orleans,
Fo' she is young, jes in her teens,

trills a thin tenor from the deck, and again

On de lebee by de riber side,

swells the refrain:

Ducks plays cyards an' chickens drinks wine,
An' de monkey grow on de grape vine,
Co'n starch pudding and tapioca pie,
Oh! de gray cat pick out de brack cat's eye!

thrillingly announces the heavy bass, while the dual crowd breaks into united rhythmical sway at the rousing refrain:

Walk dat, Lee. *Oh!* Miss Lee!
Ah! ah! ah! hear we go!
Fo' we all gwine fo' to leabe you, good-by, good-by!
Fo' we all gwine fo' to leabe you, good-by, Liza Jane!

The echo scarcely dies away when a rival songster on the shore begins:

Monkey dress in soldier clo'se;
All cross ober to Jordan!
Went out in de woods fo' to drill de crows;
Oh! Ja-ru-sa-lem!
Jay bird sat on ole hickory limb;
All cross ober to Jordan!
I up wid a rock and hit him on de chin!
Oh! Ja-ru-sa-lem!

And then the excited crowd sweeps with wild enthusiasm into:

Shine on! Shine on! All cross ober to Jordan!
Then shine on! Shine on! *Oh!* Ja-ru-sa-lem!

Next a woman's figure breaks out from the levee crowd with waving arms and swaying body and proclaims in a ringing treble:

Oh, I long fo' to reach dat heavenly sho'
To meet ol' Peter stan'in' at de do',
He say to me, 'Oh! how you do?
Come sit right yonder in de gol'en pew;'
Fo' de good cullud people da go clah froo
To dip in de Gol'en Sea.

And the sympathetic brethren swell the melodious

Den dip me! bave me!
Sisters, you and me!
Come get in de boat, fo' we all gwine to float
Fo' to dip in de Gol'en Sea!

This is evidently a favorite air, and the throng becomes frantic with enthusiasm as it repeats it with many a quaint stanza. An ecstatic sister takes up the burden again with

Good Mr. Jesus a sittin' in de prow,
Come all yo' niggahs make yo' bow;
Oh! I look down on de wo'ld below
An' watch dem white trash shubblin' snow,
While angels fishes du nip my toe,
While! I dip in de Gol'en Sea!

Then the responsive chorus swells out, and again the *basso profundo* of the crew determines that the sisters shall not have a monopoly of the solo parts, so he breaks in and crushingly refers to the erratic mother of them all:

Ol' Adam he wah de fus' built man,
Dat's jis what de Good Book say.
An' Ebe come nex', den sin began;
Dat's jis what de Good Book say.
Ebe bit de apple right in two,
A wicked fing fo' Ebe to do;
Yes, dat's what de Good Book say!

But his effort to silence them is futile, for they join him with unabated gusto in

Dat's jes what de Good Book say, Bruder;
Yes, dat's what de Good Book say!
Jes read it froo; you'll fin' it true,
Fo' dat's what de Good Book say.

Another biblical expounder is quick at hand to continue the song:

Dah wah a man, he name wah Lot;
Dat's jis what de Good Book say.
An' he hab a wife an' daughters got;
Dat's jis what de Good Book say.
His wife she balk an' make a halt,
An' de Lord he turn hah into salt;
Oh! dat's what de Good Book say!

But the swaying, time-beating crowd on shore is now fast receding from view, and the boat's many-voiced crew unites with heart-stirring earnestness in

I'se gwine f'om de cotton fields, I'se gwine f'om de cane,
I'se gwine f'om de ol' log hut dat stan's down in de lane:
De boat am in de ribber, dat am come to take me off,
An' I'se gwine to jine de ex'o dus an' strike out fo' de No'f.

And afar over the moon-lit waters faint notes of weird melodies came floating like a distant echo of this pathetic strain.

A STORY FOR DRUGGISTS.

Apropos to the recent poisoning of an infant by a clash in the understanding of doctor and druggist of the meaning of "spl," a prominent medicine-maker tells the following story:

"It was about three months ago when I got a prescription from a well-known doctor, which called for five grains of opium, to be taken in a mixture, as directed. For fear of accidents, I put the stuff in a poison-bottle, and told the nurse who came for it to be sure and use it for outward application only. She went off, and presently I got a strong note from the doctor, ordering me to put up the prescription as directed, and not interfere with his instructions, which were tablespoon doses every three hours. As I had no wish to kill a patient and ruin the doctor, I changed the five-grain dose to one-tenth of a grain, and sent off the medicine. Presently the doctor came in, white with anger.

"'Damme, sir! when I send a prescription don't you dare interfere with it,' he roared.

"'But suppose you had made a mistake?' I said. 'I suppose you did not want to kill the woman.' Then I showed him his order for five-grain doses, and called his attention to the fact that a fifth of that would kill.

"'Did you send up the stuff?' he asked, pale with fright.

"'Indeed I did,' I answered. 'What could I do after your peremptory order?'

"'Then the only thing for me to do is to get up to the undertaker's and claim commission. I guess I'll need all the money I can get now,' he said, as he dashed off at full speed."—*San Francisco Post.*

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

WILL CURE
HEADACHE
INDIGESTION
BILIOUSNESS
DYSPEPSIA
NERVOUS PROSTRATION
MALARIA
CHILLS AND FEVERS
TIRED FEELING
GENERAL DEBILITY
PAIN IN THE BACK & SIDES
IMPURE BLOOD
CONSTIPATION
FEMALE INFIRMITIES
RHEUMATISM
NEURALGIA
KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

The Genuine has Trade Mark and crossed Red Lines on wrapper.
TAKE NO OTHER.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MEN WANTED

to sell for the HOOKER NURSERIES. Established 1835. Good pay all the year around on salary or commission. Send for terms.
H. E. HOOKER CO., Rochester, N. Y.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING, and perform the work of the *Natural Drum*. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials free. Address F. H. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper.

Are you CONSUMPTIVE.

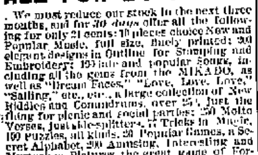
Have you Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, Indigestion? Use PARKER'S TONIC without delay. It has cured many of the worst cases and is the best remedy for all affections of the throat and lungs, and diseases arising from impure blood and exhaustion. The feeble and sick, struggling against disease, and slowly drifting to the grave will in most cases recover their health by the timely use of PARKER'S TONIC, but delay is dangerous. Take it in time. Cures when all else fails. Gives new life and strength to the aged and infirm. $1 at Druggists.

ALL FOR 24 CENTS.

We must reduce our stock in the next three months, and for *30 days* offer all the following for only 24 cents: 10 pieces choice New and Popular Music, full size, finely printed; 30 elegant designs in Outline for Stamping and Embroidery; 100 late and popular Songs, including all the gems from the MIKADO, as well as "Dream Faces," "Love, Love, Love," "Sailing," etc., etc., a large collection of New Riddles and Conundrums, over 25; Just the thing for picnic and social parties; 250 Motto Verses, just side-splitters, 77 Tricks in Magic, 100 Puzzles, all kinds, 26 Popular Games, a Secret Alphabet, 200 Amusing, Interesting and Mysterious Pictures, the great game of Fortunes Told, etc., etc. We will send all the above in one package to any address, all prepaid, for 24 cents in postage stamps; three packages for 60c; 7 packages for $1. Address all orders to *WORLD M'F'G CO., 122 Nassau Street, N. Y.*

HAY FEVER SUFFERERS

BE HAPPY!



Instant Relief can be Obtained by Using
Cushman's Menthol Inhaler.

It alleviates the distressing itching sensation which precedes the paroxysm of sneezing, cools the inflamed membrane and is pleasant and always effective. It is also superior remedy for the immediate relief and cure of Neuralgia, Headache, Catarrh, Asthma, and Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Earache, Toothache and all diseases of the throat and lungs. Highly approved by Physicians. Sample mailed on receipt of price, 50 cents. Ask your Druggist to order a dozen.
H. D. CUSHMAN, Three Rivers, Mich.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH."
The Original and Only Genuine.

Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless Imitations. Indispensable to LADIES. Ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or inclose 4c. (stamps) to us for particulars in letter by return mail. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co., 2818 Madison Square, Philada., Pa.
At Druggists. Trade supplied by Jas. B. Park & Sons, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dr. A. C. HOXSIE'S

Certain Croup Cure

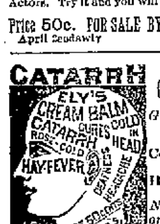
The only remedy known that *CAN CURE* a violent case of *CROUP* in half an hour. Always keep it in the house.

DR. A. C. HOXSIE'S

CERTIAN CROUP CURE DISKS!

For Hoarseness, Loss of Voice, Coughs, &c. Invaluable to Public Speakers, Singers and Actors. Try it and you will use no other.

Price 50c. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS
April 2eodawly



ELY'S CREAM BALM

Gives Relief at once, cures

Cold in Head,
CATARRH
HAY FEVER.

Not a liquid, snuff or powder. Free from injurious drugs and offensive odors.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. Circulars free. Ely Bros., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

MADAME MORA'S CORSETS.



MOST COMFORTABLE AND PERFECT FITTING. Merchants say they give better satisfaction than any corset they ever sold. Dressmakers recommend them for their fine shape. Cannot break over hips. Are particularly liked by Ladies of full figure. The "CONTOUR" and "ALDINE" have the Patent Turtle Back, which covers the open space and protects the spine. The "LA REINE" has the popular Hammock Bracing, which can be instantly taken out, without cutting or ripping. The Ladies ask for MADAME MORA'S CORSETS. No others have the celebrated French Curved Band. Beware of imitations offered to deceive the public. For sale by all leading dealers. Manufactured by

Madame Mora's Contour, L. KRAUS & CO.,
Madame Mora's La Reine, Birmingham, Conn.
Madame Mora's Aldine, J. G. Fitzpatrick & Co.,
Madame Mora's Comfort Hip. 71 Leonard St., N. Y.

All Sorts of

hurts and many sorts of ails of man and beast need a cooling lotion. Mustang Liniment.

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, OCT. 9, 1886.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

STATE TICKET.

For Lieutenant Governor,
JOHN C. NELSON.

For Judge of Supreme Court,
JOHN R. COFFROTH.

For Secretary of State,
ROBERT W. MIERS.

For Auditor of State,
CHARLES A. MUNSON.

For Treasurer of State,
THOMAS BYRNES.

For Clerk of Supreme Court,
MARTIN J. KREUGER.

For Attorney General,
HUGH D. McMULLEN.

For Superintendent of Public Instruction
ANDREW M. SWEENEY.

For Congress, 12th District,
HON. ROBERT LOWRY, of Allen.

For Joint Senator,
ISAIAH B. McDONALD.

For Joint Representative,
BENJAMIN F. IBACH.

COUNTY TICKET.

For Senator,
JAMES M. BARRETT.

For Representatives,
W. M. SHAMBAUGH,
AUSTIN M. DARROCH.

For Judge of Superior Court,
S. M. HENCH.

For Prosecuting Attorney,
JAMES M. ROBINSON.

For Clerk,
DR. GEORGE W. LOAG.

For Auditor,
JOHN B. NIEZER.

For Recorder,
MILTON M. THOMPSON.

For Treasurer,
ISAAC MOWRER.

For Sheriff,
DEGROFF NELSON.

For Surveyor,
O. B. WILEY.

For Coroner,
JAMES M. DINNEN.

For County Commissioner, 1st District.
HENRY HARTMAN.

FACTS FOR VOTERS.

Hon. Charles McCulloch Makes an Honest and Masterly Statement of County Affairs.

To the Editor of The Sentinel.

Nothing more completely baffles trickery and deception than a straightforward statement of facts. I believe that the taxpayers of Allen county and the city of Fort Wayne are honest, intelligent men, not easily bamboozled or deceived. Living in the noonday of time, they read and think and the editors of republican papers in this city will find that the triumphs of truth and reason are greater than those of misrepresentation. Slander cannot make a subject either better or worse and in the long run it acts like a boomerang upon the party that resorts to it. The true and concise statement of our county affairs, made by our county treasurer, is all that is necessary to puncture the false statements of republican newspapers, and it will be published often enough for every man in the county to read it and these pretended reformers will find that "truth is mighty and will prevail."

The statement shows that the commissioners did issue $200,000 of bonds, and they bear five per cent interest, but the premium they brought, of $4,000, brings the rate of interest to about 4½ per cent or less. They did this to pay off every county order that drew 6 per cent, and to give them money enough to keep the county for the future on a cash basis and at the same time not to stint in the necessary expenses of a thriving county. Several years ago, about the time Mr. Rudisill was auditor, a large number of wooden bridges, on pile foundations, were built within a period of four years. Everyone knows what kind of bridges they were from the one at Rudisill's mill and Muldoon's dam. During the last four years these bridges have had to be rebuilt or repaired at a cost of over $150,000, and in order to verify my statement I give figures of cost and location of bridges, and this will tell why for four years past the expenditures of the county have been heavy:

Wells street bridge, St. Marys river	$20,222 51
Paper Mill bridge, St. Joe river	14,490 25
Clinton street bridge, St. Marys river	14,315 71
Reedmiller bridge, St. Marys river	14,081 94
Hursh Mills bridge, St. Joe river	11,89[illegible] 02
Stellhorn bridge, St. Marys river	8,250 03
Gloyd's mill bridge, Cedar Creek	6,480 70
Three Bridges bridge, Flat Rock	10,511 23
Morton's bridge, St. Marys river	6,725 00
Abutments for Bull rapids, Maumee river	6,761 23
Bluffton road bridge	2,692 93
Hobbs bridge, Hobbs run	3,478 48
County line bridge, Little river	4,150 85
Huntington road bridge	2,843 62
Marquette bridge, Flat Rock	2,109 50
Wilson bridge, Madison township	2,116 17
Eel river bridge, Eel river	3,176 48
Shawnee bridge, Shawnee run	2,424 35
Aboit bridge, Aboit river	2,168 03
New Haven bridge repairs	1,783 38
Monroeville bridge	1,556 55
Robinson bridge, Robinson run	1,170 00
Gar Creek bridge, stone work	1,350 00
Fitch bridge, iron work	320 00
Spy Run bridge, iron works	628 25
Hoagland bridge, near Hoagland	1,145 92
Broadway bridge, iron	129 25
Leo bridge, repairs	570 85
Nickerson bridge, Nickerson creek	485 60
Canal bridge, near paper mill	251 22
Canal bridge, near brewery	276 18
Canal bridge, near Peters' mill	151 60
Notestine's bridge	105 58
Huntertown bridge	122 20
Lafayette township bridge	135 00
Academy station bridge, repairs	221 00
Monroe township, bridge repairs	164 50
Gar Creek bridge repairs	125 00
Milan township bridge repairs	105 00
Hamilton Creek bridge	125 00
Scipio township bridge	100 00
Township line bridge	92 00
Mud Run bridge	85 00
Maumee township bridge	70 00
Cedar Creek bridge repairs	70 00
Springfield township bridge repairs	51 00
Painting Rudisill bridge	60 00
Painting Taylor's bridge	25 00
Total	$153,290 77

Some more have yet to be built, but the work is principally done for many years to come. Allen county is the largest county in the state and has more bridges to build and keep up than any other county. She is second in wealth and manufacturing interests and had it not been for the necessary expenses [illegible] she would not have run behind one dollar. THE PEOPLE BELIEVE IN GOOD ROADS, SAFE BRIDGES, WELL MANAGED PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS, LIBERAL EXPENDITURES FOR HOSPITALS AND THE POOR.

The hospital and poor expenses alone from June 1, 1885, to June 1, 1886, were as follows, according to the report of Auditor Griebel:

Poor orders by townships trustees	$22,821 00
Medicine	168 20
Physicians	2,292 67
Railroad fare	271 25
City hospital	3,810 63
St. Joseph hospital	4,077 12
Asylum	6,077 15
Asylum superintendent	300 00
Pest house	30 10
Overseers of poor, township trustees	1,937 00
Total	$43,705 12

Viewing the great improvements and charities we can point with pride to our county and the paltry debt that is shown in the statement of the county treasurer is so straightforward and plainly legitimate that people never give it a moments critical consideration. There has been no stealing. Men like William Briant, Jerome Gloyd, Henry Hartman, Louis Griebel, Willis Maier, John Dalman, Judge Hench, Judge O'Rourke *don't steal*. Newspapers are the only accusers that dare say they do. Individually not one of the gentlemen who edit those papers would say so. The democratic and republican platforms both agreed that one term in a four year county office was long enough. With that idea prominent the present democratic county ticket was nominated and as Mr. P. S. O'Rourke said to me a few days ago, "it is as good a ticket as was ever nominated in Allen county," and Mr. O'Rourke is a close observer and always says exactly what he means. He also said that he had known Mr. Niezer from his boyhood, and that he was the soul of honor. The laws that regulate the county officials in the banner democratic county of Allen regulates them in republican counties. Allen county's prosperity and growth has been wonderful within the past few years, and the workingmen who are building homes faster than ever all over our beautiful city, still have confidence in our public servants in spite of the attempts of newspaper gentlemen at each election to deceive them.

Respectfully,
CHARLES McCULLOCH.

LABOR LEGISLATION.

The Measures Supported by Congressman Lowry in the House.

The house of representives of the forty-eighth congress inaugurated labor legislation by creating for the first time among its standing committees, a committee on labor, to which should be referred proposed legislation affecting the interests of workingmen. Mr. Lowry voted in favor of it. From this committee emanated the law creating the national bureau of labor statistics, and the law prohibiting the importation of contract pauper labor, now found on the statute books. Also the house resolution authorizing and directing the commissioner of labor to make a full investigation as to the kind and amount of work performed in the penal institutions of the several states and territories of the United States and the District of Columbia, as to the methods under which convicts are or may be employed, and as to all the facts pertaining to convict labor and the influence of the same upon the industries of the country. For each and all of these Juge Lowry voted.

The democratic house of representatives also passed the following bills which came from the same committee:

THE ARBITRATION BILL

which provides that in all controversies between railroad companies and their employes, if submitted to arbitration, the United States would give the arbitrators the power to send for persons and papers, to administer oaths, in fact all the power of United States commissioners, and would pay all the expenses of the arbitration, the award to be filed with the commissioner of labor and to be made public by him.

Judge Lowry both spoke and voted in favor of the arbitrative bill. His speech was received with much favor. Part of it was published by us at the time.

Next comes

THE BILL

to protect mechanics, laborers and servants in their wages. By providing that for all personal services rendered by any person acting in the capacity of mechanic, laborer, or servant, in the District of Columbia and territories of the United States, no property shall be exempt from seizure and sale under execution.

Lowry's vote is found recorded in its support. Then followed the house resolution for

ENQUIRY AS TO CONVICT LABOR,

Authorizing and directing the commisioner of labor to make a full investigation as to the kind and amount of work performed in the penal institutions of the several states and territories of the United States and the District of Columbia, as to the methods under which convicts are or may be employed, and as to all the facts pertaining to convict labor and the influence of the same upon the industries of the country.

This also received Judge Lowry's support. Then came

THE BILL AGAINST CONVICT LABOR.

To prohibit any officer, agent, or servant of the government of the United States to hire or contract out the labor of prisoners incarcerated for violating the laws of the United States.

Lowry's name is also here recorded in the affirmative. And these were rounded up by

ANOTHER ANTI-CONVICT LABOR BILL.

To prevent the employment of convict labor and alien labor upon public buildings and other [illegible] works and convict labor in the preparation or manufacture of materials for public buildings and other public works, and to regulate the manner of letting contracts therefor.

Each and everyone of these measures having been warmly supported by our representative in congress, we have no doubt those for whose benefit they were especially intended will readily recognize the fact that it is for their interest to continue Judge Lowry for another term where he has rendered such faithful service. They will thus also signally rebuke the unscrupulous falsifiers who so basely seek to misrepresent him.

COL. I. B. M'DONALD.

An Old Soldier Pays His Respects to the Hero Candidate for Joint Senator.

To the Editor of The Sentinel.

On last Saturday I attended the joint senatorial convention at Columbia City. I was present when T. W. Blair made his speech accepting the nomination as a candidate for joint senator for Allen and Whitley counties. I was more than surprised at the course pursued by Blair. His attacks upon Col. McDonald, the democratic candidate, was outrageous and ungentlemanly under the circumstances. Every body at Columbia City knows full well that when the war broke out Col. McDonald was one of the very first to enlist in Columbia City with Capt. G. W. Stough and Capt. James E. Sargent. We all know that he was a good soldier and a great worker in the army and that he came out in the latter part of 1864, with a good record. If Mr. Blair had asked our people here in Columbia City, he could have learned that Col. McDonald, has for the last thirty-four years, been a great worker and has been the very soul of public improvements in our town and county. He has paid to laboring men of Whitley county better wages and more money, than any other man of his means in the county. That Col. McDonald is a democrat is true, but not an offensive one among his neighbors. More than this I know that for many years he has financially assisted many of his neighbors when in his power so to do. Here men, both democrats and republicans in Columbia City, whom he has saved from bankruptcy by his kindness. When the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railway was built, he was one of the very first to cast in his mite to assist in that great enterprise. When the Eel River railway was built he gave $1,000 in cash and paid several hundred dollars as taxes besides. I know further that there are but few church edifices in the county to which he has not contributed his means. In 1870, when the dirty slums, like the man Blair promulgated at Columbia City on Saturday last, were thrown at Col. McDonald, as a candidate for representative, he carried every township in the county. Here is the note from the records in the clerk's office, which I have examined. Hon. A. M. Trumbull, a most excellent gentleman, a man high in his church, the Methodist Episcopal, was his opponent. In that year, 1870, the democratic state ticket had 426 majority in the county, but McDonald and Trumbull had the following vote:

Townships.	McDonald	Trumbull	Maj.
Cleveland	228	119	109
Richland	180	133	47
Troy	68	54	14
Etna	41	35	6
Washington	131	42	98
Columbia	448	120	328
Thorncreek	140	49	91
Jefferson	120	106	14
Smith	125	104	21
Total majority			729

That vote in the county on the state ticket was 426 majority for Col. Nooman Eddy for secretary of state. So it will be seen that such low calumny of the man Blair about Colonel McDonald and his soldier record did not avail anything in the canvas in Whitley county in 1870; so it will be seen that McDonald carried every township in the county, both republican and democratic. This result was brought about by such a course as has been begun by the man Blair in 1886, when a fellow can stand up in a public audience in Columbia City, and insult the good wife and children of an old soldier. This man Blair insults the memory of three gallant brothers, who have their last resting place on southern soil. This fellow Blair and his backers at Columbia City, when they deal in such base lies and insinuations about an old soldier and a good citizens, may expect their reward in the proper manner at the polls in November next.

AN OLD VETERAN.

In gathering wild flowers, autumn leaves, or picnicking in the woods, we are more or less exposed to danger from poisoning by ivy or other wild vines and shrubs. The poison is under certain circumstances readily absorbed by the blood, and painful swellings or eruptions are caused. Such affections Hood's Sarsaparilla readily cures, as it expels all impurities from the blood. Even in cases of poisoning by Paris green, Hood's Sarsaparilla has been remarkably successful. It should be kept constantly in the house for all blood disorders. Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., and is sold by all druggists. 100 doses $1.

Jet is said to be becoming a national trimming.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferers at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub wakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.
Jan[illegible]-eodawly.

[illegible] to these micro-organisms [illegible]

COL. I. B. M'DONALD

Pays His Respects to Hon. T. W. Blair and Accepts His Challenge.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Oct. 4.

Col. I. B. McDonald, Ring Candidate for Joint Senator:

DEAR SIR—Believing that the people should be fully informed of your false position in defending the large defalcation in the state treasury, and the outrageous proceedings of the state legislature and the management of the state institutions, and denying the rights of workingmen to be represented in our law-making bodies, I respectfully challenge you to meet me in joint discussion of the issues before the people, at such times and places as the respective central committees of the counties of Allen and Whitley may arrange. I desire a fair, straightforward answer to this end at your earliest convenience.

Very respectfully yours,
T. W. BLAIR,
People's Candidate for Joint Senator Allen and Whitley counties.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Oct. 8, '86.

Thomas W. Blair, Esq., Republican Candidate for Joint Senator, Fort Wayne, Ind.:

SIR—I am in receipt of your very discourteous letter of the 4th inst. I am constrained, at least for the present, not to take the proper notice of the insolence contained therein, leaving that duty to some future time and place. As the DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR JOINT SENATOR I shall be pleased to be on hand promptly at such times and places as shall be arranged by Hon. Charles McCulloch, chairman of the Allen county democratic central committee.

ISAIAH B. McDONALD.

THE rock foundation in South Carolina and neighboring States, says the New York *Times*, slopes from the mountains of the Appalachian system—where it is at the surface—to the uplands, and the slope is continued under the overlying soil and deposits of the lowlands to a point one hundred miles from the coast, where it begins to fall at a sharper angle. The formation along the coast upon which Charleston rests is largely a deposit caused by the natural transfer of soil and fragmentary rocks from the mountains and highlands during a very long period. From one century to another this load washed down from the highlands has been growing heavier, and the seaward slope of the rock table underneath has given it a seaward tendency. In the depths beyond a point 100 miles from shore there was nothing to restrain this tendency. At last a time came when this tendency became irresistible and the great mass slipped seaward. Such readjustments of the surface of the earth are continually being made. In some regions they are hastened by volcanic action. Great masses that might have remained almost stationary for a century in the absence of any disturbing influence have received from volcanoes the impetus required to move them. This influence may be interchangeable. A land-slip may sometimes have caused a volcanic eruption by suddenly increasing the pressure upon a deposit of lava. Moreover, it is plain that the depths of the earth are hot, whether there be a molten internal mass or not, and the introduction of sea water by gravitation through fissures into heated cavities may cause the development of steam which will exert its force in disturbing the surface. This may be the cause of some earthquakes or landslides.

WILLIAM C. PRIME, of New York City, who for ten summers has driven through New England in his own carriage, resting on Sundays, and going to church wherever he might happen to be, says in the New Princeton *Review* that there is no disputing the fact that in the rural districts of Vermont and New Hampshire the people have lost the habit of going to church.

Life is not worth living if one has chronic rheumatism and can't get Salvation Oil. Price 25 cts.

Cold piercing winds seldom fail to bring on a cough, cold, or hoarseness at this season, and Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup should be kept in every house.

Recent advices from Hon. Gil Shanklin, editor of the Evansville *Courier*, are to the effect that the treatment he is undergoing for restored eyesight will prove successful.

Sudden Changes of temperature, especially at night, just now, are apt to cause indisposition. A little imprudence often brings about serious illness. In such cases POND'S EXTRACT is invaluable. Dr. Preston, of Brooklyn, writes, "I know of no remedy so generally useful in a family." Taken internally and externally, it cools, soothes and cures inflammation of every sort, and controls and subdues all kinds of Hemorrhages. Beware of worthless imitations.

Competition has reduced the fare in London busses to one penny.

In the Dear Old Days.

We differ in creed and politics, but we are a unit all the same on the desirableness of a fine head of hair. If you mourn the loss oft his blessing and ornament, a bottle or two of Parker's Hair Balsam will make you look as you did in the dear old days. It is worth trying. It is the only standard 50c article for the hair.

REV. H. B. ERRELL, of Pavilion, N. Y., says of Gilmore's Aromatic Wine: "I believe it to be a most desirable remedy to be placed in every family."

WILLIS L. CULVER, of Pavilion, N. Y., says that Gilmore's Magnetic Elixir cured him of a long standing throat and lung trouble.

LADIES, Use Gilmore's Aromatic Wines for nervousness and sleeplessness.

CONFINED TO THE BED FOUR MONTHS, and almost blind, and cured by one box of Gilmore's Neuralgia cure.

WHAT WILL CURE THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES? Gilmore's Magnetic Elixir.

For sale by Dreier & Bro's. and H. G. Gumpper.

A PLAIN STATEMENT.

A Concise and Clear Statement of Allen County's Finances.

Owing to the misrepresentations if not absolute falsehoods of the so called People's Convention managers, concerning the financial condition of Allen county, Chairman McCulloch, of the democratic county committee, addressed a letter to Treasurer John Dalman, requesting an accurate statement of the county's affairs at the close of business, September 30, 1886. Treasurer Dalman's reply is given in full, and explodes most effectually the statements made by these would be bell wethers of the people's, alias republican movement.

Hon. C. McCulloch:

In compliance with your request to furnish a statement to the public, of the condition of the treasury of Allen county, I hereby enclose such statement as shown by the books in my office at the close of business September 30, 1886:

LIABILITIES.		
County bonds	$200,000 00	
Interest on bonds up to October 1	2,500 00	
County orders afloat October 1	323 65	
Total Indebtedness	$202,823 65	$202,823 65
ASSETS FOR COUNTY PURPOSES.		
Amount of cash on hand October 1	$10,661 59	
Adams county order, Richards' trial	4,978 43	
Interest on Adams county order to October 1	50 00	
Second installment, due from May settlement	74,677 54	
Delinquent tax due and unpaid	69,689 04	
Total assets	$159,656 60	159,656 60
Liabilities over assets		$43,167 05

JOHN DALMAN,
Treasurer Allen County.

IRA D. SANKEY, on his return from Europe, intends to join Mr. Moody at Chicago. Said he the other day: "Do I consider Chicago the worst city in the Union? No; but I consider it a very inflammable city."

IS THIS THE REFORM THEY TALK ABOUT!

[Proceedings of the Republican County Convention taken Verbatim from the Gazette.]

Mr. Baltes was declared the nominee and made a short speech:

"MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—I have not been seeking this office, but as you have been so liberal as to give me a majority on the first ballot, I am very thankful, and shall work again as I did four years ago, when I paid $1,200 and didn't get the office, even if it costs me another $1,200 to get into this court house. All I ask is that these delegates do the fair thing, and at the fall election be at the polls and vote the whole ticket through from top to bottom, [a voice, "We'll do it!"] and there is no doubt but we'll carry Allen county. [Cheers.]"

The pain and misery suffered by those who are afflicted with dyspepsia are indescribable. The distress of the body is equalled or surpassed by the confusion and tortures of the mind, thus making its victims suffer double affliction. The relief that is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla has caused thousands to be thankful for this great medicine. It dispels the causes of dyspepsia, and tones up the digestive organs. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE story comes from Nebraska that a rattlesnake bit a dog, but singular enough the dog did not die, but developed hydrophobia, transferred the rabies to the cattle, and killed fourteen of them.

That weak back or pain in the side or hips you will find immediately relieved when a Hop Plaster is applied. It strengthens the muscles, giving the ability to do hard work without suffering. Take none but this, 'tis sure.

Bartholdi will sail from Havre for New York October 16.

Consumption Can be Cured.

Not by any secret remedy, but by proper healthful exercise and the judicious use of Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites, containing the healing and strength-giving virtues of these two valuable specifics in their fullest form. Prescribed universally by physicians. Take no other.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, and relieves consumptive persons in advanced stages of the disease. Price 25 cts. Caution. The Genuine *Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup* is sold only in *white wrappers*, and bears our registered Trade-Marks to wit: *A Bull's Head in a Circle, a Red-Strip Caution-Label*, and the fac-simile signatures of John W. Bull & A. C. Meyer & Co., Sole Prop's, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.



Chew Lange's Plugs—The great Tobacco Antidote!—Price 10 Cts.—Sold by all Druggists.

Ladies

Do you want a pure, blooming Complexion? If so, a few applications of Hagan's MAGNOLIA BALM will gratify you to your heart's content. It does away with Sallowness, Redness, Pimples, Blotches, and all diseases and imperfections of the skin. It overcomes the flushed appearance of heat, fatigue and excitement. It makes a lady of THIRTY appear but TWENTY; and so natural, gradual, and perfect are its effects, that it is impossible to detect its application.

ECZEMA

And Every Species of Itching and Burning Diseses a Cured by Cuticura.

ECZEMA, or Salt Rheum, with its agonizing itching and burning, instantly relieved by a warm bath with Cuticura Soap and a single application of Cuticura, the great Skin Cure. This repeated daily, with two or three doses of Cuticura Resolvent, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unirritating, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure eczema, Tetter, ringworm, psoriasis, lichen, pruritis, scald head, dandruff and every species of itching, scaly and pimply humors of the scalp and skin, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

ECZEMA.

I gratefully acknowledge a cure of eczema or salt rheum, on head, neck, face, arms and legs for seventeen years; not able to walk except on hands and knees for one year; not able to help myself for eight years; tried hundreds of remedies; doctors pronounced my case hopeless; permanently cured by the Cuticura Remedies.
WILL McDONALD,
2542 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

ECZEMA.

Some five months ago I had the pleasure to inform you of my improvement in the use of the Cuticura Remedies in my case of severe chronic eczema erythematosa and to-day cheerfully confirm all I then said. I consider my cure perfect and complete, and attribute it entirely to your remedies, having used no others.
FERVAN ESENCHARDO,
3306 Penna Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

ECZEMA.

I have suffered from salt rheum for over eight years, at times so bad I could not attend to my business for weeks at a time. Three boxes of Cuticura and four bottles Resolvent have entirely cured me of this dreadful disease.
MR. JOHN THIEL,
Wilkesbarre, Pa.

CUTICURA REMEDIES.

Are sold by all druggists. Price: Cuticura, 50 cents; Resolvent, $1.00; Soap, 25 cents. Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BEAUTIFY the complexion and skin by using the Cuticura Soap.

I CAN'T BREATHE.



Chest pains, numbness, soreness, hacking cough, asthma, pleurisy and inflammation relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. Nothing like it. At druggists, 25 cents. Potter Drug and Chemical Co.

Catarrhal Dangers,

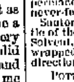
To be freed from the dangers of suffocation while lying down; to breathe freely, sleep soundly and undisturbed; to rise refreshed, head clear, brain active and free from pain or ache; to know that no poisonous, putrid matter defiles the breath and rots away the delicate machinery of smell, taste and hearing; to feel that the system does not, through its veins and arteries, suck up the poison that is sure to undermine and destroy, is indeed a blessing beyond all other human enjoyments. To purchase immunity from such a fate should be the object of all afflicted. But those who have tried many remedies and physicians despair of relief or cure.

Sanford's Radical Cure meets every phase of Catarrh, from a simple head cold to the most loathsome and destructive stages. It is local and constitutional. Instant in relieving, permanent in curing, safe, economical and never-failing.

Sanford's Radical Cure consists of one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box of Catarrhal Solvent, and one Improved Inhaler, all wrapped in one package, with treatise and directions, and sold by all druggists for $1.00.

POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

ACHING BACKS



Weak Backs, Pain, Weakness and Inflammation of the Kidneys, Shooting Pains through the Loins, Hip and Side Pains, lack of strength and activity relieved in one minute and speedily cured by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, a new, original, elegant and infallible antidote to pain and inflammation. At druggists, 25c; five for one dollar, or postage free of Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half pound tins by grocers, labeled thus:
JAMES EPPS & CO.,
Homoeopathic Chemists,
London, England.
Feb 20-meslyr

MADDEN & COX

—PRACTICAL—

Sanitary Plumbers.

STEAM & GASS FITTERS.

—DEALERS IN—

Sanitary Appliances, Water Closets, Bath Tubs, Wash Stands, Hydrants, Pumps, Sinks, Cesspools,

Aartistic Gas Fixtures,

73 Calhoun Street,

Fort Wayne, - - - - Ind.
aug 21-6m.

Geo. R. Bowen.

Plumbing,
Steamfitting,
Sewering.

Particular attention given to Sanitary Plumbing and Sewering.

Bath Tubs, Boilers, Water Closets, Sinks, Hydrants, Yard Hose, Brass Trimmings for Engines, Etc.

NO. 110 CALHOUN ST.

A. HATTERSLEY & SON

PLUMBERS

Steam and Gas Fitters.

—DEALERS IN—

GAS FIXTURS

Main Street, East of Clinton
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Brass Work Iron and [illegible]
Lift and Force Pu[mps]
Sheet Lead, Bath Tubs, [illegible]
Rubber Hose, [illegible]

ROYAL BAKING POWDER



Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st., N. Y. may22-dawly

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO ADVERTISERS.

A list of 1,000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—*FREE.*

To those who want their advertisements to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our *Select Local List.*

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
10 Spruce Street, New York.

O. D. WEISELL DENTIST 34 Calhoun St.

Offers a professional experience of over years april23-ly

DR. T. J. DILLS

Has his office at his residence
NO. 108 EAST BERRY STREET.
Where he will give exclusive attention to all
DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.
Office hours 8 a. m. to 3 p. m.

WILSON WASHBOARDS.

These Washboards are made with a Bent-Wood rim. The Strongest boards and best washers in the world. For sale by all dealers. Take no other.
SINGLE and DOUBLE.
SAGINAW M'F'G CO., Saginaw, Michigan.
May 12-ly.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between Harry Maroney and Arthur Dodge has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, Arthur Dodge retiring from the firm. Harry Maroney will collect all outstanding bills and assume the indebtedness of the late firm and continue the business at the old place.

HARRY MARONEY.
ARTHUR DODGE.
Fort Wayne, Ind., Sept. 29, 1886. 2eowd6t.



FRANKS & WELLMAN
Undertakers and Embalmers,
Corner Main and Clinton Streets
We warrant our prices less than any one else in the City. may31-ly

J. Wilson & Sons
—DEALERS IN—
HARD AND SOFT
COAL!
From the Mines [Celebrated for] the quality of Coal. Also
Blacksmith Coal,
WOOD
—AND—
Kindling

Office and yards, corner Clinton and Railroad streets. Connect with P., F. W. and C. railroad at south depot.

Goods delivered to all parts of the city. Order by Telephone No. 109 at the expense of the firm. aug8-3m

ADVERTISERS can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., New York. Send 10cts. for 100-Page Pamphlet.

The Mirror

is no flatterer. Would you make it tell a sweeter tale? Magnolia Balm is the charmer that almost cheats the looking-glass.

GASTRONOMIC LONDON.

STRAY BITS FROM ITS NOTED CAFES AND RESTAURANTS.

A Dinner at the Holborn—The Old Cock Tavern—A Disgruntled Waiter—Fees and Fee-Givers—Living in Apartments, Etc., Etc.

[Special Correspondence.]

LONDON, Sept. 21.—I write this letter in the very heart of the greatest city of the world. All around me throbs the life blood of London, and within a few minutes' walk of me is the center from which go out the wires which affect every nation and every market. A stone's throw away is Charing Cross, with its trains and 'buses leading to all parts of London and England, and below this the Strand, with its everlasting stream of vehicles and men. I go to the top of my street, a block away, and Trafalgar square, with its giant column of Nelson, with the great bronze lions lying at its feet, greets my eyes, and down below, not far off, are the houses of parliament, where to-night Parnell is having tussle with the government about old Ireland. Hyde Park, Pall Mall and Piccadilly, with its clubs, are within walking distance, and all about me is the London of history and literature, as well as the great city of business activity.

Just across the street Benjamin Franklin lived when he came here to advocate the cause of the Colonists in 1771. Above this stands the Golden Cross hotel, where Mr. Pickwick met the hackney coachman and became acquainted with Jingle, and a little further down is the house of Samuel Pepys, the author of the Diary. Garrick lived in this vicinity, and some of the most important events in the life of Lady Jane took place right here.

When you are in Rome do what Romans do, and you will pay what Romans pay. If you try to carry American customs about with you, you will be charged three prices for everything, and will not be as well served into the bargain. It is the same with London. My friend and I are living here in apartments and we have a suite of three large rooms and an ante room on the second floor front for a fixed price of $3 per day. The same accommodations in the Grand hotel in the next block would cost more than five times the money. We have our breakfast in our sitting room. We order what we like the night before, and at the time appointed we find it well cooked, nicely served and smoking upon the table. We eat at our leisure and enjoy our breakfast. The other meals we take at the noted restaurants and cafés of London. We live well, and the whole does not cost us each over $3 a day.



BRITISH WAITER.

Americans are, as a rule, the most extravagant of travelers. They have acquired an international reputation as such. They pay bigger fees and get less for their money than any other class of travelers. I heard a rich American at Edinburgh say that it cost him an average of 25 in fees to every hotel bill he paid, and I find that twice as much is expected of an American as of a German, a Frenchman or an Englishman. Every servant here seems to expect a fee, and cab men, stage drivers, railroad conductors and the government employes about the public buildings have their hands always open. The fact that signs are put up warning the travelers that no gratuities are to be paid makes no difference, and at hotels the servants expect the same fee whether attendance is charged in the bill or not. I have paid thirty-seven cents a day for attendance at hotels, and have notwithstanding found an army of servants waiting to be feed at my departure. At many of the restaurants the waiters get no wages, but rely upon fees for their salaries, and at some hotels and cafés they even pay a good round sum to the proprietor for the privilege. The head boots at one of the big hotels in Liverpool pays, I am told, $500 a year for the blacking of the boots of the guests of the hotel, and hires his own assistants.

The average English waiter and porter of a hotel are almost always feed. The waiters are as a rule solemn-looking fellows, and they are always dressed in swallow-tail coats, low cut vests and white ties. They are very polite, especially when you are about to depart, and at that time all present themselves. The best of them do not ask for fees outright, but you can see they expect it all the same. If you do not fee them a look of ineffable scorn comes on their faces, and you have fallen like lead in their estimation.

Last night at the Covent Garden theatre restaurant a party of Americans, of which I was a member, drank a bottle of wine together. We sat at a little table just off of the promenade of the grand theatre and were waited upon by one of these walking clothes frames in full dress. The bill was asked for and a noted literary man of America handed the waiter the exact change. He started away with a thank you and then came back as he looked at the change, and said with an air which was half dazed: "Gentlemen, there is no fee here for the waiter!"

The American replied: "No, and you will get none! I am usually very liberal with your class, but I will never give fees when I am asked for them."

The waiter looked mad, spluttered a little, and went off. As he did so the American remarked to me: "This is the first time I have ever been directly asked for a fee." This man goes to Europe nearly every year and is a constant fee giver. Many Americans feel the same as he does. They don't object to giving a sixpence or a shilling when in the mood and when they feel they have been well served. They do object to giving in response to unadulterated cheek, and will not open their pockets upon its demands. It is surprising what fine looking fellows some of these waiters are. At the Royal hotel in Edinburgh and the St. Enoch's in Glasgow there are men acting as waiters who would not seem out of place as guests at a fashionable party or at a scientific meeting. The head waiter is, as a rule, a plump, middle aged man with a face shining with good living and having an air of dignity and good humor combined. He might pose for a retired nabob anywhere else, and you feel at first afraid to drop a fee into his hand, which he so well knows how to curl behind his back or at his side.

There are about 10,000 cabmen in London and about 1,000 'bus drivers. The cabmen have fixed rates for passengers, but they expect a penny or two additional with every fare. The hansom cab is the great vehicle here, and its rates are for two persons about a shilling or twenty-five cents for a two-mile trip. It is a two-wheeled one-horse affair, open at the front, and the driver sits behind and drives with his lines over the top of the cab. They do not obstruct the view and they make excellent time. These cabs are owned largely by capitalists, who let them out to the drivers at so much per day, and their pay is in what they can earn over this. The hansom was for years peculiarly a London institution, but it has been lately taken up in the United States, and Washington, Philadelphia and New York are adopting it.

Speaking of restaurants and eating, it is wonderful how much m[illegible] these English people eat, and [illegible] good [illegible]ts they have. The English gr[illegible] international reputation for its chops and steaks, and all over England you will see the sign "Grill Room" tacked to the walls of many restaurants. The grill room is a part of the restaurant where the meat is broiled in the same room it is eaten, and where one can pick out his own steak or chop and have it cooked for him. It differs from other restaurant rooms chiefly in the grilling part, which consists of a wide fireplace at the end of the room, built into the chimney, about as high from the floor as that upon which the blacksmith's fire burns. Upon this fireplace are masses of red coals, and over them grates of iron and spits, on which, with an appetizing odor, are broiling meats of various kinds. A cook in white cap, white waistcoat and apron presides over the grill, and at his side are big counters, upon which are laid out all kinds of raw chops, steaks and birds. You can pick out your own piece of meat, and see it put on the coals. In ten minutes, or less, it will be brought, smoking hot, to you, and you will find it delicious. If you are an Englishman you will order a mug of beer with it, and about a quart of heavy beer will be handed you in a big silver mug. You also have potatoes or other vegetables if you pay for them, and you close your repast with a bit of old Stilton or Gorgonzola cheese, which looks as old as a cathedral ruin and as moldy as a damp, unused cellar.

There are numerous old and noted restaurants in London. I came across one the other day called the Falstaff restaurant in the vicinity of Mark lane, and on Fleet street there is one at which Nell Gwynne used to dine which dates back into the Seventeenth century and has the sign "Nell Gwynne Tavern, founded A. D. 1660," upon it.

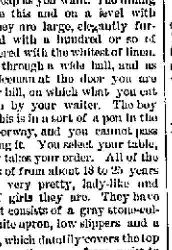
The Cock tavern near by has been noted among lawyers for years, and it is a little sixteen-feet wide building of many stories, sandwiched in between more modern structures. It has a golden rooster for a sign, and it looks very old. It is the restaurant that Tennyson speaks of in the beginning of one of his poems:

Oh, plump head waiter at the Cock,
To which I most resort,
How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock.
Go fetch a pint of port,
But let it not be such as that
You set before chance comers,
But such whose father-grape grew fat
On Lusitanian summers.

I dropped into the Cock yesterday. The grill eating was going on in stalls, while a very pretty maiden presided over the bar. I took a glass of port for the name of the thing and found it very good indeed, but whether it was of the Lusitanian kind or that for chance comers I know not.

Among the noted London restaurateurs of the present, Spiers & Pond stand very high. They have restaurants with silver gridirons and lots of colored glass all over London, and you find their establishments connected with the principal theatres and the railway stations. They are Australians, who have introduced French cookery into England, and many of their restaurants furnish meals on the Duval plan. Duval was a French butcher, who has founded restaurants all over Paris, at which everything is sold at the lowest remunerative rates, and everything is charged for even to the napkins. A bill of fare is given you with the prices attached to each dish, and you pay for just what you want and no more, except a fee, perhaps, to the waiters. These restaurants of Spiers & Pond are higher in price than the Duval establishments of Paris, but their service is excellent.

There is a big one in Fleet street, near the new law courts and in the locality of the large newspaper offices of London. It was in Fleet street that Dr. Samuel Johnson lived, and this restaurant is not far from where Isaac Walton's house used to stand. I have dined in it many times, and am always able to get a good dinner for about fifty cents. Everything you have here costs something. The use of the washroom to clean your hands and face costs six cents, and for this you get a fresh towel, wrapped up in a sealed paper, to show that no one else has wiped upon it, a "brush off" by a waiter, and as much hot and cold water and soap as you want. The dining rooms are above this and on a level with Fleet street. They are large, elegantly furnished and filled with a hundred or so of little tables, covered with the whitest of linen. You enter them through a wide hall, and as you pass the policeman at the door you are given a ticket or bill, on which what you eat will be set down by your waiter. The boy who gives you this is in a sort of a pen in the middle of the doorway, and you cannot pass in without getting it. You select your table, and your waiter takes your order. All of the waiters are girls of from about 18 to 25 years of age, and a very pretty, lady-like and agreeable lot of girls they are. They have one costume. It consists of a gray stone-colored dress, a white apron, low slippers and a gauzy lawn cap, which daintily covers the top of the head. Upon the arms, from wrist to elbow, there are pairs of white oversleeves tied at the elbow with black bands, and each girl fastens her collar with a round nickel-plated brooch the size of a trade dollar, upon which is enameled her number in plain figures. Number 5 waited on me to-day, and while she was standing beside me I made a hasty sketch of her and her badge. She was very pretty, and though she appeared delicate she was strong enough to dislodge with her corkscrew a refractory wine cork with a loud report. The corkscrew is a part of each of these girls' attire, and it is tied to their waists by a black string, and hangs half the way down the dress like a lady's fan at a party when not in use.



NUMBER FIVE.

Number 5 gave me a napkin, for which I paid two cents; a piece of bread, two cents; butter, two cents, and then my dinner as per order. Everything was nicely cooked and the service was of the best, though the prices were no less than those in the better class restaurants of New York, where cheapness is made an object. The prices of eating in London are about the same as in America, and when you figure up the total of your hotel bills you find that they amount to at least $3 or $4 per day at the better hotels, and more than that at the best. Their prices appear cheaper from the fact that everything is itemized. The total, however, is a continual astonishment. Take a fixed price per day per room, say $1, and this is about the lowest for which one can get a room at the better hotels in the West End, or fashionable London, and you find at the close an additional charge of one shilling and a half for service and one shilling for lights. The price of your room is now $1.62, and the waiters and boots will expect something when you leave. A room on any except the top floor will be higher, and the total daily rates will count up about as follows: $3 a day for the fourth floor, $5 for the third, $8 for the second, and about $10 for a room, including board, on the first floor. In all European hotels the ground floor does not count, and in most of them the floor above this is called the "entresol." The first floor is what would be the third floor in an American hotel, and there are few American hotels which charge as much as the above rates.

Of late years a number of penny coffee houses have sprung up all over England, and you find them in every part of London. These coffee rooms give a fair cup of coffee or chocolate for a penny, or two cents, a pat of butter for two cents and a piece of bread or roll for the same. Cold meats, pies and cake are also sold. There are no waiters at most of them, except those behind the cash counter. You go to the counter, ask for what you want, and carry it to one of the marble tables in the room, and, taking a seat, eat your lunch at your leisure. I have patronized them coffee houses several times when I wanted only a "snack" and have found them good. I understand that they are very paying institutions and that they do a great deal in the way of temperance reform, as no liquors are sold at them.

One of the finest restaurants of London is the Holborn, which from its table d'hôte dinners, accompanied by music, has acquired an international reputation. Here the furnishings are more gorgeous than those of Claude Melnotte's ideal palace, on the Lake of Como.



THE HOLBORN.

There is a blaze of gold carvings, fine marbles, beautiful tiles, rich furniture, cut glass and silver plate. Flowers and plants there are in profusion, and every surrounding is that of luxury and wealth. The dining room is a great court, roofed with paneled carvings of gold and white, and with tiers of wide galleries looking out upon it and rising one above another. It is as large as a good sized theatre and in decoration does not look unlike one of the best of theatres. The band is in one of the galleries. It is an excellent one and it renders the finest music during the dinner hours, which last from 5:30 p. m. to 8:30 p. m. The dinner is a table d'hôte, and it takes about one hour to go through its various courses. Between 500 and 1,000 people, I judge, were dining in it when I took my last dinner there, and the crowd was a well dressed and fashionable one. Each party had a table to itself, and many ladies were among the number. This dinner costs three shillings and six pence and three pence for the waiter, which is included in the bill. This makes a total charge of eighty-seven cents for a fine concert and an excellent dinner, which you will agree is not dear. This does not, however, include wine, and as every one drinks here, the dinner amounts to as much more as the drinking tastes of the diner demands.

The dinner from the joint is a favorite meal with Londoners. It consists of soup and a cut of roast beef, lamb, or veal, with vegetables and cheese. The Albion, Simpson's, the Rainbow and others are among the old fashioned English restaurants of this style. At Simpson's I have had many a good saddle of mutton, and I like the way it is brought to the table. A table on rollers with a fire burning upon it, and over this the great platter on which rests a big roast or fish, is rolled up to your table, and a cook dressed all in white cuts off the smoking slice before your eyes and lays it freshly cut upon your plate. A good dinner from the joint costs about seventy-five cents, and for this you get all the meat and vegetables you can eat. It is the dinner for a hungry man or a Dr. Tanner. The quality is good and the quantity is unlimited, as you can repeat your order ad libitum without increase of price.

FRANK GEORGE CARPENTER.

Those Complaining of Sore Throat or Hoarseness should use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. The effect is extraordinary, particularly when used by singers and speakers for clearing the voice.

The Salvation Army will locate for a year at Wabash.

They are Not Sorry.

There is one thing nobody ever regrets—that is, the day they first adopted Parker's Tonic as their regular family medicine. Its range is so wide, and its good effects so sure, that nothing else, except good nursing, are needed in a great majority of cases. Buy it, try it, and afterwards it will not require any praise from us.

Elkhart clings to the skating rink.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Crothersville has a new paper the *Commercial.*

Facts Worth Knowing.

In all diseases of the nasal mucous membrane the remedy used must be non-irritating. The medical profession has been slow to learn this. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished with douches, snuffs, powders, syringes, astringents or any similar application, because they are all irritating, do not reach the affected surfaces and should be abandoned as worse than failures. A multitude of persons who had for years borne all the worry and pain that catarrh can inflict testify to radical and permanent cures wrought by Ely's Cream Balm.

There are twenty-three women in the new class at Cornell.

Beware of Scrofula

Scrofula is probably more general than any other disease. It is insidious in character, and manifests itself in running sores, pustular eruptions, boils, swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, sore eyes, etc. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels all trace of scrofula from the blood, leaving it pure, enriched, and healthy.

"I was severely afflicted with scrofula, and over a year had two running sores on my neck. Took five bottles Hood's Sarsaparilla, and am cured." C. E. LOVEJOY, Lowell, Mass.

C. A. Arnold, Arnold, Me., had scrofulous sores for seven years, spring and fall. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him.

Salt Rheum

Is one of the most disagreeable diseases caused by impure blood. It is readily cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

William Spies, Elyria, O., suffered greatly from erysipelas and salt rheum, caused by handling tobacco. At times his hands would crack open and bleed. He tried various preparations without aid; finally took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now says: "I am entirely well."

"My son had salt rheum on his hands and on the calves of his legs. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla and is entirely cured." J. B. Stanton, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

POND'S EXTRACT
VEGETABLE
PAIN DESTROYER

Hemorrhages. Bleeding from the Lungs, Stomach, Nose, or from any cause is speedily controlled and stopped.

Sores, Ulcers, Wounds, Sprains and Bruises. It is cooling, cleansing and Healing.

Catarrh. It is most efficacious for this disease, Cold in the Head, &c. Our "Catarrh Cure," is specially prepared to meet serious cases. Our Nasal Syringe is simple and inexpensive.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia. No other preparation has cured more cases of these distressing complaints than the Extract. Our Plaster is invaluable in these diseases, Lumbago, Pains in Back or Side, &c.

Diphtheria & Sore Throat, Use the Extract promptly. Delay is dangerous.

Piles, Blind, Bleeding or Itching. It is the greatest known remedy; rapidly curing when other medicines have failed. Our Ointment is of great service where the removal of clothing is inconvenient.

For Broken Breast and Sore Nipples. Mothers who have once used The Extract will never be without it. Our Ointment is the best emollient that can be applied.

Female Complaints. In the majority of *female* diseases the Extract can be used, as is well known, with the greatest benefit. Full directions accompany each bottle.

CAUTION.

Pond's Extract has been imitated. The genuine has the words "Pond's Extract" blown in the glass, and our picture trade-mark on surrounding buff wrapper. None other is genuine. Always insist on having Pond's Extract. Take no other preparation. *It is never sold in bulk, or by measure.*

Sold everywhere, Prices, 50c, $1, $1.75.
Prepared only by POND'S EXTRACT CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

Base Burners

The Garland in five different styles makes the handsomest and most complete line of Coal Heating Stoves ever displayed. This stove has made a reputation for itself, and there are more of them being made and sold than any other stove which has been upon the market. The same Grates and Fire Pots are used through the entire line from the smallest to the largest Stove, which is a great advantage to the purchaser, and if you select a stove for $20 you have just as good an article and as many conveniences as one for $40. The difference exists in style and finish. Everyone is desirous to get a good article at the lowest possible price, and with the Garland you can make no mistake.

Call and examine Base Burners and Ranges at No. 9 East Columbia street, the Mammoth Cheap Store.

H. J. ASH.
Sept 1-2m

DR. JAMES M. DINNEN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
[Offi]ce, 76 Calhoun Street.
Residence, 69 West Wayne Street.

Arrival and Departure of Trains

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R.

GOING EAST.		GOING WEST
Ar. 1 30 pm	Express	Ar. 1 50 pm
Lv. 6 10 am	Accommodation.	Lv. 6 45 pm

PITTSBURG, FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO R. R.

GOING WEST.			GOING EAST
12 45 pm	Lv.—	Mail and Ex ..... —Lv—	2 20 pm
5 10 am*	"	Limited Ex ...... "	9 00 pm*
5 05	"	Fast Thro'h Ex ... "	6 00 pm*
1 25 am*	"	Mail and Ex	
4 50 pm	"	Plymouth Ac	
6 20 am	"	Local Freight .... "	7 50 am
		Crestline Ac ..... "	11 00 am

*Daily. All others daily except Sunday.

WABASH, ST. LOUIS & PACIFIC R. R.

GOING WEST.			GOING EAST
5 10 am	-Lv.	Limited Ex* ...... —Lv.—	7 50 pm
1 50 pm	"	+Lafayette Ex* ... "	1 10 pm
7 00 pm	"	Through Mail* ... "	5 10 am
8 50 pm	"	Fast Mail*	
8 35 am	"	Andrews Accom. Freight+	
		Acc'n Passenger "	4 30 am

*Daily. +Except Sunday.
Limited Express, through sleepers, free chair cars. Through Mail, Palace sleeping cars between New York and St. Louis.

INDIANAPOLIS TIME CARD.

LV. FT. WAYNE.	AR. INDI'S.
6 10 am	10 45 am
1 50 pm	6 45 pm
8 25 pm	1 45 am

RETURNING.
Leave Indianapolis at 7:15 am; arrive at Fort Wayne at 12:50 pm.
Leave Indianapolis at 2:15 pm; arrive at Fort Wayne at 12:50 pm.
Leave Indianapolis at 7:00 pm; arrive at Fort Wayne at 5:10 am.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

GOING NORTH.			GOING SOUTH
3 00 am	-Lv.	Mail and Ex ..... —Lv.—	1 00 pm
8 05 am	"	Through Ex ...... "	5 35 am
2 10 pm	"	Express .... "	11 45 pm

Accommodation train arrives from the south 6:21 p. m.
Trains daily except Sunday.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN
[Fort Wayne Division.]

FROM NORTH.			GOING NORTH
10 46 am	—Ar.—	Cincinnati Ex ... —Lv.	
		Detroit Ex ...... "	4 40 pm
3 40 pm	"	Detroit Express. "	11 35 am
5 30 pm	"	Way Freight .... "	6 40 am

All trains daily except Sunday.

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE.

FROM SOUTH.			GOING SOUTH.
9 10 pm	—Ar—	...Ind. & Cin. Ex ... Lv—	6 50 am
4 10 pm	"	...Cin. & L. Mail ... "	10 50 am
5 31 pm	"	...Freight .... "	5 30 am
6 00 pm	"	...Freight .... "	8 00 am

Trains daily except Sunday.

A JOOST,
132 West Jefferson St.,
Piano Teacher!
Aug23-3m

WANTED.

WANTED—A good girl to do house work. Apply immediately at 251 East Wayne st. Small family and work light.

WANTED—A coat maker; steady work and good wages to the right man. Address, Thomas Brown, Delphi, Ind. 8-4t

MONEY to loan on improved Real Estate. For particulars address "Box 137," City. 29-1t.

NOTICE.—Business men are sensible of the fact that office appliances that save labor and dispatch business generally are desirable to have. In this respect the Amberg Cabinet Letter File ranks high. No one once using it would be without it. Send for catalogue. Cameron, Amberg & Co. jan8-ly

WANTED—Parties with capital to control the state on an invention for relieving horses in drawing heavy loads. Sells to every horse owner. No experiment, but an established thing, and thousands now in use. Big inducements to energetic men. For terms and particulars address O. B. White, 231 East Lake street, Chicago, Illinois.

WANTED—An intelligent Earnest Man to represent, in his own locality, a large responsible house. A remunerative salary to right party. Steady position. References exchanged.
AM. MANUFACTURING HOUSE, 12 Barclay St., N. Y.

WANTED—All persons to know that you can get books bound in fine style and on short notice at the Sentinel office.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Two story brick house, No. 212 West Berry St. Inquire of B. D. Angell, 52 Calhoun St. 31-1f

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that sealed proposals will be received at the auditor's office in Fort Wayne, Allen county, Ind., until 2 o'clock p. m.

October 26, 1886,

for the construction of a stone arch culvert, span eight feet, over the Wabash and Erie canal, at the west end of Main street, west of the city limits.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the Auditor's office. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids.

By order of the Board of Commissioners of Allen county.

A. L. GRIEBEL,
Auditor Allen County.
8-d21-w1t

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

Notice is hereby given that the firm of K. J. Bauer, Joseph Reusewald and Joseph Westhoff, who were associated in the publication of the Waltburger newspaper, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. K. J. Bauer retires. Westhoff & Reusewald will collect all moneys due the paper and pay all outstanding and accruing debts and liabilities and be in every way responsible for their newspaper.

K. J. BAUER,
JOSEPH WESTHOFF,
JOSEPH REUSEWALD.
Fort Wayne, Sept. 18, 1886.

J. C. PELTIER,
UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER
17 West Wayne St.
Telephone No. 174. May 22yl

AMUSEMENT.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

J. H. SIMONSON .... Manager
F. E. STOUDER .... Treasurer

Monday and Tuesday, October 11 and 12.

C. R. Gardiner's

"ZOZO."

The most gorgeous and elaborate spectacular production of modern times.

BLANCHE CURTISSE!

The Famous "Vassar Beauty," as the

MAGIC QUEEN!

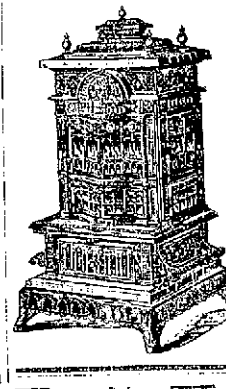
"Take the little folks to see the land of real wonders beneath the sea."—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Originally produced at a cost of $30,000:
The Demon Cavern!
The Magic Talisman!
The White Palace!
The Blue Grotto!
The Fairy Grotto!
The Bower of Roses!
The Great Transformation.
Prices, 35, 50 and 75 Cents.
Sale of seats Saturday.

JOE H. BRIMMER
The Only Practical
SIGN PAINTER
IN THE CITY,
Is making a specialty of
REPAINTING HOUSES
In the higest style of the art.
No. 7 Harrison Street.
April 15-ly.

KEMP'S BALSAM FREE.
Call at our store and get Free sample Bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the most successful Cough and Lung Remedy ever sold. YOU WILL see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Large size 50 cts. and $1.
KEMP'S BALSAM FREE.

Respectfully,
march 12-ly DREIER & BRO.



We have in stock for the Fall Trade the most elegant line of

BASE BURNERS,
Wood Heating Stoves,
Cook Stoves,
RANGES

ever exhibited in this city. Call and examine them and convince yourself of their merits.

C. A. Pickard & Co
29 East Columbia St.

Fruit House Prices

For Christmas and New Years.

An immense stock of goods for the holidays, including toys for the children, candies for the peole, and groceries for everybody. No advance on teas, sugars or Turkish prunes.

Green Tea, Black Tea, Japan Tea, Young Hyson Tea.

Good, 20c per pound; choice, 30c; best, 50c. Imperial tea—Green, good, 30c; best, 50c. Gunpowder tea, 30c; best, 50c. Oulong or Black tea, 20c, 30c; best, 50c. Japan tea, 20c, 30c; best, 50c. Above prices on teas are the lowest on record and the best teas are of the highest quality—no better anywhere—the other grades are good, sweet, drawing teas and will please the most fastidious tea drinkers. Just give them a trial and satisfy yourself.

Coffee—Rio, Java and Roasted.

Best Rio coffee, 12½c per pound; good Rio coffee, 10c per pound; best roasted Rio, 14c per pound; German coffee, 15c per pound; Housekeepers' Choice, 17c per pound; roasted Java, 25c per pound.

Sugars—White and Brown.

No advance on them. Good brown, 5c; choice yellow, 5½c; best standard A coffee white, 6½c; crushed, powder and granulated, 7c.

Foreign and Domestic Fruits.

Turkish prunes, 4c; figs, per pound, 7c; peeled peaches, 12c; dried cherries, 15c; unpeeled peaches, 5c; dried raspberries, 20c; dried apples, 4c; dried blackberries, 12½c.

For Christmas and New Years Cake.

Leghorn Citron, 25c; orange and lemon peel, 15c; Valencia raisins, 10c; best layer raisins, 12½; Zante currants, 8c; shelled almonds, 30c; seedless raisins, 10c.

Candies for Christmas and New Years.

Pure stick candy, 10c; pure mixed candy, 10c; fancy toy candy, 20c; Christmas toy candies, 20c; Brazil nuts, 10c; 10c quart; almond nuts, 15c quart; mixed nuts, 15c quart; walnuts and filberts, 12½c quart.

Syrups—Maple and Sugar Syrups,

Pure maple syrup, 70c a gallon; golden drips, 30c; Sorghum, 30; New Orleans molasses, 30c; best, 50c. The sorghum is splendid and 10c lower than we ever it before.

Christmas Tree Candles, 18c a box.

WINES AND LIQUORS FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES

Old 76, $2.50 per gallon; two year old, $1.75; one year old, $140 per gallon; new whisky, $1 and $1.25 per gallon; Port and Sherry wine, $1.25 per gallon; California wine, $1.25 per gallon; Wines in bottles 40c.

Machine Oils, Fish Oil, Lard Oil and Neatsfoot Oil, and Headlight Oil and Castor Oil.

Fish oil, per gallon, 70c; Neatsfoot oil 80c per gallon; Lard oil 70c per gallon; Machine oil, dark, 20c per gallon; Golden 30c per gallon; Castor oil, $1.75 per gallon; Headlight oil, 12c per gallon.

Tobaccos and Cigars, Plug Tobacco, Smoking Tobacco and Fine Cut.

Bull Dog plug tobacco, 50c; Durham plug 50c; Perfection plug 35c; Hiawatha plug 30c; Knights of Labor plug, 20c; Sweet heart plug 50c per pound. Fine cut 30c, 40c, 50c, best 75c per pound Smoking 18c, 20c, 25c, best Durham 45c per pound. Choice cigars $1.50 per box; good cigars, 60c and $1 per box.

25 Cents on the Dollar Saved at the

FT. [W]AYNE FRUIT HOUSE

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1886.

SOCK AND BUSKIN.

Fresh News and Idle Gossip About Theaters and Actors.

PECULIARITIES OF ACTRESSES' FEET.

A Story of Barrett and Booth—A Lucky Manager—The Ballet Girls—Dramatic Notes.

Peculiarities of Actresses' Feet.

A great deal depends upon the bootmaker. It was one of the drawbacks of "The Mikado" that the ladies who had to play the principal parts had to wear flat sandals that made the feet look preternaturally large.

Thus, Miss Geraldine Ulmer, who was the Yum-Yum of the New York production, received many cruel digs, both inside and outside of the papers, about the size of her feet. It is true nature has been kind to her in this respect, but it was the peculiar footgear of "The Mikado" that made this particular portion of the body look so big.

Lotta has a tiny little foot, but she is a tiny little woman, and Miss Minnie Palmer appears to be more proud of her feet than of her head and face, perhaps because she does more exercise with them.

Among the thin and angular women who have generous feet are Olga Brandon and Katherine Kydder, precisely the ones who would be thought to have small ones. Georgia Cayvan is not particularly well favored in this respect, if to be well favored is to have small feet. But then she is a great walker and pretends to no pride in this respect.

Maud Granger and Verona Jarbeau go to the same shoemaker. They have the peculiarity of what is known as "toeing it," and the shoemaker they have found has the art of making the fault look less glaring than it would be if they wore an ordinary shoe. Miss Fanny Davenport has all her shoes brought from Paris, and, for her size, has a remarkably small foot.

Miss Coghlan, when she was at Wallack's, used to have all hers brought from London, and she has the name of possessing a large foot, but since she has her extremities clothed by a New York artist her feet are smaller than they were.

Alfa Norman, who is by no means a small woman, has as small feet as are known in the profession.

Sylvia Gerrish's feet looked very pretty and stylish when she played in the now defunct "Soldiers and Sweethearts."

Miss Annie Rohe, of Wallack's, is still wedded to the English idea, and she is still remarked therefore for possessing generous feet. Ada Gilman has tiny extremities; but then she is a tiny woman.—*New York Journal.*

A Lucky Manager.

If Nate Salsbury goes on accumulating money for any length of time, at the rate he has been doing this summer, he will be the richest manager before long, even going beyond the famous Mr. Spaulding, of St. Louis, who is a millionaire. Salsbury is one of those men who, after having gone through pretty hard luck for a good many years as a hard-up actor—never a poor one, except in pocket—and having struggled heroically to make money out of his little band of troubadours, and having at last succeed, suddenly saw fortune smile on him from all sides. As the chief partner in the Troubadours, his profits were very good. These he invested in a cattle-ranche in Montana. Through roughing it out in Montana among the half wild cowboys, and the really wild Indians he got a taste for frontier life, which gave him the idea of the Wild West show. It was to some extent appropriated by Buffalo Bill, who utilized it in conjunction with Dr. Carver, for the season, but Mr. "Bill" soon became convinced that the Salsbury managerial ability was really what he needed, and since then the Wild West has been booming. It is reckoned that the profits of the show are something like $5,000 a day, and Salsbury is a full half-partner. Next year it is to be something bigger than this, so that it is not at all unlikely that it may net a million before it gets played out. Salsbury's profits in the Troubadours continue all the time, and his cattle up in Montana and his houses in Chicago are all the time increasing in value. Nate Salsbury is therefore a very lucky man, and he is so well liked by everybody that this conglomerate entity is glad of it.—*New York World.*

The Ballet Girls.

"What becomes of the ballet girls?" The old ballet master repeated the question to himself musingly. "Well," he at length answered, "the ballet girl is not so very unlike other girls who must work for a living as most people imagine. She has more temptations, is usually of a lively nature and not averse to a lark, but she generally ends by marrying. As a rule she marries some one connected with the theater or some one in her own class of life whom she meets at her home. Obviously the ballet girl's parents are almost always poor people; it is not often that girls of well-to-do parents run away to join the ballet, and when they do they are in nearly every case soon captured and taken home. When a ballet girl marries a mechanic, or a saloon-keeper, or a stage hand, it is the exception when she does not make a good and domestic wife. Some ballet girls have made aristocratic marriages, but most of these girls are premieres. They have usually gotten along well with their husbands, and it has happened that a youth has reformed after taking a ballerina for his wife. When a ballet girl marries an actor, that is as it may turn out, just as if the actor marries any other girl. There are ballet girls who go to the bad, of course, but the experience of the ballet girl makes her shrewd and she is not easily humbugged. The premieres hold themselves aloof, and with the majority there is seldom even a suspicion of scandal. Many of the girls are the chief support of their families. I have known ballet girls not only to make their own dresses, but their shoes as well. They do not regard their business as an immodest one. They begin it so early that they think nothing of their short dresses. To be sure, there are girls who 'go on' in scanty dresses for reasons of their own which you can understand, but I speak of the great majority."—*Philadelphia Times.*

A Story of Booth and Barrett.

Mr. Walt Williams has just returned from a two-months' sojourn on the Atlantic coast, and he tells of several charming little evenings he spent at Mr. Lawrence Barrett's cottage at Cohasset. Mr. Edwin Booth visited Mr. Barrett for some time last summer, and Messrs. Robson and Crane, the comedians, used to stroll over to the Barrett cottage of an evening to chat with the tragedians. On several occasions Mr. Williams was of the party, and he says it was better than a play to hear Booth, Barrett, Robson, and Crane narrating their experiences and interchanging humorous anecdotes. Once in a while, too, Crane would sing a song, the others joining in the chorus with the lusty enthusiasm of schoolboys. About once an hour Barrett would brew a punch and fill up the glasses of his guests, and Williams couldn't help noticing that Booth was saddest when there wasn't a punch in process of brewing. Mr. Barrett, however, kept an eagle eye on Booth, and it was noticeable that when he came to Booth's glass he took pains to put in an extra amount of water. Booth bore this discrimination with becoming fortitude until at last one evening, after the conventional wait and when a distressing calm punctuated the lively conversation, Barrett turned to Booth and asked, in impressive bass tones: "Edwin, shall I brew you another punch?"

Booth had been chafing under the homeopathic doses which Barrett had administered to him—a discrimination all the more irksome because the others had been getting allopathic doses.

"No, I'll be —— if you do," cried Booth. "I'll brew the next one myself!"

With a heavy sigh Barrett acceded to the proposition, and the guests had no reason to complain that the next brew of punch was not strong enough to stand upon its own merits.—*Chicago News.*

Wilson Barrett's "Hush!"

Mr. Barrett's methods, more enlightened and progressive, are invariably attended with satisfactory results. It requires a good stock of patience and indomitable industry to rehearse a classic play with its varying lights and shades of character and brisk action, writes Howard Paul to the Philadelphia *News.*

The process of working up scene after scene to an effective and dramatic climax is not to be lightly estimated, and represents a vast amount of solid toil. Not a situation, a sentence, or a word even escapes Wilson Barrett's attention, and so engrossed is he that he allows no one to interrupt or speak to him when he is apparently only sitting quietly watching, but woe to the person who dares to obtrude. His quick exclamation, "Hush!" shows how much he feels any interruption at such a time. He is a master of the stage, and knows by heart every secret of la boite aux surprises, or as the irreverent comedians call it the "whole bag of tricks."

Why Some Managers Weep.

Some folks have an idea that the managers of dramatic enterprises are in the amusement profession for the mere fun of the thing. The proprietor of a leading theater in this city, says the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, recently received a letter from a lady which read:

"I have always spoken well of your theater to my many friends and have frequently patronized you. Could you kindly send me a complimentary season ticket? In return I will always praise your place to my many friends."

Up to the present writing the ticket has not been issued.

Stage Chat.

Georgie Cayvan is alleged to smoke cigarettes and to be studying Camille.

Nym Crinkle says Steele Mackaye's new play, "Anarchy," is worthy of Sardou or Victor Hugo.

Of the $61,000 which Sarah Bernhardt's company "took in" at Rio, $20,000 fell to Sarah.

"Our Mary" has just completed her 28th birth day. This announcement should hold good until she bids adieu to the stage.

D'Oyly Carte's "Mikado" Company has been playing in Vienna. It was the first appearance of an English comic opera company there, and the venture was an immediate success. Vienna papers all gave a hearty indorsement to the performance.

Poor old Mme. Janauschek, suffering with mortal disease, and in her old age impoverished, is once more about to tempt a dull and trivial public. There is something saddening in this old lady's career and its ending. When will stage people learn not only to make hay while the sun shines, but to store it away for the wintry end of their lives?

FUN.

A well-bred man—the baker.

A selfish fellow—the fish vender.

A man of mettle—the stove dealer.

Worse than a gross man—a grocer.

Always in a hole—the grave digger.

His life is a perpetual grind—the miller.

Is clever at taking people in—the stage driver.

A hard laboring man with a brief career—the lawyer.

When type-writers strike they become tie-up writers.

"How high do you want to insure your house?" "About up to the chimney."

A Vermont man has invented a sleigh made of paper. Nothing new about that. We have used a paper cutter for years.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* has discovered that counterfeiters outlive detectives. And they out-wit them frequently.

The tear that "stood" in the maiden's bright blue eye, it is said, has taken a "sent" since the hot weather set in.—*Boston Courier.*

"A drop of ink may make a million think," says Byron, and it's true; but it may not make the million think very highly of the one who spilled it.

Don't analyze your pleasures if you want to be happy. Just enjoy them and don't study into them too closely. When you get right up to the rainbow its beauty disappears and you find yourself in the middle of a nasty shower.

The precise difference between love and friendship it has always puzzled the philosophers to define. Sometimes it amounts to nothing more than the accidental discovery by the hesitating young man that her father owns a silver mine in Colorado.—*Somerville Journal.*

Nothing ever experienced such sudden and remorseful qualms of conscience as the sentimental youth who purloined a curl from the head of a pretty girl, only to be made aware at a subsequent stage of proceedings, that the coveted tress was from a false switch of jute.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

Kentucky Client—It's too bad, too bad! The reason I lost my case was because you indulged in too much airy persiflage before the jury. Kentucky lawyer—Airy persiflage? What are you talking about? It was nothing but the best Bourbon, and what's more I don't believe the jury saw me taking it either.—*Tid-Bits.*

"Johnny, your teacher gives you a very poor certificate again this week," remarked Col. Fizzletop to his son. "Yes, pa, if you don't haul him over the coals he will keep going from bad to worse. It is no use for me to talk to him. It goes in one ear and out the other," replied Johnny, who is abreast of the times in precocity.—*Texas Siftings.*

WILL YOU LOVE ME THEN?

A little mole is growing, John,
Just here beneath my chin;
It gives me so much trouble, John.
I'm growing pale and thin.

Another one is coming, John,
Just here beside my ear,
And I shall be disfigured, John,
For life, I sadly fear.

And so I want to ask you, John,
Will e'er your love grow cold;
Oh! tell me now, my darling John,
Will you love me when I'm moled?

—*Boston Courier.*

DREAMS ARE QUEER THINGS.

"Dreams are funny things, aren't they?" exclaimed a traveler on the Minneapolis and St. Louis train. "Now of that rapidity of thought; that leading up to an accident is what I consider most remarkable. Not long ago I was on a visit to a cousin's, and while there another cousin, a doctor, came. I had the only spare room and, of course, the new arrival was sent in to sleep with me. We had the bed with its head up against a door which had a transom—a good sized transom with two big panes of glass. During the first night the transom fell down and we were awakened from a sound sleep by our faces cracking through the glass."

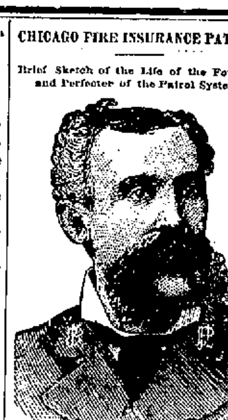
"Scared? Well! I should say so. But, the funny part of the thing was the different way in which our mental powers accounted for the very same physical sensation—breaking glass and more or less scratching and cutting, but nothing serious to either. I was a traveling man even in my sleep, and when the crash came which, of course, was only a second before we were wide awake, I dreamed I was on a sleeping-car and was enjoying a lower berth. I thought the train had jumped the track, and in trying to look out and see what was the trouble, I was thrown against the window glass, and awoke." "Now, the doctor dreamed, as he informed me, that he had passed into a trance, and while thus powerless to move, he was placed in a casket and prepared for the narrow little home beneath the sod. He had been reading of a similar case, and the details were first in his mind. In his dreamy troubles he thought that just as the sorrowing relatives were about to remove him and his casket from the old parlor, he broke out into a profuse perspiration, and the result was that, the room being warm, steam was generated in the casket, and the glass face-covering was broken, the pieces of glass naturally falling over his face. Now, there was one and the same accident, and two people similarly affected by it expressed it so differently in their dreams."—*St. Paul Globe.*

My son, they are not called grass widows because they are so green; it's because they are so fresh. And, then, besides, she's not exactly in the mowed. Savy, son?

"What a beautiful form!" exclaimed Miss Titelace, the first time she saw an eel; "such a long, thin waist you know."

CHICAGO FIRE INSURANCE PATROL

Brief Sketch of the Life of the Founder and Perfecter of the Patrol System.



Captain Ben B. Bullwinkle, the founder and improver of the fire insurance patrol system of Chicago, and now Agent and General Manager of the Arizona Cattle Company, is one of the most popular and best known firemen in America, and, during the past year, has become prominently identified with the most extensive cattle interests of the far West. Captain Bullwinkle is a native of New York City, where he was born, the eldest of three children, March 17, 1847. His father, Charles T. Bullwinkle, died in 1857, and his mother, Eliza Laughlin Bullwinkle, three years previous to that date. With a younger brother and sister dependent upon his sole energies, at the age of ten years Captain Bullwinkle became an errand boy, and contributed to the support of his family until his sister was married and his brother became a jeweler. When he was fifteen years old the ambitious Ben entered the Chicago Fire Department, then a volunteer service, and drove the chief's wagon. This necessitated his attendance at all fires that occurred, and he became practical as a fire-fighter and in every detail of the system. His diligence and ability soon commanded attention, and when the insurance companies organized the fire patrol service in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, and their committee of three completed the service in Chicago, the indisputable qualifications of Captain Bullwinkle led to his selection as head of the system, and Oct. 2, 1870, the first company in Chicago was established. The great fire of 1871 did not prevent its reorganization. From this grew the West Division and Stock Yards companies, all under the control of the Captain, who, in the meantime, made numerous improvements in the system, and so increased the utility and rapidity of the service that the President of the United States and dignitaries of various lands regarded his manipulation of the wagons as a marvel. He was consulted frequently by the chief boards of underwriters in fire matters, and in December, 1875, and in February, 1878, was presented with a badge and gold watch and chain, of a value aggregating nearly a thousand dollars, as a token of appreciation and respect. As a member of the Apollo Commandery, Knights Templars, as an attendant of the Presbyterian Church, as a business man, and socially, Captain Bullwinkle was prominently and universally esteemed. He was married Nov. 5, 1873, to Miss Angelica J. Moody. They have one child, a son. In 1885 the Captain found a change of climate desirable to his health, and accepted his present important and responsible position, as manager of the Arizona Cattle Company, with extensive ranches at Fort Rickerson, near Flagstaff, Arizona. There, as in Chicago, his business ability and popular social qualifications have made him a useful and eminent member of the community.

Under date of Aug. 31, 1886, Captain Bullwinkle accepted an offer from The Chicago Ledger, and consented to identify himself with literary fame. The result is a story—"Rube, the Ranchman"—which, while depicting the experiences of ranch life, also contains some pleasing allusions to the old fire-patrol career, with which the Captain is so familiar. The story is replete with the most interesting details, and will prove a charming novelty. The opening chapters of this popular story will appear in No. 42 of The Chicago Ledger, the only first-class story paper published in the West, sample copies of which will be mailed to any address free. Send your name and address upon a postal card get a specimen copy of the paper, and see how you like it. We know it will please you. Address The Chicago Ledger, Chicago, Ill.

The Wrong Tip.

The benefits which drug-stores confer on a community by enabling a fellow to take a drink under conditions where his dearest and most aristocratic friend cannot accuse him of bad taste cannot be overestimated. Whisky is rather vulgar. But No. 6 is a medicine, and acts purely as a life-giving or life-saving article. The trouble is that the code is not universal, and different drug-stores have different names for it. Consequently you have to be very careful. One night a young man took his sweetheart into a drug-store to give her some soda water. She had her vanilla and cream. He did not know the drug-store.

"Have you any No. 6?"

"Certainly, sir."

"I'll take some of that."

He watched the clerk take down the bottle and measure the stuff very carefully.

"This fellow's a jewel," he said to himself. "She'll never know it's whisky, he's so particular about it."

Then with great satisfaction he drank it off and they walked out. Next day the young man reappeared in the drug-store.

"What was that terrible stuff you gave me last night?"

"When?"

"I came in here with my girl and asked for No. 6"

"Well, I gave you No. 6—No. 6 drops, good for stomach ache; the best in the world."

"But I wanted whisky. Didn't you understand?"

"O, whisky! You should have asked for essence of tomato."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Important,

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage, expressage, and 63 carriage hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

613 rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

At Her Own Option.

Burlesque Actress—"Yes, Doctor, the dog bit me just below the knee."

Doctor—"Yes, it is a painful wound, but not dangerous, I assure you."

Burlesque Actress—"But will the scar be noticed?"

Doctor—That will depend entirely on you, madam."—*The Rambler.*

Aniline Oil.—Physicians are now using aniline oil as a local anæsthetic when simple operations, such as the opening of a felon, are to be performed. The finger, in such a case, is dipped for a short time in the oil, and although the flesh may subsequently be cut to the bone, it is said there is absolutely no pain.

How Women Would Vote.

Were women allowed to vote, every one in the land who has used Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would vote it to be an unfailing remedy for the diseases peculiar to her sex. By druggists.

The railroads require nearly $15,000,000 worth of timber per year for ties alone—equal to the annual product of a strip of woodland 400 feet in width alongside every mile of track.

We have used Ayer's Ague Cure, and have found it invaluable in malarial troubles.

Mr. J. E. Bonsal, New Bloomfield, Pa., clerk of the several courts of Perry Co., Pa., was afflicted with rheumatism for more than thirty years. After spending hundreds of dollars with different physicians, and trying every known remedy without benefit, he used St. Jacobs Oil, which effected an entire cure.

An actor may be another actor's enemy and yet take his part.

Mr. Geo. W. Walts, General Agent, Freight Department, Union Pacific Railway, San Francisco, Cal., says: "I have derived much benefit from the use of Red Star Cough Cure, in cases of coughs and colds." No opiates.

Two Hundred Years Ago.

Two hundred years ago beds in England were bags filled with straw or leaves, not upholstered. There were few bed-rooms in the house. The master and mistress had a chamber or shed built against the wall that inclosed the mansion and its dependencies; their daughters had the same. Young men and guests slept in the great hall on tables or benches. Woolen coverlids were provided for warmth; poles or hooks on which they could hang their clothes projected from the wall. Attendants and servants slept upon the floor.

Over Many a League

Spreads the miasma, or poisonous vapor, that begets malarial and typhus fever. Wherever there is stagnant water in which vegetation, or refuse of any kind decays, there, as surely as the sun rises, are generated the seeds of fever and ague, dumb ague, and other endemic maladies of the malarial type. For the effects of this envenomed air, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters furnishes an antidote, and prevents both the contraction and recurrence of such maladies. Even along the line of excavation for the Lesseps Panama Canal, where malarial diseases are not only virulent but deadly, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has demonstrated its incomparable protective qualities. Not only for febrile complaints, but also for disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, for rheumatism and inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, it is very effective. It counteracts the effects of fatigue, damp, and exposure.

The London Lancet reports the case of a boy taken with symptoms of hydrophobia and saved by sweating, and we are the more pleased to quote it because this is the treatment which our erudite and eclectic friend, Dr. Wilder, puts most faith in, and therefore, most persistently recommends.—*From Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

The most severe critics are those whose sole ability lies in the direction of finding fault.

"Hello!" we heard one man say to another the other day. "I didn't know you at first; why! you look ten years younger than you did when I saw you last." "I *feel* ten years younger," was the reply. "You know I used to be under the weather all the time and gave up expecting to be any better. The doctor said I had consumption. I was terribly weak, had night-sweats, cough, no appetite, and lost flesh. I saw Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery' advertised, and thought it would do no harm if it did no good. It has cured me. I am a new man because I am a well one."

Mrs. Sudden Rich says that she writes a diphthong between "Sudden" and "Rich" now.—*Boston Journal.*

Whatever name or designation is given to Fever and Ague or other intermittent diseases it is safe to say that Malaria or a disordered state of the Liver is at fault. Eliminate the impurities from the system and a sure and prompt cure is the immediate result. Prickly Ash Bitters is the safest and most effective remedy for all biliary troubles, kidney disease, and like complaints that has ever been brought before the public. A trial is its best recommendation.

"God bless our boarding-house" has never been worked in worsted.

Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers produces, in one application, a permanent color.

Abraham's son Isaac was not a seer. If he had been his name would doubtless have been spelled Eyesic.

A Hard Fate

It is, indeed, to always remain in poverty and obscurity; be enterprising, reader, and avoid this. No matter in what part you are located, you should write to Hallet & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive, free, full particulars about work that you can do at home, at a profit of at least $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over $50 in a day. All is new. Capital not required. You are started free. Either sex. All ages. Better not delay.

"Rough on Rats" clears out Rats, Mice. 15c.

"Rough on Corns" hard or soft corns, bunions, 15c.

"Rough on Toothache." Instant relief. 15c.

WELLS' HAIR BALSAM.

If gray, restores to original color. An elegant dressing, softens and beautifies. No oil nor grease. A Tonic Restorative. Stops hair coming out; strengthens, cleans, heals scalp. 50c.

"ROUGH ON BILE" PILLS

Start the bile, relieve the bilious stomach, thick, aching head and overloaded bowels. Small granules, small dose, big results, pleasant in operation, don't disturb the stomach. 25c.

Josiah Davis's Trouble.

Josiah Davis, North Middletown, Ky., writes: "I am now using a box of your HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE upon an ulcer, which, for the past ten days, has given me great pain. This salve is the only remedy I have found that has given me any ease. My ulcer was caused by varicose veins, and was pronounced incurable by my medical doctors. I find, however, that HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE is effecting a cure." Beware of Imitations.

HOME STUDY. Secure a Business Education by mail. College of Business, Buffalo, N.Y.

OPIUM Habit Cured. Treatment sent on trial. Humane Remedy Co., LaFayette, Ind.

AGENTS WANTED For the newest and best selling book ever published. For terms & circulars ad's National Pub. Co., Chicago.

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$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Address Brewster's Safety Rein Holder, Holly, Mich.

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KIDDER'S PASTILLES Sure relief ASTHMA. Price 35cts. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED to sell Fine FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES Good pay to reliable men. SELOVER & ATWOOD, Washington St. Nurseries, GENEVA, N. Y.

WANTED A WOMAN of energy for business in her locality. Salary $30. References. E. J. Johnson, Manager, 8 Barclay St., N.Y.

PILES Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is a sure cure for blind, bleeding or itching piles. Cure guaranteed. Price 50c and $1. At druggist's or mailed by WILLIAMS MFG. CO., Cleveland, O.

Best Send for the best catalogue of the best Business College, Shorthand, Type-writing and Penmanship School in the world. SPENCERIAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Cleveland, O. Circulars free.

LADY AGENTS actually clear $6 daily with my wonderful new PATENT UNDERGARMENT for LADIES; one lady sold 70 first two hours. MRS. H. H. LITTLE, Box 443, Chicago, Ill.

FACE, HANDS, FEET, and all their imperfections, including Facial Development, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Black Heads, Scars, Pitting and their treatment. Dr. JOHN H. WOODBURY, 37 N. Pearl St. Albany, N.Y. Est'd 1870. Send 10c. for book.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. CATARRH Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, &c. 50 cents.

No Rope to Cut Off Horses' Manes. Celebrated "ECLIPSE" HALTER and BRIDLE Combined, cannot be slipped by any horse. Sample Halter to any part of U. S. free, on receipt of $1. Sold by all Saddlery, Hardware and Harness Dealers. Special discount to the Trade. Send for Price-List. J. C. LIGHTHOUSE, Rochester, N.Y.

"No Physic, Sir, in Mine!"

A good story comes from a boys' boarding-school in "Jersey." The diet was monotonous and constipating, and the learned Principal decided to introduce some old-style physic in the apple-sauce, and await the happy results. One bright lad, the smartest in school, discovered the secret mine in his sauce, and pushing back his plate, shouted to the pedagogue, "No physic, sir, in mine. My dad told me to use nuthin' but Dr. Pierce's 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets,' and they are doing their duty like a charm!" They are anti-bilious, and purely vegetable.

A last farewell—a shoemaker giving up his business.

Chapped hands, face, pimples, and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

It would be a cold day for Ireland if she should lose her Ulster.—*Boston Courier.*

"ROUGH ON ITCH."

"Rough on Itch" cures skin humors, eruptions, ring worm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains, itch, ivy poison, barber's itch. 50c. jars.

"ROUGH ON CATARRH"

corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst chronic cases; also unequaled as gargle for diphtheria, sore throat, foul breath. 50c.

"ROUGH ON PILES."

Why suffer Piles? Immediate relief and complete cure guaranteed. Ask for "Rough on Piles." Sure cure for itching, protruding, bleeding, or any form of Piles. 50c. At Druggists or Mailed.

Relief is immediate, and a cure sure. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. 50 cents.

WOMEN Needing renewed strength, or who suffer from infirmities peculiar to their sex, should try BROWN'S IRON BITTERS THE BEST TONIC.

QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. Trade Mark. On Every Bottle.

This medicine combines Iron with pure vegetable tonics, and is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It Enriches and Purifies the Blood, Stimulates the Appetite, Strengthens the Muscles and Nerves—in fact, thoroughly Invigorates.

Clears the complexion, and makes the skin smooth. It does not blacken the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—all other Iron medicines do.

Mrs. Josephine Gibson, Morton, Ind., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for female weakness, and it has done me more good than any medicine I ever used."

Mrs. Mary E. Collins, Steubenville, Ohio, says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for Female Weakness with great benefit, after having been treated by two physicians without relief. I now am in better health than I have been in years."

Mrs. J. W. Holt, St. Charles, Mich., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for female weakness with great benefit, and cheerfully recommend it to like sufferers."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH

I was cured before the second bottle of Ely's Cream Balm was exhausted. I was troubled with chronic catarrh, gathering in head, difficulty in breathing, and discharges from my ears.—C. J. Corbin, 923 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.



HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable to use. Price 50 cts. by mail or at druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

AN OLD DOCTOR'S HITS No. 2 For MALARIA. No. 3 For the SKIN. No. 4 For CATARRH. By An Old Retired Physician of Forty Years' Experience. Price $1 each. First order by mail 25c. for trial. Send for free treatise on these diseases, itself worth $1. Address DR. JOHNSON MEDICAL CO., 33 Broadway, N. Y.

ROBBINS' ANTISEPTIC COMPOUND Unparalleled success in Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Croup, Inflamed Throat, Ulcerated Sore Mouths, Quinsy, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Etc. Manufactured only by G. W. Robbins, Richmond, Ind. By druggists.

OPIUM and Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. Refer to 1000 patients cured in all parts. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

The best and surest Remedy for Cure of all diseases caused by any derangement of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, Bilious Complaints and Malaria of all kinds yield readily to the beneficent influence of

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

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THE PARTY OF PROGRESS.

A Prominent Michigan Republican Decides to Vote with the Party Which Fights for the Interests of To-day.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

Hon. Free Estee, of Mt. Pleasant, who served with marked ability in the last Legislature as Representative from the district composed of the counties of Isabella and Clare, being elected on the Republican ticket, announces that he is through with the Republican party, whose issues are all of the past, and gives his reasons for voting for Hon. George L. Yaple and the fusion ticket in the following strong letter:

To the Editor of the Detroit Free Press:

I was born a Republican. I was early taught to believe in the wisdom, the purity and the patriotism of the Republican party. I still believe in the grand principle (human liberty) upon which that party was founded, and from which it received its first inspiration. And I admire the lofty and noble motives of its early leaders—such men as Lincoln, Sumner, and Greeley, and the grand work they accomplished. And I believe that the success of the Republican party in 1860 was a splendid achievement for this nation, for it destroyed the power of a wealthy aristocracy which was determined to control the destinies of this nation for the special benefit of a class and to the detriment of the interest of the masses of the people.

I believe that government exists for the benefit of all the governed. That what is best for the great masses of the people—what will secure the most peace, prosperity and happiness to the greatest number—is the true policy of a good government, wisely administered. That the special wants of a people are constantly changing—are usually not the same at any given time they were one, five, or ten years prior. That the *present living* issues are of present concern to the people, and not the issues which were settled five, ten, or twenty years ago. What may have been wise and necessary legislation twenty-five years ago, under a changed condition of circumstances at the present time may be positively injurious to the best interests of the majority of the people. The present important question is, What is best now? and not what was best five, ten or twenty-five years ago. Matters of present moment are of present concern, and demand our present attention. A high tariff may have been necessary to enable the government to meet the expenses of a costly war, but twenty-one years after that war has closed, and the nation is at peace with the whole world, there is no sense in retaining the same high duties. I am convinced that a high tariff at the present time inures solely to the benefit of the capitalists who own and control the protected industries of the nation. And that the result is the centralization of a vast and constantly increasing wealth in the hands of a few persons, to the great detriment of the many—the establishment of a moneyed aristocracy, which now controls the Republican party, and is determined in its efforts to control the affairs of government. Even if a high protective tariff were once necessary or beneficial, it is not needed to-day, and but serves to enhance the profits of those already worth millions, and makes the rich richer and by increasing the cost of the necessaries of life, makes the poor poorer. All the industries which this nation needs are to-day capable of supporting themselves by legitimate business upon a living basis, and without the aid of any high protective tariff. Why is it that capital in its investments is protected, while labor is allowed to come to this country in vast hordes duty free? Are not the interests of labor—the wants and needs of the great masses of the people—of as much importance as the investments of capital? I contend that the true interests of the masses of the people—their welfare and prosperity—demand a thorough revision and reform of the present outrageous tariff, and a reduction of general taxation to the lowest possible limit consistent with the maintenance of those institutions of government necessary to the peace, the prosperity and the happiness of all the people. We want no more class legislation. No more building up of huge monopolies possessed with unlimited power to threaten the liberties of the people and endanger the existence of the Republic. I believe that the Republican party of to-day is not the party of freedom, of progress and progressive ideas that it was at its birth. Gradually since the war closed the aristocracy of the country has flocked to its support, until to-day it is chiefly controlled by rich corporations, gigantic monopolies, and selfish bosses, who care more for personal ends than the public good. By *relishing* the buried past, an appeal to prejudice and a dodging of present issues they expect to deceive the people, and retain power. I believe that the Republican party to-day is at the rear, and not in the van of present progress. All the concessions in favor of labor are reluctantly made, because money, aristocracy, and bigotry control its policy and wield its destinies for selfish ends. Long exercise of power by selfish men makes them self-constituted bosses, and in their greed "the greatest good to the greatest number" is forgotten. This is largely the trouble with the Republican party to-day. I had hoped that in the present campaign it would take an advanced stand upon living issues, and actuated by lofty and patriotic motives assert honest conviction in accord with the best interests of the people. But no! In its platform it straddles the temperance, tariff, convict labor, and other issues, with an evident desire to capture votes by assuming to please everybody and yet pleasing nobody who loves principles honestly maintained. I admire the party or the man that believes in principles, has the courage of conviction, and comes out honestly and squarely and maintains them. I admire George L. Yaple for his frank and eloquent assertion of his honest convictions. Would there were more like him.

Let us elevate the condition of the poor and the unfortunate. Let us elevate labor and do all that lies in our power to better the condition of the wage-workers—the toiling masses. Let us legislate for awhile in their interest and give the so-called "business interests" (which is a favorite expression, referring to wealthy magnates, gigantic monopolies, and rich corporations) a rest. A change in the administration of the affairs of the State will emphasize the necessity of political parties regarding the demands of the people—that others besides wealthy, aristocratic and selfish bosses have interests that must not be ignored, and that the love of liberty is stronger than party fealty. It will be a victory in favor of the progressive idea of the present, a victory of the people over bossism and aristocratic misrule, a victory of pure motives and honest convictions over deception, hypocrisy, bigotry, and abuse.

I expect to receive much vilification and abuse at the hands of some of those whose party I now bid adieu because of this statement of my honest convictions. But vilification and abuse can not destroy principles. That which is true will live and prosper when those who malign the truth are forgotten. A grand march forward has commenced. Men will think, express their thoughts, and stand by their convictions, independent of prior party affiliation. That which is right must and shall triumph. A past record is not sufficient—a good, present record is necessary to win. I believe that the success of the opposition to the Republican party in the present State campaign will be best for the true interests of the State and the majority of its people. I have always affiliated with the Republican party in the past, but now I propose (and for the reasons above stated) to vote the ticket headed by the brave, honest, and eloquent "Boy from Mendon."

FREE ESTEE.

What Democracy Has Done.

Just about this time of the year the Republican campaign orator is rampant, and his favorite whoop is: "What have the Democrats done to redeem their promise of retrenchment and reform?" The following figures showing the expenditures of the Government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1886, the first year under President Cleveland's administration, and for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1885, being the last under President Arthur, is a very pointed answer:

1886.	
Total expenditures	$242,483,138.50
Amount applied to sinking fund	44,551,043.36
Amount paid from postal revenues on account of postal service, estimated	44,000,000.00
Total	$331,034,181.86
1885.	
Total expenditures	$260,226,935.11
Amount applied to sinking fund	45,604,035.11
Amount paid from postal revenues on account of postal service	42,560,843.83
Total	$348,391,814.37

This shows a decrease of $17,357,632.51 in the cost of carrying on the Government under Democratic auspices, although during the fiscal year closed with last June the Democrats paid out in pensions $7,362,697.51 more than was paid by the Republicans in 1885.—*Omaha Herald.*

THE protection party asks for the support of the workingman on the ground that protection enhances his wages. He must have had lively doubts excited on this point during the past year. The starvation pay accorded to the laborers in the mining districts cannot have convinced him. Neither is there anything like conviction in the fact that the steel-mill makers—thanks to protection—have been able to raise their prices forty per cent., but have not advanced wages a farthing. And if the workingman goes to the figures of comparative increase under low tariff and protective tariff, he will find that the protectionist claim is a lie and a cheat. According to the statistics compiled by Labor Commissioner Carroll D. Wright, the average increase of wages from 1830 to 1860, a period only of low tariff, was 50.6 per cent. The increase in prices was 12.7 per cent., and the net increase in wages, measured by their purchasing power, was 37.9 per cent. How was it under the protective tariff which has been in force since 1861? From 1860 to 1881 the average advance in wages was 24.4 per cent. The increase in prices was 11.5 per cent. The net increase in wages was therefore 9.9 per cent. Thirty years of low tariff, therefore, gave the workman four times the increase that he got in twenty-three years of protection.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"A HEARTLESS KEYNOTE."

A Woman's Cruel Criticism of a Republican Senator's Demagogical Harangue.

[From the Indianapolis Sentinel.]

The following are the criticisms of Mrs. Gougar, of Lafayette, after hearing Senator Harrison's recent effort in the Star City:

I listened to the eloquent address of General Ben Harrison last evening with great interest, not more for the high regard of the man and politician than from the fact that the speech was to be the "key-note" from which all politicians are hereafter to sound their bugle blast during our campaign. There was much in that address that I would like to ask honest information about, but I will confine myself to only those points that struck me as being most worthy of attention:

First, Mr. Editor, allow me to ask if our war is not over? I look over our country and see it so peaceful and prosperous that I have been hugging the delusion (?) that the pruning hook was occupying the place of the sword. Am I deaf to the beat of the drum, the tread of the soldier, and alive to the arts of peace?

We were told of the terrible sufferings of the Union soldier because of his niggardly pensions; and all this was laid at the door of the Democratic administration. If the Union soldier is in this condition, will you be good enough to tell me what the Republican party was about for twenty years of its power, just preceding the two years of the present rule, that it did not deal more justly with him? Great fault was found that Union soldiers were not holding the post-offices under the present administration. Will you tell me how many editors held the post-offices in this country who never smelled gunpowder, while Union soldiers hobbled about on crutches, eking out precarious livings, during the last few years of Republican rule? Could not a Democratic orator put another side to the eloquent gentleman's tear-drawing period on this point? Mr. Editor, our Government has dealt most generously with the soldiers, and it needs be but as have homes established, as was advocated last night, for those disabled in the country's service; but, sir, I protest against the kind of campaign oratory that tends to keep up sectional strife in our country and rekindle the animosities of the war. Such political claptrap should be spurned by the ex-soldier more earnestly, if possible, than by any other man, for he is the one who has done the most to preserve the oneness of our people.

Mr. Cleveland was arraigned most severely for appointing ex-Rebel soldiers to public office; but, Mr. Editor, who made this possible? I answer, the Republican party in power that granted a general amnesty to those men. From that moment a Rebel soldier stood in the eyes of the law on a par with a Union soldier. Mr. Cleveland has availed himself of this fact only, and by the appointment of these men he has carried out the spirit and the letter of the act of the Republican party; also by those appointments he has healed up much of the bitterness of the past, and bridged the bloody chasm that will enable our people to march together, in a solid phalanx of patriots, to thwart new enemies that threaten us, not in sections, but the Union over.

Mr. Harrison's speech struck me as a heartless "keynote" that was sounded to deaden the conscious throbbings of the pulse of the people. It is not the issues of the late war that our people are thinking about; it is the issues of the war that is upon us with the saloon, the liquor traffic; but not one word did Mr. Harrison utter on this momentous question. In his attempt to draw tears about the "measles" one could see, not faintly, the pale, tear-stained faces of wives of drunken, debauched men, half-starved children, and a long line of misery that calls loudly for redress at the hands of our law-makers; but for these poor souls Mr. Harrison had not so much as a thought. Mr. Harrison tried to stir up a feeling of indignation in behalf of the Mississippi politician who had been threatened if he persisted in running for office, but he had not one word of condemnation for that element in politics right here at home, the saloon ante rule, that boycotts, defames, burns, and murders to keep itself in money. Has not Mr. Harrison read of the recent murder of a Haddock?

There is much complaint that no interest can be awakened in the present campaign. Is it any wonder when men with the ability and power of General Harrison go out among the people with such dead issues as he presented to his large and intelligent audience last night? I believe the time is at hand when the people and the press should step out from under the whip of political partisan rule, and fearlessly criticise such men and measures as retard the unity and progress of the people. The address of Mr. Harrison last night, and all others that follow it on the same note, can do no good to a people who have long since buried the bitterness of war and are moving on the ranks of new enemies that threaten us on all sides.

HELEN M. GOUGAR.

THE OLD ROMAN.

Ohio's Venerable Statesman Declares His Public Life is Ended.

[Cincinnati Special.]

The Thurman Club, 200 strong, tendered a rousing serenade at the Gibson House to ex-Senator Thurman. In response to repeated cheers, the old statesman said:

"MY FRIENDS: I thank you for the honor, first of naming your organization for the old man. When I learned that you intended visiting me my heart was moved. I fully recognize that in honoring me, both by naming your organization for me and by your greeting this evening, that you have done so from no other motive than purely and simply to honor me. You are worshiping no rising sun. I know that, and you know it. Rather you are doing homage to a setting sun. [Cries of 'No! no!'] Ah, but it is a fact. I am out of politics, and it is for that reason that I appreciate your actions all the more. I am fast traveling down the shady side, and will soon be numbered with the past; but when I am dead and gone, my friends, when I am laid away in my last resting-place, if any of you should stumble over my grave, I hope that you may stop and think that there lies a man who was always a Democrat, and whose earnest desire and hope were for Democratic success. My public record, I think, will bear me out in that, and I know this: that when my last sun sets I shall see it through Democratic eyes."

Following this, an informal reception was held, the Judge was presented with a rich bandana handkerchief, and a snuff-box filled with the genuine article.

Talk Fairly, Mr. Blaine.

Mr. Blaine said at Unity: "At the last session of Congress the Democrats, backed by the power of the national administration, sought to break down the protective tariff."

Now, Mr. Blaine, you are a speaker of too many resources to indulge in the mere slang-whanging of the average stump orator. The Morrison bill, which Democratic votes prevented from being considered by the House, would, if enacted into law, have left the tariff 30 per cent. higher than was considered sufficient for the purposes of protection by Senator Morrill and his Republican associates who controlled Congress in 1861, and considerably higher than President Arthur's protectionist commission, backed by two Republican Secretaries of the Treasury, said would be ample for both protection and revenue in 1883.

The tariff-reform Democrats in the House simply attempted, though in a tardy and bungling manner, to redeem the pledges made in the platforms of both political parties, to correct the inequalities and injustice of the tariff, as a means of preventing the Treasury surplus and putting a stop to extravagant appropriations. Whoever, of either party, shall resist this policy, will find it the worse for himself in the end. The war taxes must come down.—*New York World.*

FIRST Socialist—"Remember the meeting to-night, Josef. Important questions to be discussed. Assassination of Bismarck, blowing up the House of Commons, kidnaping Victoria——" Second Socialist—"I have so many duties, Heinrich, I cannot attend. I am——" "We are also going to decide whether or not we shall have beer at our meetings in future." "What! Have our rights been questioned? Are our liberties invaded? Heinrich, when justice calls I am at my post! I will be there!"

SCATTERED ENEMIES.

The Subject of an Able Discourse by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

He Calls on God to Arise and Scatter His Enemies.

At the Brooklyn Tabernacle Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., took for his text the first verse of the sixty-eighth Psalm—"Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered"—from which he preached the following sermon:

A procession was formed to carry the ark or sacred box, which, though only three feet nine inches in length and four feet three inches in height and depth, was the symbol of God's presence. As the leaders of the procession lifted this ornamented and brilliant box by two golden poles run through four golden rings and started for Mount Zion all the people chanted the battle-hymn of my text: "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered."

The Cameronians of Scotland, outraged by James I., who forced upon them religious forms that were offensive, and by the terrible persecution of Drummond, Dalziel, and Turner, and by the oppressive laws of Charles I. and Charles II., were driven to proclaim war against tyrants, and went forth to fight for religious liberty; and the mountain heather became red with carnage, and at Bothwell Bridge and Aird's Moss and Drumclog the battle-hymn and the battle-shout of those glorious old Scotchmen was the text I have chosen: "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered."

What a whirlwind of power was Oliver Cromwell, and how with his soldier's name, "The Ironsides," he went from victory to victory! Opposing armies melted as he looked at them. He dismissed Parliament as easily as a schoolmaster a school. He pointed his finger at Berkeley castle, and it was taken. He ordered Lord Hopton, the general, to dismount, and he dismounted. See Cromwell marching on with his army, and hear the battle cry of "The Ironsides," loud as a storm and solemn as a death-knell, standards reeling before it, and cavalry horses going back on their haunches, and armies flying, at Marston Moor, at Winceby Field, at Naseby, at Bridgewater, and Dartmouth—"Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered!"

So you see my text is not like a complimentary and tasseled sword that you sometimes see hung up in a parlor, a sword that was never in battle and only to be used on general training but day, more like some weapon carefully hung up in your home, telling the story of Chapultepec, Cerro, Gordo, and Cherubusco, and Thatcher's Run, and Malvern Hill; for my text hangs in its scripture armory, telling of the holy wars of three thousand years in which it has been carried, but as keen and mighty as when David first unsheathed it. It seems to me what in the Church of God and in all styles of reformatory work we most need now is a battle-cry. We raise our little standard and put on it the name of some man who only a few years ago began to live and in a few years will cease to live. We go into contest against the armies of iniquity depending too much on human agencies. We use for a battle-cry the name of some brave Christian reformer, but after a while that reformer dies, or gets old, or loses his courage, and then we take another battle-cry, and this time perhaps we use the name of some one who plays Arnold and sells out to the enemy. What we want for a battle-cry is the name of some leader who will never betray us, and will never surrender, and will never die.

All respect have I for brave men and women, but if we are going to get the victory all along the line we must put God first. We must take the hint of the Gideonites, who wiped out the Bedouin Arabs, commonly called Midianites. Those Gideonites had a glorious leader in Gideon, but what was the battle-cry with which they flung their enemies into the worst defeat into which any army ever was tumbled? It was "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Put God first, whoever you put second. If the army of the American Revolution are to free America it must be "The sword of the Lord and of Washington." If the Germans want to win the day at Sedan it must be "The sword of the Lord and Von Moltke." Waterloo was won for the English because not only the armed men at the front but the worshipers in the cathedrals at the rear were crying "The sword of the Lord and of Wellington." The Methodists have gone in triumph across nation after nation with the cry "The sword of the Lord and of Wesley." The Presbyterians have gone from victory to victory with the cry "The sword of the Lord and of John Knox." The Baptists have conquered millions after millions for Christ with the cry "The sword of the Lord and of Judson." The American Episcopalians have won their mighty way with the cry "The sword of the Lord and of Bishop McIlvaine." The victory is to those who put God first. But as we want a battle-cry suited to all sects of religionists, and to all lands, I nominate as the battle-cry of Christendom in the approaching Armageddon the words of my text, sounded before the ark as it was carried to Mount Zion: "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered."

As far as our finite mind can judge, it seems about time for God to rise. Does it not seem to you that the abominations of this earth have gone far enough? Was there ever a time when sin was so defiant? Were there ever before so many fists lifted toward God telling him to come on if He dare? Look at the blasphemy abroad! What towering profanity! Would it be possible for any one to calculate the numbers of times that the names of Almighty God and Jesus Christ are every day taken irreverently on the lips? So common has blasphemy become that the public mind, and public ear have got used to it, and a blasphemer goes up and down this country in his lectures defying the plain law against blasphemy, and there is not a mayor in America that has backbone enough to interfere with him save one, and that the mayor of Toronto. Profane swearing is as much forbidden by the law as theft, or arson, or murder, yet who executes it? Profanity is worse than theft, or arson, or murder, for these crimes are attacks on humanity—that is an attack on God.

This country is pre-eminent for blasphemy. A man traveling in Russia was supposed to be a clergyman. "Why do you take me to be a clergyman?" said the man. "Oh," said the Russian, "all other Americans swear." The crime is multiplying in intensity. God very often shows what He thinks of it, but for the most part the fatality is hushed up. A few summers ago among the Adirondacks I met the funeral procession of a man who, two days before, had fallen under a flash of lightning while boating, after a Sunday of work in the fields, that he had cheated God out of one day anyhow; and the man who worked with him on the same Sabbath is still living, but a helpless invalid under the same flash. On the road from Margate to Ramsgate, England, you may find a rough monument with the inscription: "A boy was struck dead here while in the act of swearing." Years ago in a Pittsburgh prison two men were talking about the Bible and Christianity, and one of them, Thompson by name, applied to Jesus Christ a very low and villainous epithet, and as he was uttering it he fell. A physician was called, but no help could be given. After a day lying with distended pupils and palsied tongue he passed out of this world. In a cemetery in Sullivan County, in this State, are eight headstones in a line and all alike, and these are the facts: In 1861 diphtheria raged in the village, and a physician was remarkably successful in curing his patients. So confident did he become that he boasted that no case of diphtheria could stand before him, and finally defied Almighty God to produce a case of diphtheria that he could not cure. His youngest child soon after took the disease and died and one child after another, until all the eight had died of diphtheria. The blasphemer challenged Almighty God, and God accepted the challenge.

But I come later down and give you a fact that is proved by scores of witnesses. This last August of 1886 a man got provoked at the continued drought and the ruin of his crops, and in the presence of his neighbors he cursed God, saying that he would cut His heart out if He would come, calling Him a liar and a coward, and flashing a knife. And while he was speaking his lower jaw dropped, smoke issued from mouth and nostrils, and the heat of his body was so intense that it drove back those who would come near. Scores of people have visited the scene and saw the blasphemer in awful process of expiring.

Do not think that because God has been silent in your case, O profane swearer, that He is dead. Is there nothing now in the peculiar feeling of your tongue, or nothing in the numbness of your brain that indicates that God may come to avenge your blasphemies, or is already avenging them? But these cases I have noticed, I believe, are only a few cases where there are hundreds. Families keep them still to avoid the horrible conspicuity. Physicians suppress them through professional confidence. It is a very, very, very long roll that contains the names of those who died with blasphemies on their lips; and still the crime rolls on, up through parlors, up through chandeliers with lights all ablaze, and through the pictured corridors of club-rooms, out through busy exchanges, where oath meets oath, and down through all the haunts of sin, mingling with the rattling dice and cracking billiard-balls, and the laughter of her who hath forgotten the covenant of her God; and round the city, and round the continent, and round the earth, a seething, boiling surge flings its hot spray into the face of a long-suffering God. And the ship captain damns his crew, and the merchant damns his clerks, and the master builder damns his men, and the hack-driver damns his horse, and the traveler damns the stone that bruises his foot, or the mud that soils his shoes, or the defective time-piece that gets him too late to the rail train. I arraign profane swearing and blasphemy, two names for the same thing, as being one of the gigantic crimes of the land, and for its extirpation it does seem as if it were about time for God to arise.

Then look a moment at the evil of drunkenness, whether you live in Brooklyn, or New York, or Chicago, or Cincinnati, or Savannah, or Boston, or in any of the cities of this land, count up the saloons on that street as compared with the saloons five years ago, and see they are growing far out of proportion to the increase of the population. You people who are so precise and particular lest there should be some imprudence or rashness in attacking the rum traffic will have your son some night pitched into your front door dead drunk, or your daughter will come home with her children because her husband has by strong drink been turned into a demoniac. The rum-fiend has despoiled whole streets of good homes in all our cities. Fathers, brothers, sons, on the funeral pyre of strong drink! Fasten tighter the victim! Stir up the flames! Pile on the corpses! More men, women, and children for the sacrifice! Let us have whole generations on fire of evil habit; and at the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sack-but, psaltery, and dulcimer, let all the people fall down and worship King Alcohol, or you shall be cast into the fiery furnace under some political platform.

I indict this evil as the fratricide, the patricide, the matricide, the uxoricide the regicide of the century. Yet under what innocent and delusive and mirthful names alcohol deceives the people. It is a "cordial;" it is "bitters," it is an "eye-opener;" it is an "appetizer," it is a "digester;" it is an "invigorater;" it is a "settler;" it is a "night-cap." Why don't they put on the right labels "essence of perdition," "conscience stupefier," "five drachms of heart-ache," "tears of orphanage," "blood of souls," "scabs of an eternal leprosy," "venom of the worm that never dies?" Only once in awhile is there anything in the title of liquors to even hint their atrocity, as in the case of sour-mash. That I see advertised all over. It is an honest name, and any one can understand it. Sour mash! That is, it makes a man's disposition sour, and his associations sour, and his prospects sour; and then it is good to mash his body, and mash his soul, and mash his business, and mash his family. Sour mash! One honest name at last for an intoxicant! But through lying labels of many of the a otheraries' shops good people who are only a little undertone in health, and wanting of some invigoration, have unwittingly got on their tongue the fangs of this cobra that stings to death so large a ratio of the human race.

Others are ruined by the common and all-destructive habit of treating customers. And it is a treat on their coming to town, and a treat while the bargaining progresses, and a treat when the purchase is made, and a treat as he leaves town. Others to drown their troubles submerge themselves with this worse trouble. Oh, the world is battered, and bruised, and blasted with this growing evil! It is more and more entranced and fortified. They have millions of dollars subscribed to marshal and advance the alcoholic forces. They nominate and elect and govern the vast majority of the office-holders of this country. On their side they have enlisted the mightiest political power of the centuries. And behind them stand all the myrmidons of the nether world, satanic, apollyonic, and diabolic. It is beyond all human effort to overthrow this bastile of decanters, or capture this Gibraltar of rum jugs. And while I approve of all human agencies of reform, I would utterly despair if we had nothing. But what cheers me is that our best troops are yet to come. Our chief artillery is in reserve. Our greatest commander has not yet fully taken the field. If all hell is on their side, all heaven is on our side. Now, "let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered."

Then look at the impurities of these great cities. Ever and anon there are in the newspapers explosions of social life that make the story of Sodom quite respectable; for such things, Christ says, were more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah than for the Chorazins and Bethsaidas of greater light. It is no unusual thing in our cities to see men in high position with two or three families, or refined ladies willing solemnly to marry the very swine of society if they be wealthy. Brooklyn, whose streets fifteen years ago were almost free from all sign of the social evil, now night by night rivaling upper Broadway in its flamboyant wickedness. The Bible all aflame with denunciation against an impure life, but many of the American ministry uttering not one point-blank word against this iniquity lest some old libertine throw up his church pew. Machinery organized in all the cities of the United States and Canada by which to put yearly in operation the grinding mill of this iniquity thousands of the unsuspecting of the country farmhouses, one procuress confessing last week in the courts that she had supplied the infernal market with 150 souls in six months. Oh, for 500 *Pall Mall Gazettes* in America to swing open the door of this lazar-house of social corruption. Exposure must come before extirpation.

While the city van carries the scum of this sin from the prison to the police court morning by morning, it is full time, if we do not want high American life to become like that of the court of Louis XV., to put millionaire Lotharios and the Pompadours of your brown-stone palaces into a van of popular indignation and drive them out of respectable associations. What prospect of social purification can there be as long as at summer watering-places it is usual to see a young woman of excellent rearing stand and simper and giggle and roll up her eyes sideways before one of those first-class satyrs of fashionable life, and on the ball-room floor join him in the dance, the maternal chaperon meanwhile beaming from the wall on the scene? Matches are made in heaven, they say. Not such matches, for the brimstone indicates the opposite direction.

The evil is overshadowing all our cities. By some these immoralities are called peccadilloes, gallantries, eccentricities, and are relegated to the realms of jocularity, and few efforts are being made against it. God bless the "White Cross" movement, as it is called; the excellent and talented Miss Frances Willard, its ablest advocate on this side the sea; an organization making a mighty assault on this evil. God forward the tracts on this subject distributed by the religious tract societies of the land! God help parents in the great work they are doing in trying to start their children with pure principles! God help all legislators in their attempt to inhibit this crime.

But is this all? Then it is only a question of time when the last vestige of purity and home will vanish out of sight. Human arms, human pens, human voices, human talents are not sufficient. I begin to look up. I listen for artillery rumbling down the sapphire boulevards of heaven. I watch to see if in the morning light there be not the flash of descending cimeters. Oh, for God! Does it not seem time for His appearance? Is it not time for all hands to cry out: "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered?"

I got a letter a few days ago, asking me if I did not think that the earthquake in Charleston was the divine chastisement on that city for its sins. That letter I answer now by saying that if all our American cities got all the punishment they deserve for their horrible iniquities, the earth would long ago have cracked open into crevices transcontinental, and taken down all our cities, and Brooklyn and New York would have gone so far under that the tip of our church spires would be 500 feet below the surface. It is of the Lord's mercies that we have not been consumed.

Not only are the affairs of this world so a-twist, a-jangle, and racked that there seems a need of the divine appearance, but there is another reason. Have you not noticed that in the history of this planet God turns a leaf about every two thousand years? God turned a leaf and this world was fitted for human residence. About two thousand more years passed along and God turned another leaf, and it was the deluge. About two thousand more years passed on, and it was the appearance of Christ. Almost two thousand more years have passed by, and He will probably soon turn another leaf. What it shall be I cannot say. It may be the demolition of all these monstrosities of turpitude and the establishment of righteousness in all the earth. He can do it, and He will do it. I am as confident as if it were already accomplished. How easily he can do it my text suggests. It does not ask God to strike with His right hand or stamp with His foot, or hurl a thunderbolt of His power, but just to get up from the throne on which He sits. Only that will be necessary: "Let God arise!"

It will be no exertion of omnipotence. It will be no bending or bracing for a mighty lift. It will be no sending down the sky of the white-horse cavalry of heaven or rumbling war-chariots. He will only rise. Now He is sitting in the majesty and patience of his reign. He is from His throne watching the mustering of all the forces of blasphemy, and drunkenness, and impurity, and fraud, and Sabbath-breaking, and when they have done their worst and are most securely organized He will bestir Himself and say: "My enemies have defied me long enough, and their cup of iniquity is full. I have given them all opportunity for repentance. This dispensation of patience is ended, and the faith of the good shall be tried no longer."

And now God begins to rise, and what mountains give way under His right foot and what continents sink under His left foot I know not; but standing in the full height and radiance and grandeur of His nature He looks this way and that, and how His enemies are scattered! Blasphemers, white and dumb, reel down to their doom; and those who have trafficked in that which destroys the bodies and souls of men and families will fly with cut foot on the down-grade of broken decanters; and the polluters of society, that did their bad work with large fortunes and high social sphere, will overtake in their descent the degraded rabble of underground city life, as they tumble over the eternal precipices; and the world shall be left clear and clean for the friends of humanity and the worshipers of Almighty God. The last thorn plucked off, the world will be left a blooming rose on the bosom of that Christ who came to gardenize it. This earth that stood snarling with its tigerish passion, thrusting out its raging claws, shall lie down a lamb at the feet of the Lamb of God, who took away the sins of the world.

And now, the best thing I can wish for you, and the best thing I can wish for myself, is that we may be found His warm and undisguised and enthusiastic friends, in that hour when God shall rise and His enemies shall be scattered.

The Brown Stocking.

Brown is not an uncommon name for a man or woman. The simple mention of it awakens no great historic memories nor excites great expectations. By the same token, the sock, as worn by the male species, has never excited conspicuous attention nor been considered worthy of any special remark. It is worthy of note in this connection that white men and women differ in every part of the body they differ least of all in the pedal extremities. Also, that these pedals are incased in similar coverings, differing only in degree. But while the pedal covering of the woman is an article of dress upon which she bestows much concern and attention, and has often figured importantly in fact and fiction, never has the sock of man been carefully written up. It is the article of dress upon which he bestows least thought. It is not a pivotal point. It has never determined anything in his career.

But all this has now been changed. Hereafter the sock is to have an importance, a consideration, a scrutiny more in harmony with the stocking. It has been left for a woman by the name of Brown to create this revolution. Hence the significance of the combination, the brown stocking. The story in brief is this:

Mrs. Brown suspected Mr. Brown. No matter what she suspected him of doing. Probably she never gave it a name, though she evidently had a clear idea of what it was and the way it was done. Brown was addicted to the down-town mania. Business, the club, and other chestnuts would frequently detain him from the bed, and perhaps, to employ a legal term, the bosom of Mrs. Brown. One evening when Brown was dressing to go out, Mrs. Brown secretly made an ink mark on the white sock on the right foot.

That night Mrs. Brown sat up until Brown returned. She watched him disrobe, and was rewarded by discovering that the marked sock was on the left foot. Hence this divorce suit.

It must be conceded that the Brown sock scheme is ingenious. But at the same time it is entirely circumstantial. Other Mrs. Browns who suspect Mr. Browns may do well to try it, though it is far from a conclusive test. As a rule, men cross their socks in putting them on, and if a man should have occasion to re-dress during an evening out, the probabilities are great in favor of a change of location. The male Browns doubtless will be careful when taking a Turkish bath down-town to so arrange their socks that they may be replaced in the previous order. The same will hold good when the chiropodist calls at the office, and in other cases where a removal of the socks becomes necessary.—*Chicago Mail.*

KING KALAKAUA is reported as wishing to dispose of his kingdom. Perhaps he wants to buy a horse.—*Lowell Citizen.*

OHIO STATE NEWS.

—Frederick Augenstine, who resides about two miles north of Waldo, while attending to his cattle, was attacked by a vicious bull, and almost instantly killed. His wife and a neighbor heard him crying for help, when they went to the field and found him on the ground, the bull butting him; the horns of the infuriated beast standing nearly straight out from the sides of his head, he could not gore. When the bull was driven away Mr. Augenstine put his right hand over his left breast, and died in a few seconds. His ribs on the left side were broken loose from the backbone, his right shoulder broken, the scalp loose from the skull, the temples badly bruised, and there were other injuries on different parts of the body. The deceased was about fifty years of age, and leaves a wife and five children. He was a well-known and respected citizen.

—The greatest excitement was occasioned at Marion by the appearance of several hundred men, mostly employes of the Huber Works, bearing in their midst the form of a man astride of a fence-rail. He was accused of being too intimate with another man's wife, whose friends took it upon themselves to thus summarily stop all further annoyance to that gentleman. The whole crowd chased him into the country, soused him into a watering-trough, and bound him upon the sharp rail. It was their further intention to treat him with tar and feathers, but they consented to desist upon the well-timed speech of Mayor Gailey. There was talk of arresting the leaders, but no arrests will probably be made, while many citizens condemn the act. The majority of the Huber employes are men of high character.

—At the firemen's tournament held at Wooster, the Bucyrus Hooks won first prize, $125; time, 36 seconds; Vogelsang Hooks, of Canton, second, $30; time 37½. The Mystic Hooks, of Wakeman, made a run in 35 seconds, but were ruled out, the climber failing to show a leg over the round to the knee, as the rule requires. The Alert Hose, of Tiffin, and the Eagles, of Canton, tied in 35 seconds each. The run off, Tiffin winning first, $125; time, 31½ seconds; Canton second, $60, in 34½ seconds. Massillon ruled out for failing to attach to plug. Junior Hooks—Buckeyes, of Mansfield, first; time, 29 seconds; Canton, second; time, 31¼ seconds.

—Dr. J. S. Butler, of Piqua, State Veterinary, and Dr. W. C. Fair, of Cleveland, Consulting Veterinary, have made an examination of the living and dead cattle on the Driesbach farm, four miles west of Akron, which arrived from the Chicago Stock-Yards, and were reported to have pleuro-pneumonia. Drs. Butler and Fair slaughtered one of the weakest of the animals, and after a careful post-mortem pronounced the disease anthrax, a blood trouble, which, Dr. Butler says, is not epizootic, but enzootic. Dr. Butler was of the opinion that the cattle contracted the disease in some malarious district in the West.

—The second well of the Northwestern Ohio Natural Gas Company, located six miles west of Fostoria, has come in, and is a gusher. The Trenton rock was struck at a depth of 1,140 feet. At a depth of twenty feet in the rock the flow of gas is estimated at between three and four million cubic feet per day. The well is perfectly dry, there being not the slightest indication of oil, a fact the company is glad to note, as several gas wells in the section have turned from gas wells to oil wells. This well and well No. 1, located a quarter of a mile east of it, will be sufficient to supply the entire town of Fostoria.

—The State Commissioners of Public Printing have awarded contracts for furnishing stationery as follows: Wilstach, Baldwin & Co., of Cincinnati, for letter-heads, legal cap, and note paper; the Central Ohio Paper Company, of Columbus, for envelopes; Troup, Kinnard, & Co., of Dayton, letter paper; J. George Zapp and Brooks & Co., of Cleveland, pencil pads, and Hann & Adair, of Columbus, for 90,000 envelopes.

—Certificates of incorporation have been issued as follows: The Lima Distilling Company, increase of capital stock from $60,000 to $125,000; the Peck Mechanical Burglar-Alarm Manufacturing Company, of Columbus, capital $25,000; the International Iron, Coal, and Oil Company, of Dayton, capital, $50,000; the Ohio Mutual Health and Accident Insurance Company, of Cincinnati, capital $50,000.

—The A., P. & W. passenger train collided with a Valley freight at Akron, while both trains were running at a high rate of speed. Both engines were badly damaged and the passengers got a terrible shaking up, but no one was killed. The engineer and fireman of the passenger engine jumped after reversing their engine, and in this way escaped with their lives.

—At Youngstown, Ferdinand Noehair was arrested several weeks ago and jailed on a charge of criminally assaulting his landlady. Noehair protested his innocence, and disgrace finally drove him insane. The recent grand jury refused to find an indictment against him. His friends will take him to Italy to relatives hoping to restore his health.

—An explosion occurred in the grist and saw-mill of David Harvey, at Greenwich, in which a young man by the name of Tom Allen was killed. There was fire in but one of the furnaces, as they were only running the grist-mill. The explosion is said to have been caused by the boiler becoming dry. The building is a complete wreck.

—The 3-year-old son of Frederick Mason, of Manchester, fell into a tub of hot water, the flesh being literally cooked, causing death in half an hour.

—The Chief of the Government Bureau of Statistics has renewed a proposition heretofore made to Col. Maxwell, Superintendent of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, and declined by him, to prepare a report of the commerce of the Ohio River in connection with the business of the railroads crossing that stream.

—According to an opinion by Attorney General Kohler, beer may be sold in this State in quantities of a gallon and over, in spite of the Dow law. But this selling must be by an agent acting exclusively for his employer.

—The large barn on the farm of Philip Hall, about two miles east of Mason, was struck by lightning and entirely destroyed by fire. George Glitton, who lives on the place, lost all his wheat, oats, etc., and farm implements, including a McCormick binder.

—The fish in the Scioto are dying by the hundreds, caused by the poisonous water let off from the vats of the paper-mills and straw-board factory at Kenton.

—Rev. J. Nelson Lewis, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Norwalk, has resigned his charge. The resignation causes universal [illegible]

MICHIGAN STATE NEWS.

—Muskegon has an unknown genius who cuts off cows' tails for amusement.

—A large amount of peppermint oil is being manufactured in Wexford County.

—Fred Haas was seriously burned at Manistee by a gas explosion in a salt well.

—It is proposed to purchase the opera house block in Lansing for use as a city hall.

—At the Winthrop mine, near Ishpeming, three men were killed by the fall of a rock.

—Mrs. Tyler, wife of Dr. Tyler, of Mt. Pleasant, took a dose of arsenic, resulting in her death.

—The lumbermen at Cadillac are happy over the prospects of a good business season next spring.

—Seven brothers named Nickerson, who had not seen each other since 1846, held a reunion at Grayling last week.

Room-rent is unusually high at Ann Arbor this season, owing, probably, to the increase of students at the University.

—An attempt to tunnel out of the Jackson prison was discovered last week and three convicts were locked up in dark cells.

—Thousands of bushels of peaches have been lost near Saugatuck, because the fruit-growers were not prepared to ship them when they ripened.

—Near White Cloud, Jennie Shaw, aged 23, wife of Stephen Shaw, a farmer, was instantly killed by being struck by the limb of a tree which her husband was cutting down.

—The Ishpeming Sportsmen's Association is pushing the war so strongly against "pot-hunters," who kill deer and take trout in and out of season regardless of law, that deer-hunting in the northern peninsula will soon be as good as it was ten years ago.

—General Mark Flanagan, organizer and Lieutenant Colonel of the Twenty-fourth Regiment Michigan troops, died at Detroit, aged 61. He lost a leg at Gettysburg, and for meritorious services was made a Brevet Brigadier General.

—Everything seems to be exploding nowadays. Coffee-pots, tea-kettles, sugar-boxes, hubbard squashes, sugar-bowls, and pickle-jars are all on a bust, and no man knoweth when his tobacco-box is going to be driven through his body.—*Free Press.*

—Willard Freemire, of Vermontville, located a bee tree, but was refused permission by the owner of the land to cut down the tree. He was finally given leave to cut off the limb, sixty feet from the ground and eighteen inches in circumference, containing the honey. This feat he performed by firing seventy-five balls from a rifle through the limb.

In Detroit the trial of George Gluting, aged 22, for the murder of Hugh Griffin, aged 16, son of Alderman Griffin, concluded with a disagreement of the jury. Gluting shot Griffin because the latter chased him through an alley. The defense was insanity, and some novel testimony was offered. Dr. Daken, ex-county physician, swore that in his opinion Gluting was insane, and that the changes of the moon affected him.

—For some time past the oil interest has been growing in this city to an alarming extent, and the boom is becoming more and more exciting, says a Manistee dispatch. Bankers and capitalists are buying up all available lands within one hundred miles of this place. At the annual tax sales to-day tax titles sold for fifty times what they were worth. People are wild over the prospects. The oil speculators are endeavoring to secure farms, but farmers say they may sink wells, and if successful they will then take a price. A syndicate has been formed here with capital enough to make a business success if oil is struck.

—Alonzo Cheeman, who has lived on his farm, six miles west of St. Ignace, for the last twenty-five years and is now nearly 76 years old, joined the Mormons when their settlement was at Nauvoo and married three wives. He became disgusted with the faith, and when the prophet Smith was killed he decided to go into the woods of Northern Michigan instead of going West with the saints. He gave his wives their choice, saying if they wanted to go with him he would do his best to support them. They stuck by him. His second wife died some years ago. He has seven children now living near St. Ignace, and his household is quiet and harmonious.

—Gentlemen who are ambitious to be Postmasters will be interested in the following list of Postmasters whose commissions will expire before April 1, 1887:

Big Rapids, C. D. Crandall, Feb. 7.
Flint, C. H. Rankin, Feb. 21.
Hastings, W. B. Powers, Feb. 21.
Holland, William Verbeek, Jan. 2.
Ionia, D. Hobart, Jan. 23.
Iron Mountain, C. E. Parent, Feb. 15.
Ishpeming, Julius Ropes, Dec. 22.
Lapeer, John Abbott, Feb. 27.
Lowell, M. M. Perry, Dec. 21.
Manistee, J. M. Thompson, March 1.
Monroe, O. A. Critchett, March 1.
Muskegon, L. Whitney, Feb. 7.
Otsego, E. O. Mead, Jan. 29.
Plainwell, John Crispe, Jan. 22.
Port Huron, E. White, March 3.
Portland, F. M. Cutcheon, Jan. 19.
St. Ignace, P. W. Hombach, March 2.
St. John's, G. A. Wells, Feb. 19.
White Pigeon, T. E. Clapp, Dec. 20.

—Detroit *Free Press:* The terrible death of a Western Union Telegraph Company employe from the coming in contact of telegraph and electric light wires is a shocking illustration of the grave and continual danger of the stringing of all kinds of wires through the streets. The underground system, if thoroughly carried out, might not render such fatalities impossible, but it would reduce the chances of their recurrence to a minimum. As the wires are now strung they are a constant menace to human life. Fortunately the fatal accidents have been few since the introduction of the electric light in Detroit. But this has been owing to the care exercised by employes of different line companies, and not to the absence of danger.

The trial of George Gluting, aged 22, for the murder of Hugh Griffin, aged 16, son of Alderman Griffin, concluded in the Recorder's Court at Detroit with a disagreement of the jury. Gluting shot Griffin because the latter chased him through an alley. The defense was insanity, and some novel testimony was offered. Dr. Daken, ex-County Physician, swore that in his opinion Gluting was insane, and that changes of the moon affected him. The testimony caused a sensation. Dr. Daken was severely cross-examined, and stuck doggedly to the assertion that the moon had much to do with his unsoundness of mind.

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The largest, finest and cheapest stock in this state to select from.

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A pretty rug here and there will add to the beauty of the home.

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Just received and price reduced from 80c to 50c per pound, making them the best value of any candies sold.

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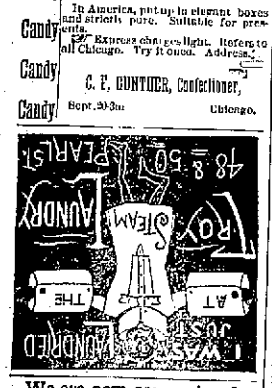
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Everything else in Proportion.

1000 valuable prizes and a $500 City Lot to be presented to our Patrons.

Sam, Pete & Max.

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, OCT. 9, 1886.

THE CITY NEWS.

Julius Cahn's Alfa Norman company is stranded and Julius is missing.

Jacob Fisher, a Pittsburg machinist, injured himself severely yesterday.

Mrs. D. C. Fisher and Mrs. Dick Myers returned yesterday from Chicago.

The Wheelmen's Social club held a meeting last night and accepted two new members.

Col. F. N. Kollock's family returned this week from Milwaukee, where they spent the summer.

Joe Clark, Sid Lumbard, J. B. Carey and Jas. Humphreys, went to Rome City yesterday on a fishing expedition.

Dan May, of Monroeville, has the contract for building a brick school house north of Fort Wayne, and one in Jefferson township.

Superintendent O. D. Law, J. A. Pullan and W. H. Shorey have been admitted to membership in the Fort Wayne bicycle club.

The Fort Wayne Bicycle club appointed a committee last night to request the Fair association to build a bicycle track on the Fair ground.

Robert P. Pearman, agent for a large timber firm of Glasgow, Scotland, who has been in the city for several days, returned to his home at Evansville yesterday.

The superior court jury was ordered to report on the 18th of October at 1:30 p. m, and Judge Hench then adjourned until Wednesday, the 13th of October at 9 a. m.

The farm house of William Bruns, a few miles east of the city on the New Haven road, was destroyed Thursday night by fire. Bruns kept a kennel and hennery out there.

H. W. Mordhurst returned last evening from a two weeks visit to Philadelphia, New York and Washington. He takes his new Masonic honors modestly and is heartily congratulated.

Charles Smith was fined $1 and costs for assault and battery on R. C. Tripletts. Smith is a colored gentleman and left some of his color on Tripletts eye. Justice Ryan gave them satisfaction.

The funeral of the late James Lonttit will take place from the Third Presbyterian church, at 3 o'clock to-morrow afternoon. The Odd Fellows of Fort Wayne lodge, No. 14, will have charge of the ceremonies.

The reports of Auditor Charles Hoffman, of the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati & Louisville railway, will show that since April 1 last, the net earnings of the road are 13 per cent. greater than during a corresponding period of last year.

The Fort Wayne Turnverein has elected the following officers: Louis Rastetter, president; Fred Meyer, vice-president; Louis Berthold, secretary; D. A. Herman, treasurer; August Schubert, first turnward; Frank Kratzsch, second turnward; Frank Zimmerman, J. Stauffer and Fred Michael, trustees.

Three brothers named Ralph, Frank and Fred Kenny and another young man named David Barnes, were fined $10.38 each for malicious trespass. They stoned a house belonging to an old man named Peter Scheuber, seventeen miles north of town. Justice Ryan gave them the dose.

A telegram announcing the death of Corydon Green was received from Washington territory last night. The remains will be brought here for interment. Mr. Green was one of the oldest and best known citizens of Fort Wayne. For many years he was buyer for the Empire mills. He was long a trustee of Harmony Lodge, I. O. O. F.

The Monroeville *Breeze* says: Frank Falker, at one time a chum of ye editor in the boot-black business, on the streets of Fort Wayne, has leased the building formerly occupied by Al. Foote, on the corner of Wayne and Calhoun streets, and will engage in the cigar business, with a fine sample room in the rear. The *Breeze* wishes success in his new field of labor.

W. W. Orrick, of Glasgow, Scotland, is in the city.

Christ Newcomer is going to stay in the west this winter.

Another child of Ex-Councilman Frank Gonke took sick last night.

Dr. Barnett's stallion, "Chiffon Boy," got the first prize at the Waterloo races yesterday.

The Citizen's Reform league will meet next Monday evening at the temperance headquarters.

John G. Lehr was fined $1 and costs for provoke on Baron Westrumb. Mr. Lehr appealed the case.

Mr. L. D. Johns returned yesterday from Abilene, Kansas, where his new carriage works are being erected.

Miss Mattie Christie, No. 17 East Main, leaves to-day for Kansas City, which will be her future home.

Rev. Father Lang is home from a successful mission at Oxford, Benton county, where he was formerly pastor.

Mr. Pete Pernot, long a clerk in the document room of the house of representatives, is expected in the city to-day or Monday.

A stone wall is being laid under the Grand Rapids and Indiana depot at Kendallville, to brace it up for a few more year's use.

B. Vansedale, of Monroeville, who had his arm mangled in a threshing machine, has had the limb amputated at the St. Joe hospital.

The new cook at the McKinnie house is direct from Manhattan Beach hotel and is regarded as one of the finest caterers in the country.

Gen. W. S. Bosecrans, the president of the Ohio veterans association of northern Indiana, has appointed Mr. W. A. Ward, of Fort Wayne, as his aide-de-camp.

A recent Indiana Methodist conference has condemned the use of tobacco as uncleanly and unhealthful, and the delegates promised to preach against it once a year.

"J. M. Miller, the oldest furniture dealer in Allen county, located at Fort Wayne, was in town Tuesday, looking after his property here," says the Monroeville *Breeze*.

The Grand Rapids and Indiana road has applied to the New York stock exchange to list $594,000 registered and $2,630,000 coupon general mortgage forty year 5 per cent. bonds.

The work of the mud-slinger is productive of no good results to the republicans of Indiana. Still, they will keep it up until the last day. "Whom the gods destroy they first make mad."

A South Calhoun street barber left for Kendallville last Monday, but it is said that he eloped with a beautiful girl from Albion, Ind. His friends intend to give him a grand reception when he returns to Fort Wayne with his young bride.

The Decatur *Democrat* says: "Bert Nirdlinger, Harmon Neisman and Ed. Hedtken, members of the Ideal Bicycle club, of Fort Wayne, visited our city last Saturday, on their way to Wabash. Mr. Nirdlinger is the champion juvenile bicyclist of Indiana."

The Warsaw *Times* says: "Captain Frank R. Cosgrove, of Fort Wayne, attended the reunion of the Seventh cavalry yesterday. His own regiment—the Forty-fourth Indiana infantry—holds a reunion at Fort Wayne on the 13th inst., to which all old veterans of other commands are invited."

The Huntington *Herald* says: "Prof. E. A. McNally, formerly of this city, was in town this morning, en route for Fort Wayne. The professor will teach this winter in Milan township, Allen county. He is a good educator, and we trust that he may be successful and prosperous. His friends in this place will always wish him well."

"The hickory berry vine entwines
The brown nuts of the turnip tree,
The cashmere heifer skips and plays,
To the tuneful notes of the feathery bee,
On tall boughs mid the buckwheat buds
We hear the low of the tiny plover,
While the tiny bull hitched to the rumbling scythe
Husks out of the golden clover."

Gen. Higgins.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* says: "Those wiry republican bosses, Harrison and Dudley, are concocting schemes whereby to carry the Indiana legislature by trading the county and state officers for legislative votes. They must not be allowed to succeed. The democracy of Indiana should see to it that no more county or district wrangle shall prevent the election of a democratic successor to Ben Harrison."

The clerical and lay deputies from the diocese of Indiana to the general convention of the Episcopal church of America, now in session at Chicago are Rev. E. A. Bradley, D. D., Indianapolis; Rev. J. S. Jenckes, D. D., Indianapolis; Rev. John S. Fauds, Michigan City; Rev. Charles Morris, Evansville; Judge George C. Day, Indianapolis; Judge John H. Stotsenburg, New Albany; Hon. John S. Irwin, Fort Wayne, and Hon. L. B. Martin, Terre Haute.

The sermon of Dr. Talmage which THE SENTINEL prints this evening was on the text from the first verse of the sixty-eighth Psalm: "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered." It will be found full of that thrilling interest which characterizes all that minister's pulpit utterances. He discribes the earth's wickedness, dwells upon the growing evils of the present day, declares this country to be pre-eminent for the sin of blasphemy, that the impurities of great cities make the story of Sodom respectable, and closes with an appeal that the battle-cry of christendom be, "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered."

M. S. Mahurin, is at Lima, Ohio, today.

Henry J. Baker is the proud papa of a handsome boy baby.

Wm. Link sues H. C. Brooks for the appointment of a receiver.

W. T. Knapp, passenger agent of the Wabash, was here yesterday.

Joseph B. Halfley and Harriet E. Copenhagen have been licensed to wed.

Esquire Ryan is acting mayor in place of Hon. C. F. Muhler, who is in Chicago.

Col. F. H. Barnard, the Nickel Plate agent, came home from Cleveland last night.

O. Warner, traveling passenger agent of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road, is in the city.

Company L, first regiment, whose term expires to-day, will reorganize this evening at Grand Army hall.

Hon. Montgomery Hamilton royally entertained a number of his personal friends at his mansion home last night.

The Fort Wayne horses, Judge Hoadly and Billie Fleming, will be started in the races at Lancaster, Ohio, next week.

The Hines-Fiokes cases are in process of adjustment. Nellie wants to dispose of her northside resort and leave for more congenial fields.

The funeral of the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Singleton, who died yesterday afternoon, will take place from the Cathedral at 1 p. m. to-morrow.

Miss Katie Wernot, a most accomplished young lady of Toledo, Ohio, has been visiting Miss Katie Derheimer for the last three weeks, and will return to her home this evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur C. Pond, of Batavia, New York, who have been spending a few weeks with relatives and friends here, returned to their home today by the Lake Shore railroad.

Right Rev. Bishop Dwenger administers confirmation and preaches to-morrow at Covington, Indiana, in the forenoon, and at Coal Creek in the afternoon. He will return home on Monday.

A meeting of all traveling men residing in the city, will be held at the Avelino house, Saturday evening, October 16, for the purpose of organizing a local post of the Travelers' Protective association.

Max L. Frankenstein, who recently purchased Schott's drug store on Barr street, was married at the Pacific hotel in Chicago, on the 4th inst. to Mrs. Bessie A. Fairman. They are "at home" to their friends.

Hon. Tom Byrne, of Evansville, and the next treasurer of state, is in the city. Mr. Byrne is just as clever as he is handsome and has hosts of warm democratic friends in this city and county who like to do him honor.

The drill at the prospective gas well, in the eastern part of the city, struck slate substance at a depth of 700 feet this morning. The contractor expects to be down 1,300 feet, the limit of his task, by next Saturday.

The Bachtell Combination Lock company, of Fort Wayne, was incorporated yesterday, at Indianapolis, with a capital stock of $100,000. The directors are Wm. H. Bachtell, Alpheus H. Buchanan and Homer C. Hartman.

Last evening, about 7 o'clock, Edward R. Hill, a lumber dealer, boarding at No. 45 Butler street, was seized with a hemorrhage of the lungs. A physician was summoned, but before he arrived the man had bled to death. His illness was brief.

Major J. H. Rohan and Capt. F. E. Weldon have been promoted as officers in the first regiment; the former to the position of lieutenant colonel and the latter to the office of major. Lieut. Rohan made a brief address to the Gatling gun squad last night.

The Seventh Indiana cavalry met in annual reunion for the fourth time, in the hall of Henry Chipman Post, G. A. R., in Warsaw, last Thursday. There were present from Fort Wayne to enjoy the camp fire, Carl Eldridge, Geo. Fredrick, W. L. Logan and W. L. Scott. The next reunion is to be held at Indianapolis during fair week.

A democratic speaker, in addressing the people at an out-township, meeting in the county a few evenings since referred to the republican temperance platform and Ben Harrison's explanation of it as follows: "It reminds me," said the speaker, "of a man on a mountain-top, enveloped in a dense fog, looking beyond him at nothing and trying to explain it."

The Zollinger gatling gun squad was mustered in at the auditor's office at the court-house last night by Lieutenant Colonel Rohan of the First regiment. The squad numbers eleven men, as follows: H. L. Worden, A. S. Barrett, Geo. Bourie, Frank Alter, Charles Cherry, Peter Kuttner, Darwin Root, Dave Eckert, Raymond McKee, H. C. Eastwood and J. I. Siebold. Harry Worden was unanimously elected captain and Albert S. Barrett was chosen gunner. Adjutant General Koontz has promised that a Gatling gun of the newest improved pattern shall be sent them next week when drilling will begin.

"A stitch in time saves nine." A bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup saves large doctor bills.

"Kings may be blest," but Sam was glorious. O'er a' the ill o' life victorious. He rode to town his silver spant, for Salvation Oil, the liniment.

Staub Bros., No. 16, East Columbia street, show the finest line of Cook and Heating Stoves in the city.

Reduction on Fruits.

Choice Michigan pitchers, 35c basket.
Choice Concord grapes 5c pound.
Jamaica Oranges 20c dozen.
New York Quinces, peck 30c.
Malaga grapes, 10c per pound.
California Pears, large, 5c each.

FRUIT HOUSE.

THE WAY TO CHURCH.

Remember the Sabbath Day and Keep it Holy.

Regular service to-morrow morning and evening in the First Presbyterian church. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m. All welcome.

There will be the usual service in the Third Presbyterian church to-morrow morning and evening at the usual hour. Sabbath school at 2 p. m. All cordially invited.

Services will be held in the Congregational church to-morrow at the usual hours, 10:20 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. The Sunday school will meet just after the morning service, holding from 12 m. to 1 p. m.

Trinity church, Rev. W. N. Webbe, rector. Services at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Strangers cordially invited.

Quarterly meeting at the Wayne street M. E. church to-morrow. Preaching at 10:30 and 7:30, by the presiding elder, Rev. C. W. Lynch. Sabbath school at 2 o'clock. The half hour preceding the preaching in the evening will be devoted to a song and a prayer service in the lecture room. All are invited.

Don't stay at home these lovely autumn days. Lay aside your cares, cease talking politics twenty-four hours and worship at the Baptist church, where yourself and friends will be kindly made at home by Pastor Northrop and his congregation.

Come out to the services at Grace Reformed church, East Washington street, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. The pastor will preach in the morning on "The True God;" in the evening on "The Prestige of the Individual." Come, you are cordially welcome. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

Rev. J. T. Loyd will preach in the Second Presbyterian church to-morrow at 10:40 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m. All are welcome.

The usual song and praise service at the rooms of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. to-morrow at 3:30 p. m., standard time. Good singing. All are welcome.

Berry street M. E. church, corner of West Berry and Harrison streets, Rev. D. C. Woolpert, pastor. Public services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. to-morrow. Subject of the morning: "God or no God." Evening: "The new Song." Free seats, good choir and a happy people to welcome you all. Class service at 9 a. m.

Special Sunday school services at the Berry street Sunday school rooms at 2:15 p. m. to-morrow. Adults, young people and children cannot afford to miss this rich and rare service. Bring your friends and come early.

North side—Trinity M. E. church—Usual services morning and evening; Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. Song service, beginning at 7 o'clock and continuing a half hour, will precede the evening sermon. We assure you pleasant and profitable services throughout the day. Come.

Rev. L. B. Smith, of Huntington, will preach at the Christian chapel to-morrow.

The most stubborn cases of dyspepsia and sick headache yield to the regulating and toning influences of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it.

Bargains in all kinds of Stoves at Staub Bros', No. 16, East Columbia street.

Go to the Yankee Grocery this evening for grapes.

See the Square Peninsular and Red Cross, hard coal base burner at Staub Bros', East Columbia street.

Just received two car loads of grapes, at the YANKEE GROCERY.

The best stoves for the least money at Staub Bros' Stove Store, No. 16, East Columbia street.

ALWAYS IN THE LEAD.

The Original "Pete" Has a Word to Say in Regard to Tailor Made Clothing and Overcoats.

We have the finest line of Tailor Made Clothing ever shown in any community," said "Pete" Marquenthaler yesterday; "a line that will give as good satisfaction as clothing made by any merchant tailoring establishment in this city. These goods I purchased myself with a view to this trade and every garment is made to perfection, the quality of goods the best in the market and guaranteed to fit in every instance. Our line of overcoats, too, are equal in style and elegance to any of your home tailors. I invite a close inspection of these goods, knowing full well their merits and confident they will please the most fashionable dressing man."

Just received two car loads of grapes, at the YANKEE GROCERY.

Call at Staub Bros'. Stove Store and examine their line of Ranges, Cook and Heating Stoves.

CERTIA'S PLACE

This Popular House of Call Still the Favorite Resort for Gentlemen.

One of the finest places of call in the city is that of Peter Certia, No. 70 Calhoun street, where no expense is spared to make it a favorite and popular house. The brands of liquors kept here are the best in the city, all straight goods, Old Crow and Mellreyer whiskies, which have a world-wide reputation, and also a fine stock of imported and domestic cigars. Call in and see Pete.

Staub Bros', No. 16, East Columbia street, have the Argand, Peninsular and Red Cross Square Base Burner and Heating Stoves.

Chestnuts, first of the season, 25c per quart.

FRUIT HOUSE.

DONATIONS OF GRATITUDE

For the Enormous Patronage Bestowed Upon Us—Our List Since September 1st.

George E. Wilson, Wayne township, took a fine Bryan plow.

Geo. Metz, 30 East Second street, won an elegant set of silver plated harness.

George James, Maysville, Ind.

Jos. Williams, English Kitchen, city.

W. W. Aumend, New Haven.

A. G. Scarlett, Washington township.

Mrs. F. Paraguny, Wayne township.

Mrs. Ellen Powers, 56 Charles street.

Lewis Zeiss, Harlan P. O., Ind.

John Hahn, Pittsburg railroad yards, each presented with a valuable silver watch.

H. Rumke, 153 East Lewis street.

Paul Cauman, 51 East Main street.

E. F. Pinnmer, 17 Holman street.

Wm. Manning, St. Joe township, each "total" home a barrel of finest flour.

1000 valuable prizes and a $500 city lot to be presented our patrons.

SAM, PETE & MAX.

Todd county has voted against liquor. Kentucky is full of paradoxes.—*Courier-Journal.*

A Beautiful Present.

The Virgin Salt Co., of New Haven, Conn., to introduce Virgin Salt into every family are making this grand offer: A Crazy Patchwork Block, enameled in twelve beautiful colors, and containing the latest Fancy Stitches, on a large Lithographed Card having a beautiful gold mounted Ideal Portrait in the center, given away with every 10 cent package of Virgin Salt. Virgin Salt has no equal for household purposes. It is the cleanest, purest and whitest Salt ever seen or used. Remember that a large package costs only 10 cents, with the above present. Ask your grocer for it.

22-d&w-1m

Go to the Yankee Grocery this evening for grapes.

$3 Excursion to Chicago

and return, via Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad, on Tuesday, Oct. 12. Tickets good going on trains leaving Fort Wayne at 1:25 a. m., 12:25 noon and 5:56 p. m., and good for return seven days. 8-tf

A. Foster,

The popular merchant tailor, No. 25 West Wayne street, has just received his fall and winter stock, of an endless variety of patterns, and is prepared to turn out the nobbiest and dressiest suits ever seen in this city. Mr. Foster takes no second place as a cutter and his garments are guaranteed to fit and give satisfaction. He invites the public to visit his place and inspect his goods.

Globe Warehouse

We have now open for inspection our line of

LADIES', MISSES'

—AND—

CHILDRENS'

GARMENTS

Our line is by far the largest and best selected one in the city and comprises every desirable style of garment made.

NEWMARKETS,
RUSSIAN CIRCULARS,
PLUSH COATS,

wraps in all styles, jackets and and a very large assortment of Misses' and Children's coats. We would solicit an inspection of the stock, as the

PRICES

Will be found

EXTREEMLY LOW!

And we will guarantee satisfaction with every sale.

Globe Warehouse

58 Calhoun Street.

RABUS!

THE Artistic Tailor!

Having the largest stock in the city, is now prepared to furnish to his patrons all the latest novelties of Foreign

SUITINGS AND OVERCOATS!

AT PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Call and examine my IMMENSE STOCK, at

No. 16 West Berry St.

WANTED.

N. G. Olds & Sons, at Their Factory, Corner of Lafayette and Toledo Streets,

Second growth hickory butts, second growth oak butts, second growth elm butts, hickory logs and split spokes, both hickory and oak—for all of which we will pay the highest market price. Cards giving full information will be given on application at our factory.

Oct. 1 d&w1 mo.

Fresh Baltimore Oysters.

O. K. good stewing oysters per can 25c
S and W best stewing per can 30c.
J. F. S. large frying per can, 40c.

FRUIT HOUSE.

J. SPICE & SON,

—DEALERS IN—

WOOD, CHAIN AND IRON PUMPS

Drive wells put in and repaired.

LIGHTNING RODS A SPECIALTY

Call and see us at

No. 48 West Main Street

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

Mar 21-1mos

Who sells the best shoes in town?
Whose goods are up and prices down?
Attracting trade from miles around?

THE HOOSIER

Whose styles do young men call immense?
Nor yet complain of the expense.
From tooth-pick toe to common sense?

THE HOOSIER

Who fits the fair young ladies' feet
With shoes that are "just awful sweet,"
In style and comfort quite complete?

THE HOOSIER

Who does all other houses beat
With prices that they cannot meet?
Who keeps them on the anxious seat?

THE HOOSIER!

CALHOUN STREET,
OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE.

Grand opening of fall and winter millinery at Mrs. Bailes', 30 West Main street on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 13, 14 and 15. 5-6t

1886. ESTABLISHED 1859.

CLOTHING!

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.

J. G. THIEME & BRO.

Manufacture all their Clothing and guarantee them to be the

BEST MADE AND BEST FITTING

Clothing

sold in Fort Wayne. Equal to any Custom Made

37 and 39 Columbia Street.

In these micro-